

THE WHOLE CROSBY FAMILY: picture scoop of the year!

modern screen

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WHY
RICHARD EGAN
AND
ANN SOTHERN
NEVER
MARRIED

JANE POWELL
BRINGS HER BABY HOME



Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
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Yes, Grace Kelly uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

**Never Dries—
 it Beautifies!**



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 in her co-starring role in M-G-M's

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In CinemaScope and Color

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Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

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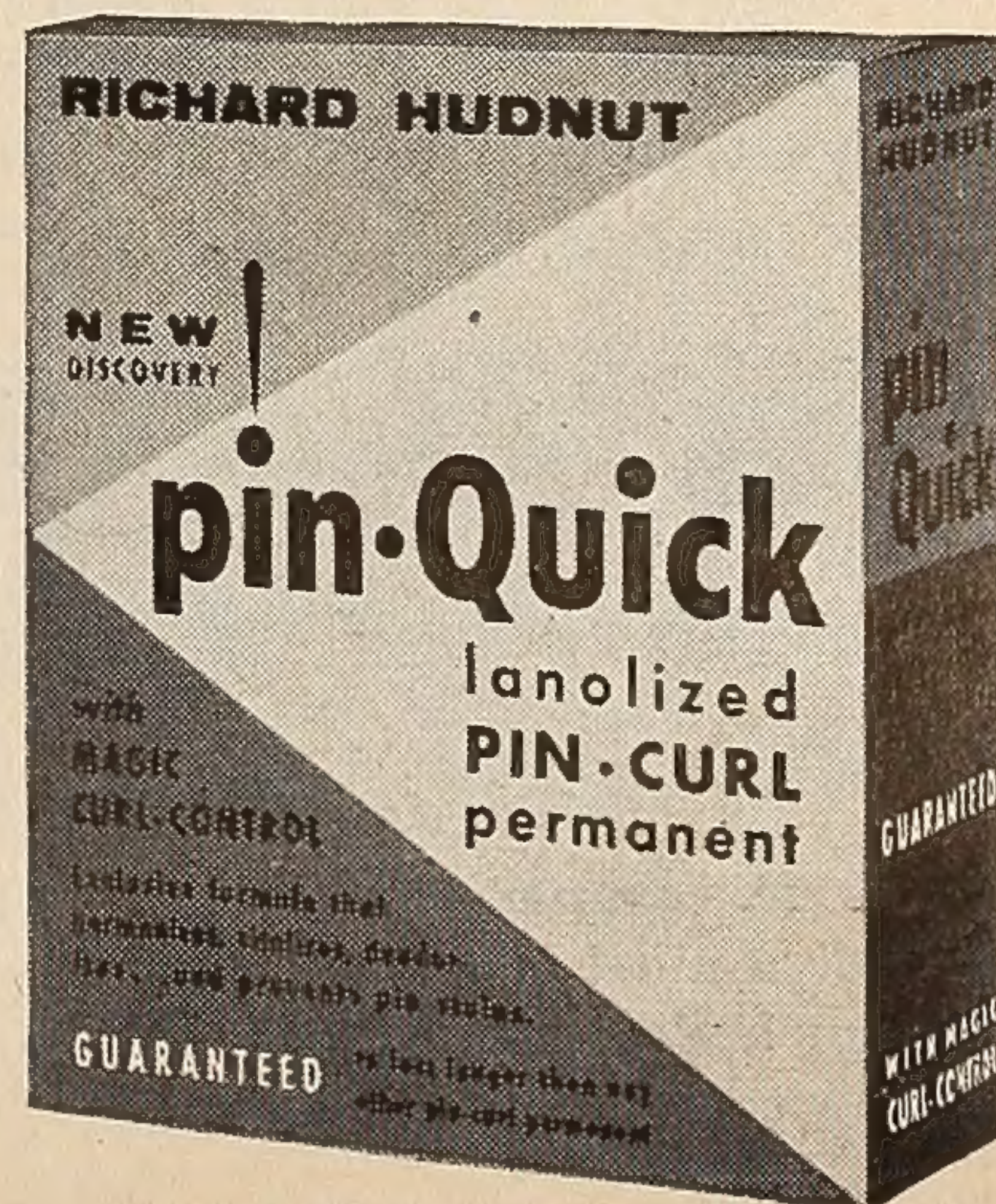


TODAY

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modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Jane Powell by MGM. Other photographers' credits on page 97.

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that now safely stops
odor 24 hours a day

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ERNEST BORGNINE



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

BARRY 

FITZGERALD

SCREEN PLAY BY GORE VIDAL

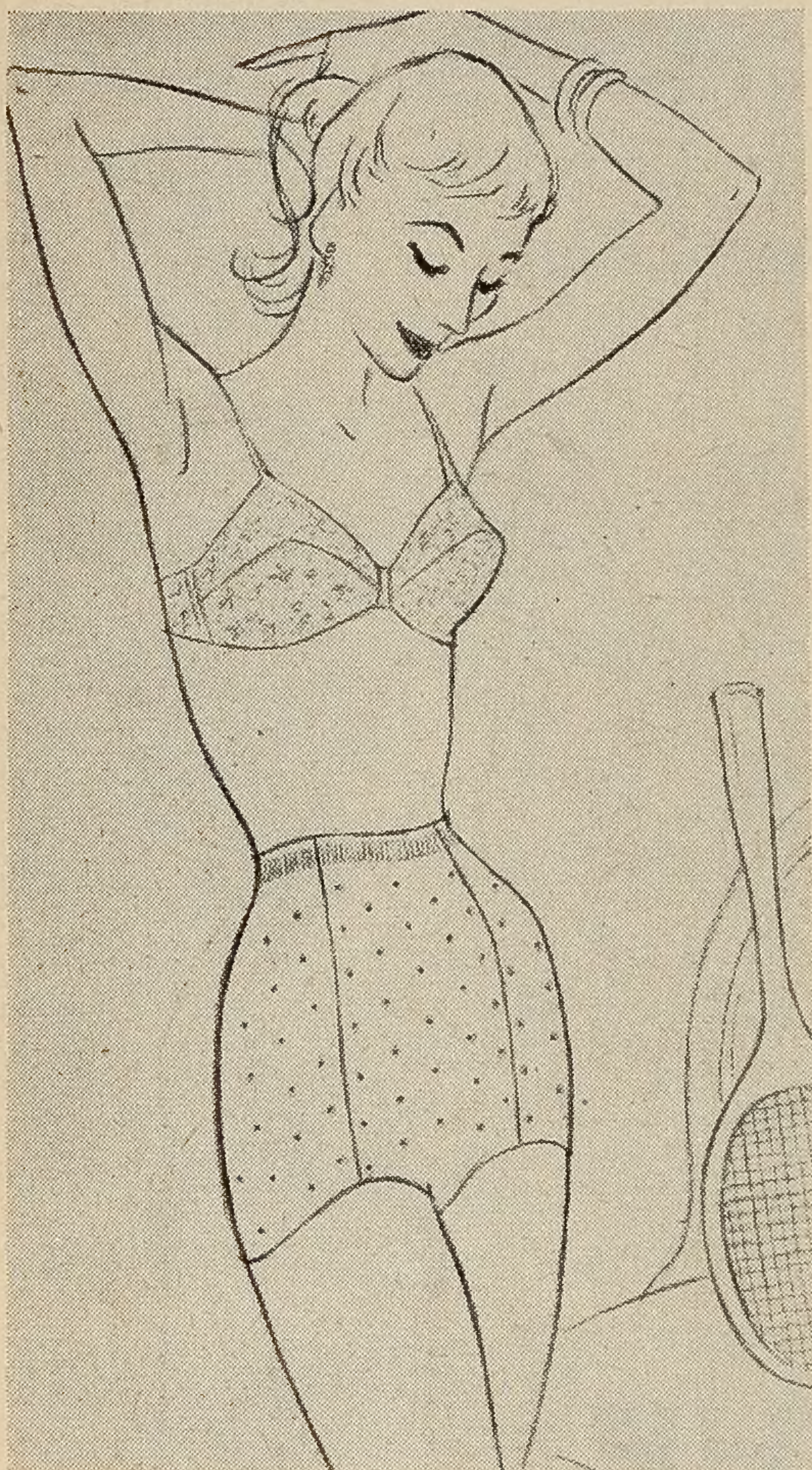
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DIRECTED BY RICHARD BROOKS

PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST

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IN ACTION
...PLUS FIGURE
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Anna Magnani is 46, and wears falsies? —S.L., N.Y.C.

A. *Magnani wears no falsies.*

Q. Did Janice Rule jilt Farley Granger? —T.T., DENVER, COL.

A. *Miss Rule and actor Ralph Meeker are more suited to each other.*

Q. Is Guy Madison's wife pregnant again? —F.E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Expecting in July.*

Q. Did MGM fire Jane Powell? —S.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Contract re-negotiation allows Jane to make pictures at other studios.*

Q. Wasn't the George Nader-Dani Crayne romance a publicity stunt? —S.C., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. *No. They were quite serious for a while.*

Q. How come a girl as attractive as Dorothy Malone can't find a husband in Hollywood? —D.T., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

A. *There are few eligible men in Hollywood. Dorothy is currently dating Richard Egan.*

Q. Is it true that Tab Hunter is a potential candidate for the 1960 Olympic Games? —V.N., DENVER, COL.

A. *Yes, Hunter is a crack ice-skater.*

Q. Ben Cooper and Jane Howard—is this serious? —L.U., RICHMOND, VA.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is there a feud between Kim Novak and Judy Holliday? —R.L., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A. *They are not the closest of friends.*

Q. Whatever happened to Fess Parker? Is he married to Marcie Rinehart? —G.H., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Parker recently finished Westward Ho, The Wagons, may marry Marcie after his European promotional junket.*

Q. Can you tell me which actress in Hollywood is the best liked and most respected? —A.N., BANGOR, ME.

A. *Deborah Kerr might win Hollywood's own popularity poll.*

Q. Does Jane Wyman have any men in her life or is she finished with marriage? —L.R., OMAHA, NEB.

A. *Jane has been seen frequently with Procter & Gamble executive Gail Smith.*

Q. I've been told that Claudette Colbert is one of the most talented portrait painters in America. Is this true? —F.H., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I've been hearing so much about Trapeze, the film Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis made with Gina Lollobrigida. Can you tell me when it will open? —J.Y., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *July 4th.*

Q. Has Rock Hudson become an independent producer as well as a writer? —T.R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Hudson and Henry Ginsberg, producer of Giant, have formed an independent production company. Hudson, however, is under exclusive U-I contract until 1961.*

Q. Is Bela Lugosi a dope addict? —N.N., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. *Lugosi was once addicted to narcotics, is no more.*

Q. Did Frank Sinatra enjoy working in *Guys and Dolls*? Is it true he thinks Marlon Brando is a lousy singer? —D.H., PROVIDENCE, R.I.

A. *Frank did not enjoy *Guys And Dolls*, does not think much of Brando's singing voice.*

Q. Does Liz Taylor wear slacks more frequently than she wears skirts and dresses? —B.D., BEAUMONT, TEXAS

A. *Her current favorite is bullfighter trousers.*

Q. Has Alan Ladd's son become an actor? —A.L., BANNING, CAL.

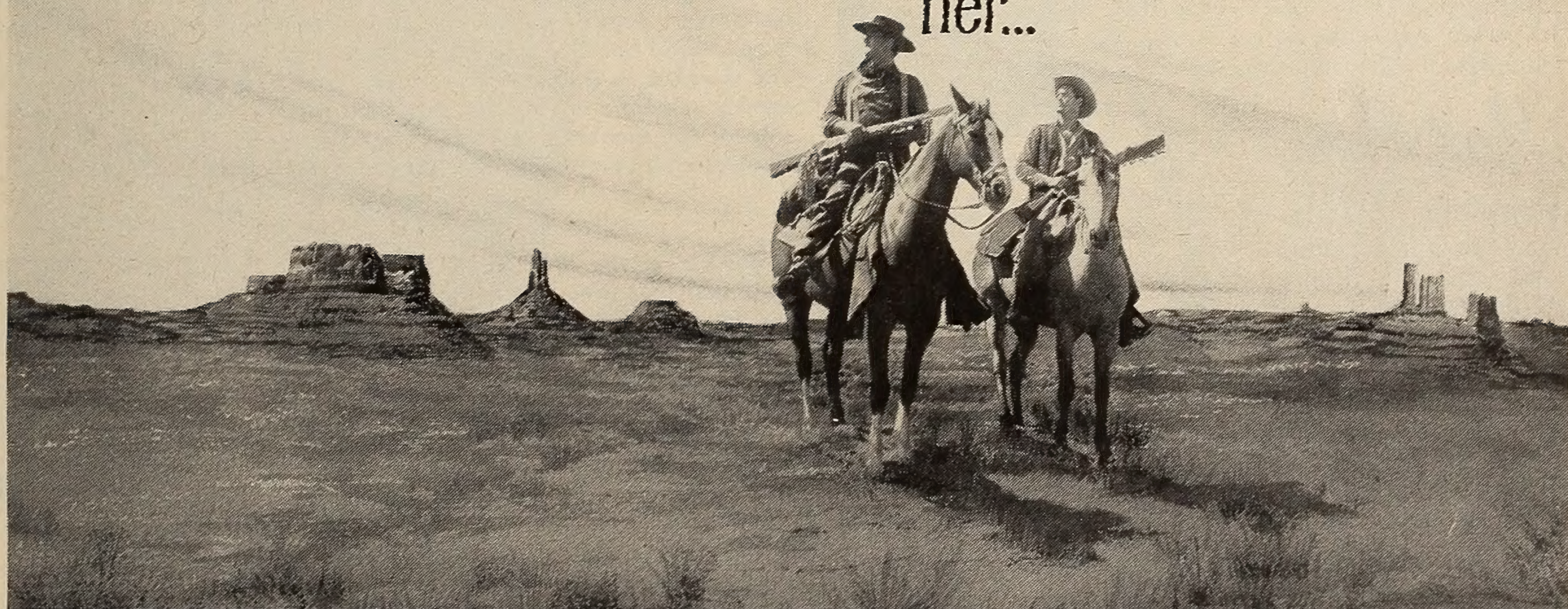
A. *Laddie Ladd makes his debut with his father in Santiago.*

Q. Is there any chance that Howard Hughes will marry Debra Paget? —S.S., HOUSTON, TEXAS

A. *Not much.*

he
had to
find
her...

he had
to find
her...



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"THE SEARCHERS"

THE STORY THAT SWEEPS
FROM THE GREAT SOUTHWEST
TO THE CANADIAN BORDER IN

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY
AND COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

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WARD BOND · NATALIE WOOD

SCREEN PLAY BY **FRANK S. NUGENT** · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER **MERIAN C. COOPER** · ASSOCIATE PRODUCER **PATRICK FORD**



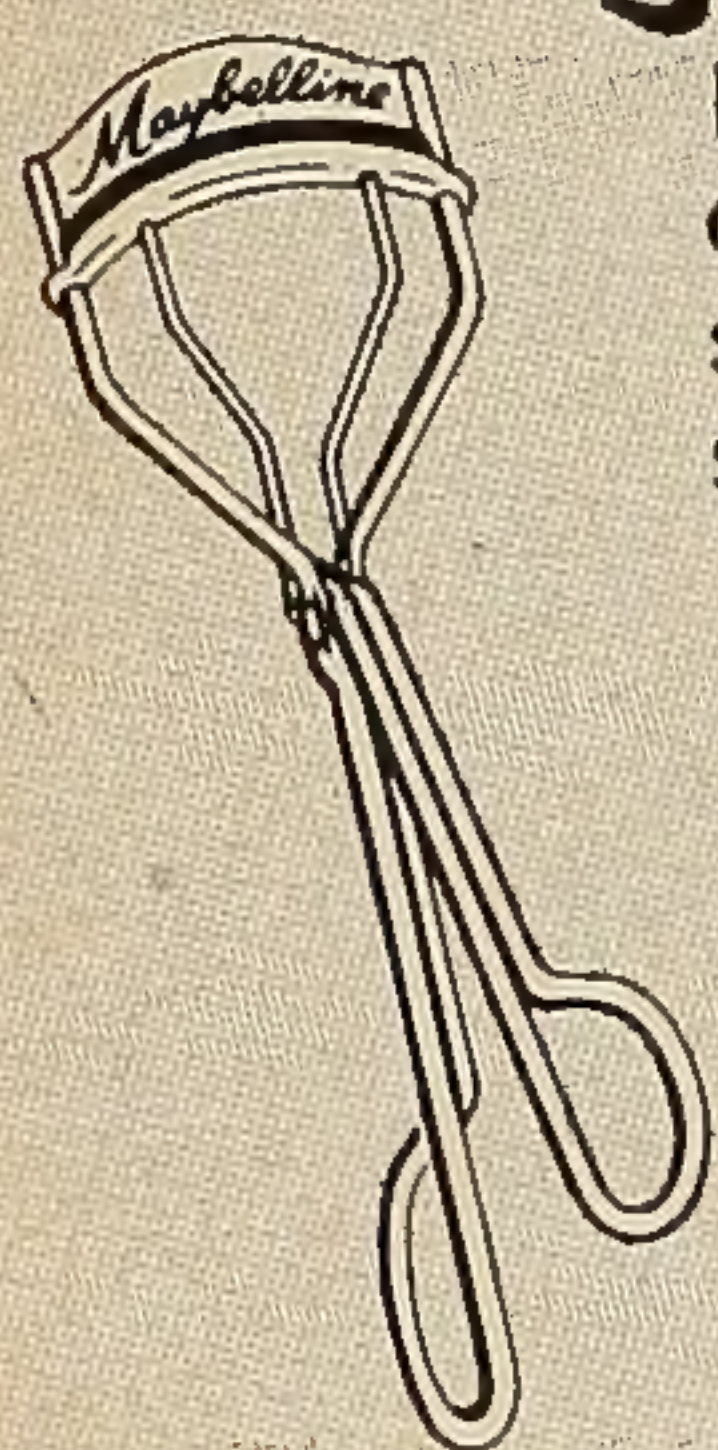
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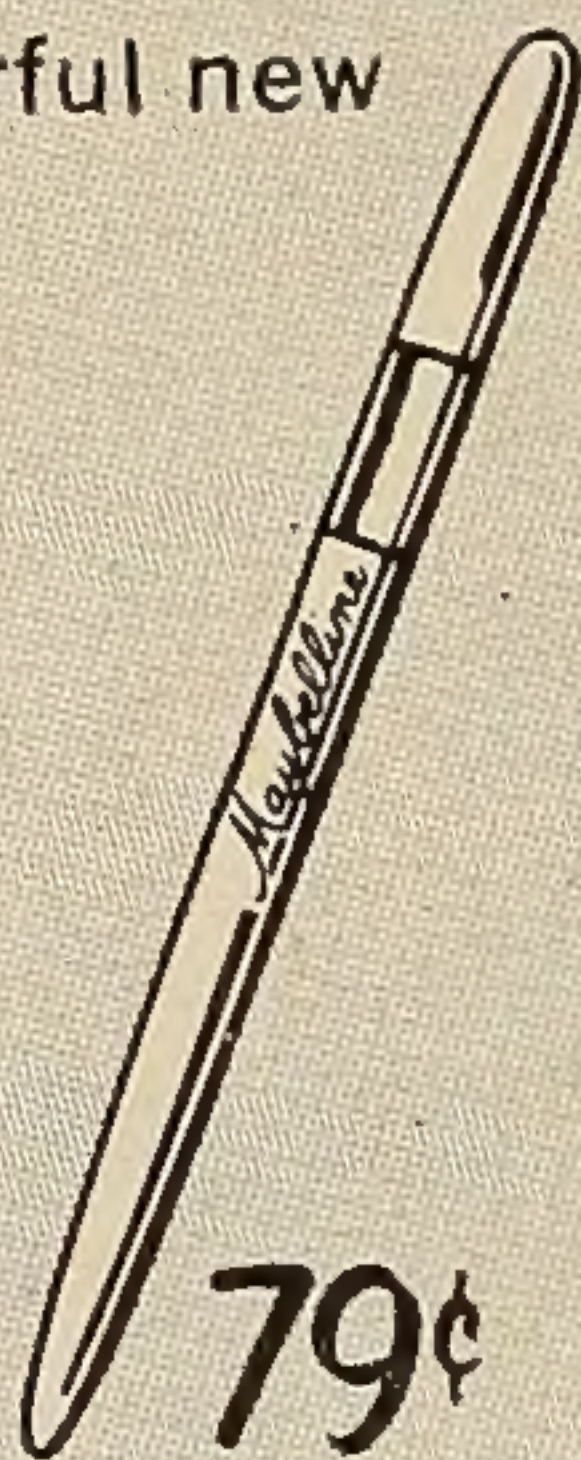
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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

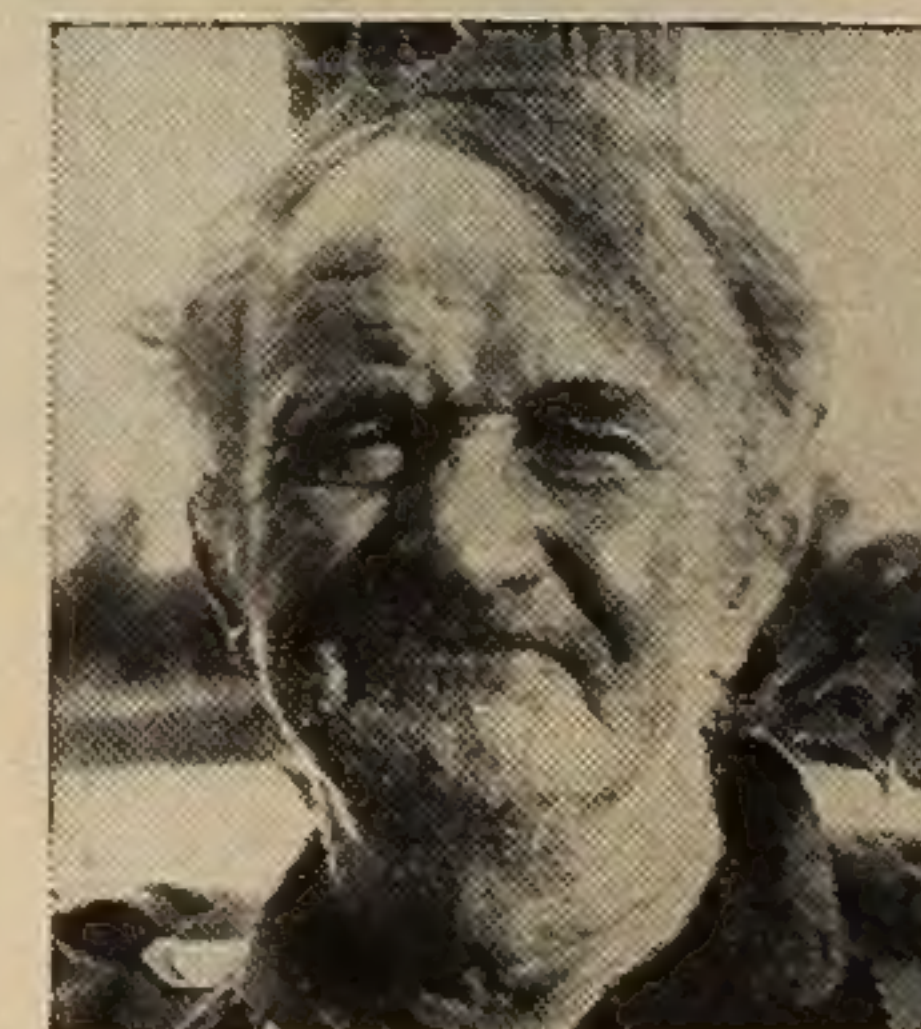
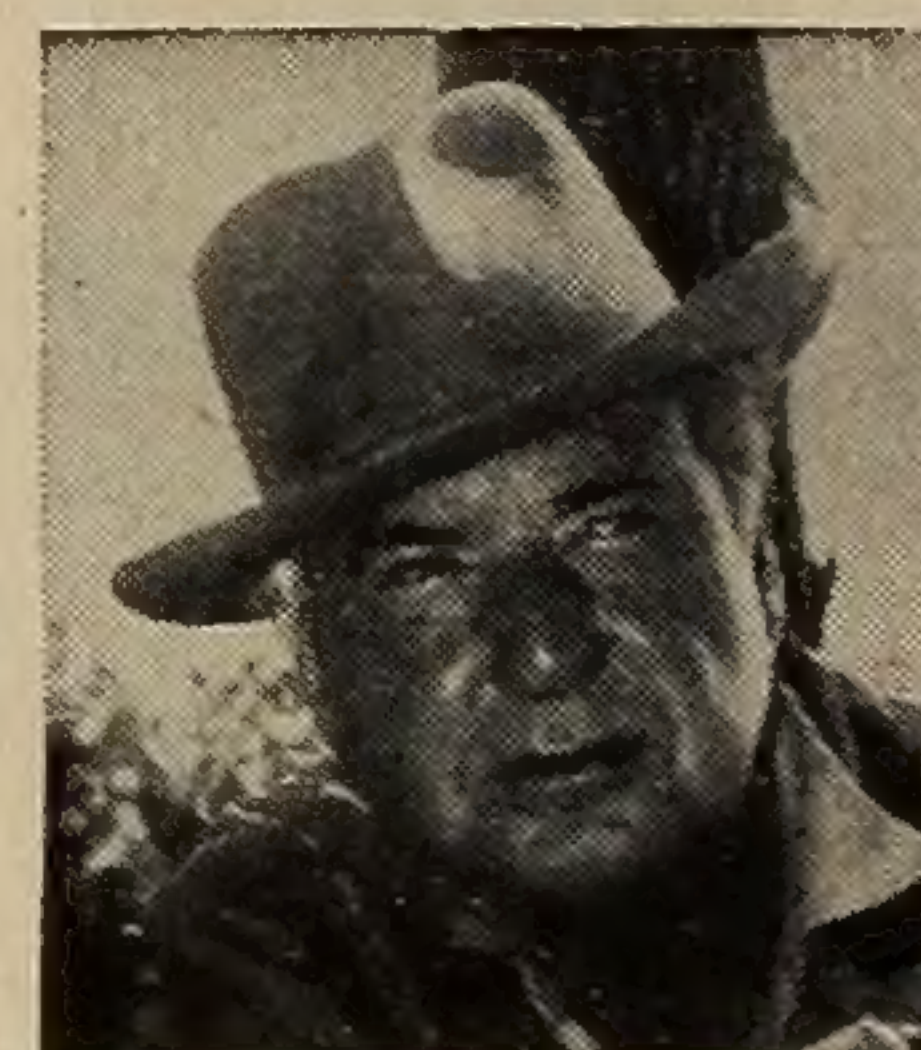
ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD

Leave it to Alfred Hitchcock to be different. The imaginative producer-director always opens his films in some striking, unusual fashion, and *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, co-starring James Stewart and Doris Day, is no exception. Hitchcock is using a full-scale symphony orchestra as the background for his main titles with the camera concentrating on the percussion section and the cymbal player. Over a huge closeup of the clashing cymbals will be the inscription "A simple cymbal clash and what it meant to an American family." While the audience won't realize it until much later in the story, the orchestra and cymbal play a key role in the taut suspense drama, which concerns an attempted political assassination during a concert in London's famed Royal Albert Hall. . . . Knowing his fetish for authenticity, a friend asked James Stewart if he did any research for his role of a doctor in this film. "Yeah," drawled Stewart, "I watched three *Medic* shows on television." . . . Alfred Hitchcock abhors violence in films. Recently, the famed producer-director was asked why he didn't subscribe to the hard-boiled school. Hitchcock replied: "The softer destruction of the human being appeals to me."



Fifteen years ago two men named John Masters and William Travers were fighting alongside each other in a British Army unit in India and Burma. They became close friends. When World War II ended, Masters gave up soldiering for writing and became a best-seller novelist. Travers became an actor and soon won fame on the British stage. When MGM purchased the story rights for Masters' *Bhowani Junction* and decided to film it with Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger, they needed someone to play the important role of Patric Taylor, the third side of the romantic triangle. Who was selected? William Travers! Masters and Travers hadn't seen each other since the war!

Phil Harris, currently starring in the Warner release *Goodbye, My Lady*, has had four records that sold over a million copies. They were "That's What I Like About The South," "Poker Club," "The Thing," and "The Old Master Painter." We asked Phil which of the four was his favorite. As you'd expect, it's "That's What I Like About The South." "But," says Phil, "let me tell you a funny, funny bit. In *Goodbye, My Lady*, I star with Walter Brennan and Brandon de Wilde. The canine star of the film is Lady, a basenji hound whose ancestry dates back to the days of the pharaohs. The basenji is different from all other breeds of dogs in that it never barks, but will on occasion laugh and cry, often shedding real tears. Well, one day I walked in and everyone said, "Shhh!" So I tiptoed over to the director, William Wellman, and whispered "What's up?" Wellman cast a weary glance at me and whispered back, "We're trying to get the dog to laugh." "How do you do that?" I asked. "Give her to Walter Brennan," said Wellman. "How can Walter make her laugh?" I wanted to know. "Well," said Wellman, "the basenji laughs only when it feels bad. Brennan doesn't know this, so he tells her what he thinks are funny jokes. The basenji laughs, so Walter tells her more. Wait! Pretty soon the dog will be laughing hysterically, and Walter will be beaming."



Carol Ohmart, one of Hollywood's brightest finds, will have her film debut in Paramount's *The Scarlet Hour*. Carol has had quite a meteoric rise in the entertainment world. Carol is in her mid-twenties and is of Egyptian-Alsace-Lorraine and Irish blood. Her measurements are bust 36, waist 24, and hips 35. At the age of one Carol won a national baby contest as the most beautiful and healthiest infant in the land. She was Miss Utah in 1946 and placed fourth in the Miss America contest. Her stage debut came at the age of three when she appeared on the Orpheum Theatre's stage in Seattle dressed in tights, a tiny black derby, and holding a cane. It took many top television roles to get her into the Broadway production of *Kismet* where she was discovered by Hollywood. Carol, in all seriousness, tells us that an argument always develops during a discussion of whether girls should keep their eyes opened or closed when kissing. (Continued on page 95)

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES
STEWART

DORIS
DAY

in

ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S

A
LITTLE
KNOWLEDGE
CAN BE
A DEADLY
THING!



"THE
MAN
WHO
KNEW
TOO
MUCH"

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY



Directed by
ALFRED HITCHCOCK • JOHN MICHAEL HAYES
Based on a Story by Charles Bennett and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis
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and Shower-sure...



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the price of the
stick alone
(Limited Time Only)

NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR LOVE

The Eddy Duchin Story
Gaby
Goodbye, My Lady

FOR DRAMA

Away All Boats
The Harder They Fall
A Day Of Fury
The Price Of Fear
Tribute To A Bad Man

FOR LAUGHS

The Birds And The Bees

FOR SUSPENSE

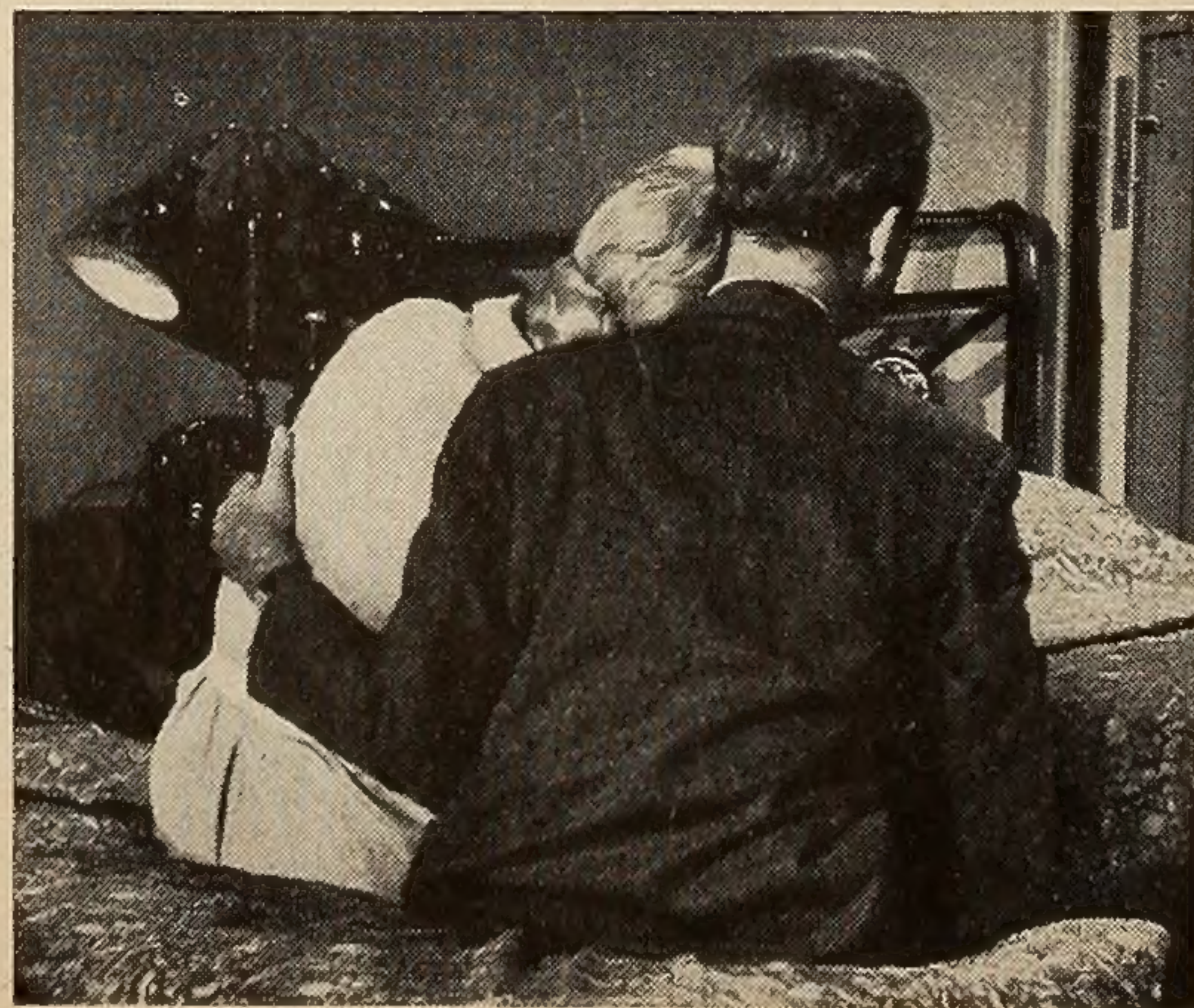
The Man Who Knew Too Much
23 Paces To Baker Street

FOR SPECTACLE

Serenade
Forbidden Planet
On The Threshold Of Space



***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *Involved in an assassination plot, a murder, and a kidnapping are Doris Day and James Stewart who star in Alfred Hitchcock's drama set in Casablanca.*



THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
suspense par excellence

■ This is Alfred Hitchcock at his best—and that's about as good as anyone can get. The story opens midway between Casablanca and Marrakesh on a bus in which are found American doctor McKenna (James Stewart) his wife, a former Broadway musical comedy star (Doris Day) and their seven-year-old son Hank (Chris Olsen). They've come from a medical convention in Paris and are here for the sights. They make the mistake of letting themselves be befriended by a mysterious Frenchman (Daniel Gelin) who arrives at their hotel suite for cocktails but makes a hurried and suspicious departure before dinner. Slightly put out the McKennas dine with a friendly English couple (Bernard Miles and Brenda de Banzie). The next day they visit the market place in Marrakesh together. There, amidst the exotic hubbub Gelin, dressed as an Arab, is stabbed in the (Continued on page 10)

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starring in

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RKO Production. Print
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by Top Hollywood
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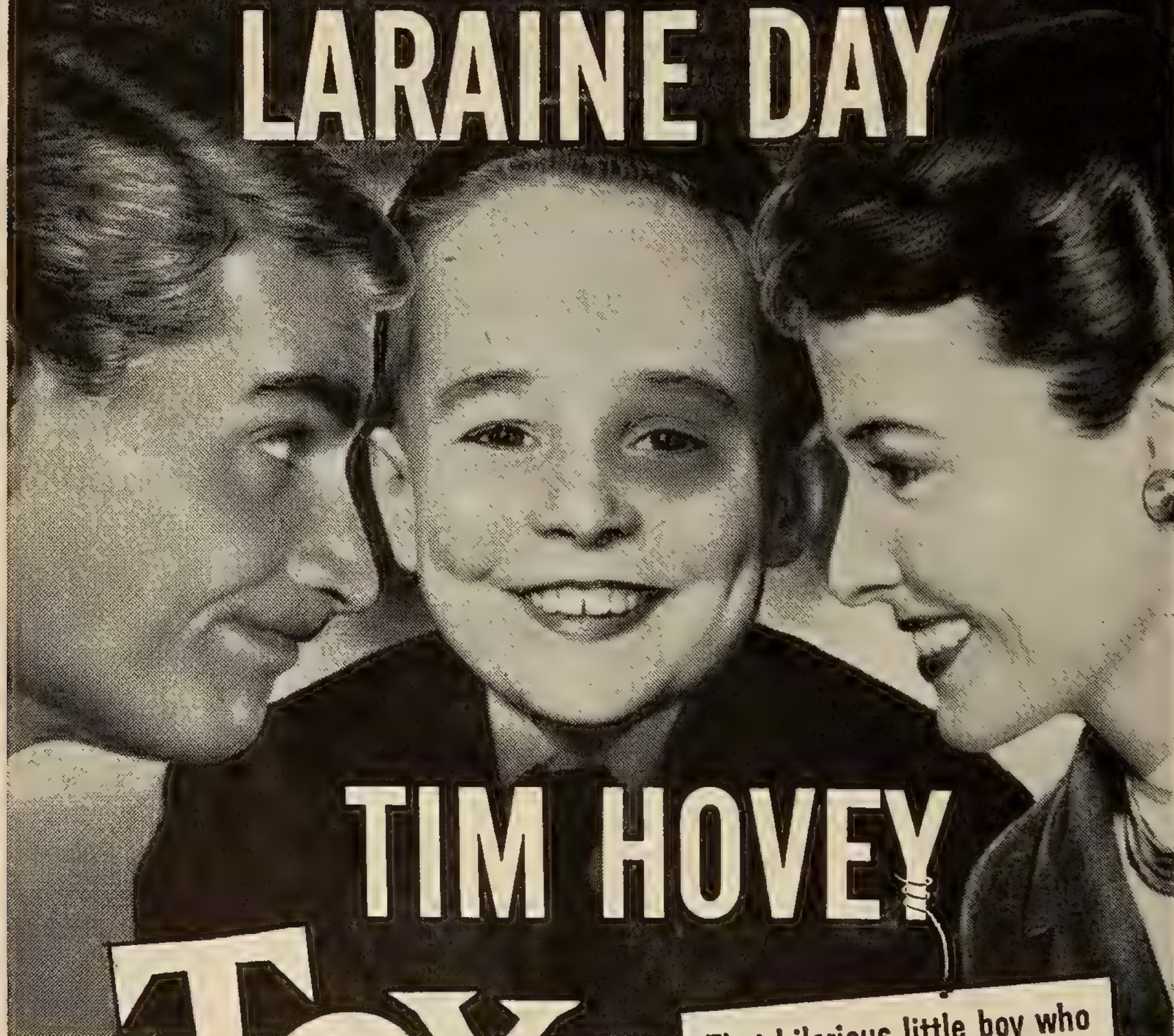
The HAPPIEST PICTURE of the year!



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a trusting young mother and
a little boy's outlandish theories
about the birds and the bees!

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**JEFF CHANDLER
LARAINÉ DAY**



TIM HOVEY

TOY

That hilarious little boy who
drove "Major Benson" crazy!

TIGER



It's got that
"TOY TIGER"
TUNE!

PRINT BY

Technicolor



with **CECIL KELLAWAY • RICHARD HAYDN**

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** Screen Story and Screenplay by **TED SHERDEMAN** Produced by **HOWARD CHRISTIE**

movie previews *(Continued from page 8)*

back. He dies in Stewart's arms, after whispering vital information about an assassination of a statesman soon to take place in London. Brenda de Banzie takes Hank back to the hotel while the McKennas go to the police station. There, Stewart receives a phone call warning him that if he talks his son will die. Then the chase begins. Seven-year-old Hank has disappeared. Stewart, fearful of seeking police help, flies back to London with his wife in a desperate attempt to find Hank and stop the assassination. The suspense doesn't let up for a minute; the characters and the backgrounds are unique, lavish and exciting and so, of course, is the plot. Doris Day is excellent as a distraught mother. VistaVision.—Para.



THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

"Hotsie" Gobel finds a wife

■ Heir to a hot dog kingdom, George Gobel escapes this misfortune by collecting snakes in Africa, but occasionally he must come home. At sea George meets Mitzi Gaynor, who is traveling with her father (David Niven) and another card thief (Reginald Gardiner). The three of them wish to take Hotsie (that's George) for as much as they can get. But Mitzi ruins all by falling in love. Before she can explain her background Hotsie's valet buddy (Harry Bellaver) exposes her. George goes home to Connecticut and apparently sulks. One night his Pop (Fred Clark) throws a fancy party to which are invited a French Count and his daughter. The daughter looks exactly like Mitzi and, except for a beard and monocle, the Count is a double for Niven. This is because that's who they are (another in their schemes to take George for all they can). Of course, Hotsie succumbs again and marries Mitzi before Harry Bellaver can expose her. But he does, by George. At times George Gobel is hilarious but he is not quite the man to carry this whole picture. VistaVision.—Para.



THE HARDER THEY FALL

hard-hitting drama of the fight racket

■ Underneath it all Humphrey Bogart is a decent, honorable man, but it just so happens that he needs money. To get it he takes a job as press agent for Rod Steiger—a smart, ruthless, crooked operator who wants to promote a huge hunk of brawn as the heavyweight champion of the world. Toro (Mike Lane) comes from Argentina, looks like a giant killer, but is actually a gentle young man and the world's worst boxer. That doesn't matter. Bogart writes the newspaper stories, Steiger's henchmen fix fights and Toro rides to fame. Naturally, Steiger makes a fortune, not one penny of which reaches Toro. When he gets a chance to fight for the title, champion Max Baer informs Bogart and Steiger that he will murder the boy. Steiger doesn't mind since his bet will be safe, but Bogart's latent nobility finally asserts itself. He prepares Toro for the brutal beating and later sneaks him aboard a plane for home. Steiger, who has just sold Toro's contract at a nice profit is quite upset but he can't scare Bogart. When last seen that gentleman is hunched over a typewriter exposing the fight racket while wife Jan Sterling is keeping the coffee warm. Plenty of good atmosphere, good acting and horrible characters.—Col. *(Continued on page 12)*

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you're
glamorous!*



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T.M. ®

Long-Line with Magic Midriff. Life is always more exciting when you're more exciting to look at! And now you're irresistible! High, round nylon cups add a lift for curve allure, subtle cleavage. All-elastic midriff slims inches away. Long-Line or Bandeau, Playtex Bras glorify your figure, are wardrobe *musts* this spring! Long-Line, white \$5.95. Bandeau, white or black \$3.95. Sizes 32A to 40C. D-cups from \$4.95.



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movie previews *(Continued from page 10)*



THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY

... his life and loves

■ Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin, the brilliant young pianist whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Arrived from Boston—brash, naive and ambitious, he lands a job in the fashionable Central Park Casino because a young influential heiress (Kim Novak) is immediately attracted to him. Eddy becomes famous, marries Kim and is ecstatically happy until the birth of their son, Peter, at which time Eddy's wife dies. Shattered and lost Eddy leaves his son with his in-laws, tours the continent five years but can't overcome his grief. Finally, during World War II he joins the Navy, thirsty for action. Afterward, somewhat reconciled to life he comes home, anxious to be a father to ten-year-old Peter. But Eddy is like a stranger to Peter, who is attached to pretty Victoria Shaw, a guest in the family home. Eddy struggles to reclaim his son and in the process falls in love with Victoria. But their life together is short-lived for Eddy is suffering from leukemia. Though the movie often leans toward the melodramatic, parts are genuinely moving and the production is handsome. With James Whitmore. CinemaScope—Col.



SERENADE

a sweet and sour love song

■ There is this woman Joan Fontaine—rich, beautiful and fatal, it says here—who helps men to fame and then destroys them. Mario Lanza, case in point. The first time she sees him he's working in a California vineyard; the second time, he's singing in a restaurant; the third time, he's in her lush apartment getting himself a famous singing teacher, promises of bookings from Vincent Price and the sultry eye from Joan. He can hardly believe his good luck, but aside from hot and cold running chills and a general air of hysteria Mario stays with it. Everything's hunky-dory until the night of his debut at the Met. That's when Joan lowers the boom by her absence. (She's heard her last aria and is dallying with a sculptor.) Mario races off the stage, has a tantrum, winds up in Mexico, loses his voice and nearly dies in the arms of Sarita Montiel. Sarita has her own problems having to do with her father who was gored to death by a bull (a matador, he, but call him coward and she'll stab you). Well, Mario's voice returns and with Sarita he comes home for a comeback. But don't expect jilting Joan Fontaine to stand there and let that happen! CinemaScope—Warners.

FORBIDDEN PLANET

exciting science fiction

■ One of the best science fiction movies to date, *Forbidden Planet* is a richly imaginative view of a superior civilization that once existed on the planet Altair, and left its legacy of knowledge to an earth scientist (Walter Pidgeon). Now, an expedition (headed by Leslie Nielsen) lands its disc-like spaceship on desolate, green-skied Altair in a search for Walter Pidgeon and other survivors. Robby the Robot appears on an atomic-powered motor scooter and delivers Nielsen, Warren Stevens and Jack Kelly to Pidgeon. Robby, an electronically controlled marvel, speaks 180 languages, generally makes the human brain seem moronic, is *(Continued on page 14)*

THEY HATED HIS FLAG

but wanted his love!

Two yankee beauties
fighting over a
"Johnny Reb"...while
war inflamed frontier
Denver was torn
by the strangest
conflict of the
Civil War!

EDMUND GRAINGER presents

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING

Robert Hardy Andrews' stirring best-seller!

starring

VIRGINIA MAYO · ROBERT STACK · RUTH ROMAN

co-starring

ALEX NICOL

with

**RAYMOND BURR
LEO GORDON · REGIS TOOMEY**

SUPERSCOPE

Print by
TECHNICOLOR



Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Screenplay by LESSER SAMUELS • Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER



Almost
overnight—

*See faded, winter-dry skin
look springtime fresh!*



Clear away flaky chappings—
Firmly circle on Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It's *extra rich in lanolin—homogenized* so it penetrates deeper. Dry roughness smooths instantly.



Smooth out crepe-lined throat—
Stroke Pond's Dry Skin Cream up throat. Pond's *special emulsifier* restores moisture to parched, surface skin. Gives it a dewy, younger look.

**Parched, dried-out skin
needs deep softening**

—not "surface oiling" with a thin liquid, but the penetrating goodness of a rich cream!



Soften away tired crow's feet—Gently tap Pond's Dry Skin Cream around eyes. Not thin or watery—you can feel its *richness* in the satiny texture. Get a big jar—less than a dollar.

**Extra Rich in
Homogenized
Lanolin**

for deeper softening

**So effective—
more women use it
than any other dry skin care**



movie previews *(Continued from page 12)*

capable of performing any number of amazing tasks (including the building and furnishing of Pidgeon's exquisite, atomic age home) and has the added virtue of not being able to destroy rational beings. As it turns out Pidgeon put him together after first getting a brain boost from one of the toys he discovered in his Altairian lab. Pidgeon claims he and his wife were the only survivors (his wife's dead and now only daughter Anne Francis remains). The others were destroyed by a horrible, mysterious force he can't explain. Why Pidgeon was immune to the force—what it is—and why it appears again are all answered here against backdrops that are magnificently contrived. CinemaScope—MGM.



23 PACES TO BAKER STREET *a blind man plays detective*

■ Van Johnson's a successful American playwright living in London where his play is a hit. The trouble is—he's bitter and angry because he's blind. When his ex-fiancée, Vera Miles, pays him a visit, his pride interferes with his delight and he sends her away. Then he stalks out to a local pub and there eavesdrops on a conversation which excites and disturbs him. A nursemaid is being pressured into some kind of underhanded scheme and is obviously terrified by her companion. Johnson has nothing to go on but bits of dialogue, the scent of perfume and his own reactions. Back in his flat he records the conversation on a tape recorder, excitedly calls in Scotland Yard. The detectives view him as an overimaginative invalid. Enraged, but determined to prevent whatever is going to happen, he enlists the aid of his valet (Cecil Parker) and Vera, who are thrilled that he has come to life again. Needless to say, Johnson is on to something big and twice comes near to being murdered. It's an unusual suspense film. Among the cast are Patricia Laffan, Estelle Winwood, Murray Denham. CinemaScope.—20th-Fox.



THE PRICE OF FEAR *crime in the upper brackets*

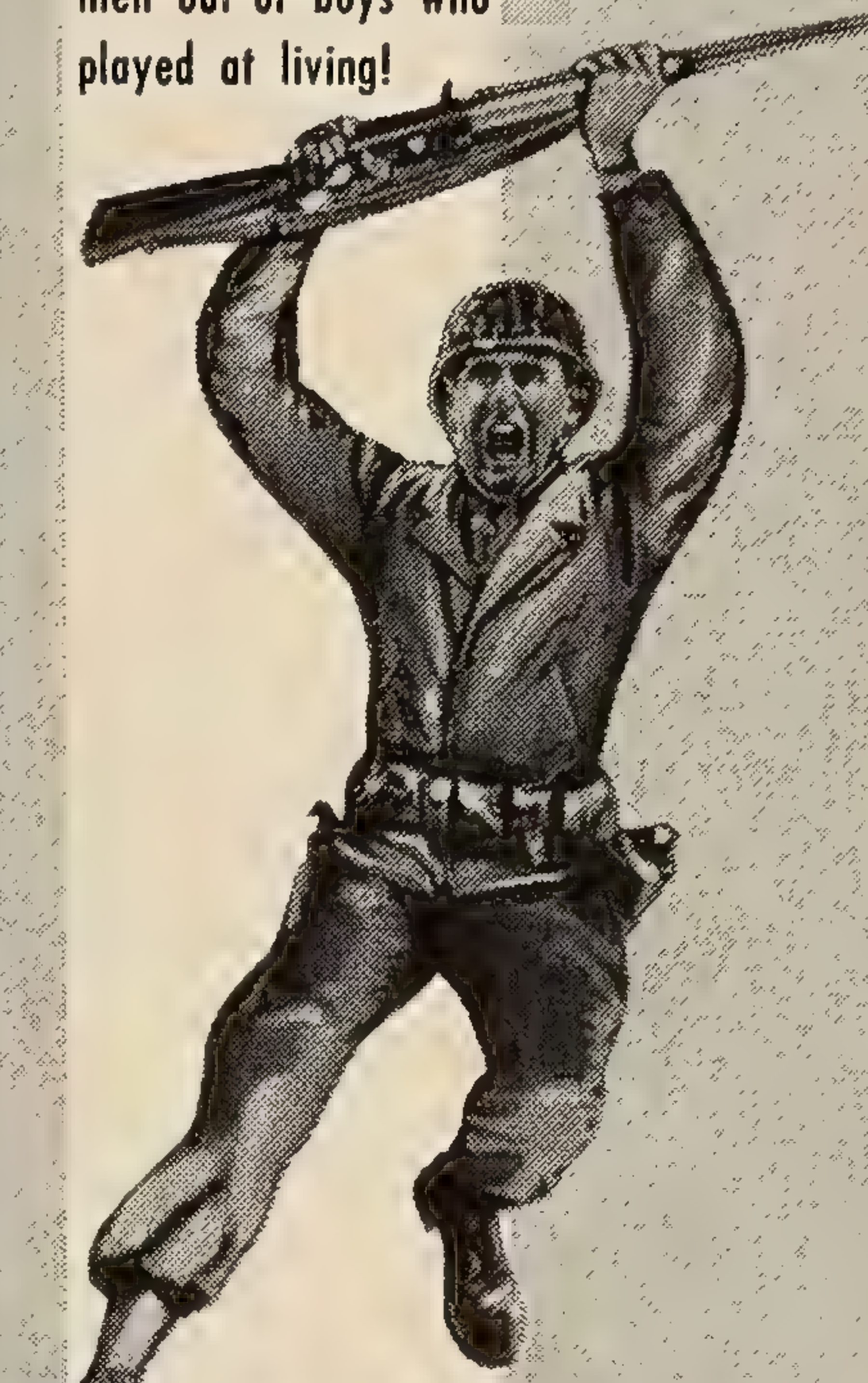
■ Career woman Merle Oberon is driving home from a date one night when she runs into a professor (with her car, that is). Gritting her pearly teeth Merle decides to report herself to the police but just as she drops a dime into the public phone, handsome Lex Barker jumps into her convertible and roars away. He is being pursued by a couple of gunmen sent by racketeer Warren Stevens. Stevens doesn't like Lex because Lex won't sell him his dog track. Well, Lex is not only booked for hit and run driving but he's suspected of murdering his own business partner who sold out to Stevens. You'd think he wouldn't have time to fall in love with Merle. That girl's a real doll; she loves Lex so much she plots with Stevens to convict him on one charge or another. I can't help it, she tells Lex, I'm weak. And there you are.—U-I.

GOODBYE, MY LADY *a boy, a dog and Walter Brennan*

■ A boy (Brandon De Wilde), his dog (a rare African Basenji hound) and Walter Brennan are rightly calculated to create a *(Continued on page 16)*



The story of events
that made a bold
woman out of a
lovely young girl...
and brave fighting
men out of boys who
played at living!



IRVING H. LEVIN presents

The **BOLD** and the **BRAVE**

breath-taking as a one-man tank battle...



impassioned as its war-weary lovers... an unforgettable experience!

starring

WENDELL

COREY



MICKEY

ROONEY



DON

TAYLOR



NICOLE

MAUREY



with

JOHN SMITH · RACE GENTRY

SUPERSCOPE



A HAL E. CHESTER Production
Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER
Story and Screenplay by ROBERT LEWIN



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☐ Short ☐ Medium ☐ Long ☐ Self Seam ☐ Dark Seam

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This offer good only in continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska. Offer subject to State and Local requirements and may be withdrawn without notice.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

movie previews (Continued from page 14)

movie brimming with warmth and charm. Brennan and his nephew Brandon live in a shack in a Mississippi swamp. Their best friends are Phil Harris, storekeeper and dog fancier and Sidney Poitier, a college graduate who lives with his family across the river. Brandon finds the Basenji in the swamplands—it is not only his first dog, but his first possession. He trains her to hunt birds and her reputation brings admiring tourists from all over the swamp. It's a touching film you'll love.—Warners.



TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN
justice out west

■ When ex-grocery clerk Don Dubbins comes a'riding into the West he discovers that most of it belongs to Jeremy Rodock (James Cagney)—and not only the land and the horses, but the law, too. When Rodock catches a rustler he strings him up on the nearest tree. Rodock is obviously a very stubborn and domineering man. His foreman (Stephen McNally) hates him, his former partner (James Bell) plots against him, but Irene Papas, the girl he gave a home to, loves him despite that "hanging fever." Rodock takes to Dubbins like a father and Dubbins gets quite an education. In addition to a hanging, he watches as Rodock forces three rustlers to march in stocking feet across a rocky plain to town—and justice. (Rodock would've hanged the varmints if incidents hadn't softened him up.) Despite this concession, however, Cagney still can't bend enough to keep Irene Papas happy—he has to learn the hard way that "no man is an island." CinemaScope—MGM.



GABY
wartime romance

■ Most of the piquancy of *Waterloo Bridge*, from which this film was derived, is lost, but *Gaby* can still be enjoyed as a slick, sentimentalized story of post-adolescent love. Gaby (Leslie Caron) is a French ballerina orphaned by World War II and working in London. John Kerr, a paratrooper from Nebraska, meets her by chance, woos and nearly weds her, but before she can become his lawful wife he's sent on a mission. When Gaby gets news of his death she hates herself for not having loved him completely and, more or less in atonement, offers herself to numerous lads whose lives war may claim on the morrow. But on one of those morrows John Kerr returns—wounded, but otherwise still with us. Gaby's conscience nearly kills her and fiancé Kerr is hardly ecstatic when he learns of her contribution to the war effort. CinemaScope—MGM.

A DAY OF FURY
on the day the "old West" died

■ One Sunday morning Marshal Jock Mahoney's life is saved by gunfighter Dale Robertson. Jock is planning to marry a reformed dance hall girl, Mara Corday. Wouldn't you know she's Dale's old flame. She sizzles when she sees him. Please go, she says, I and the town are not safe with you in it. Dale smiles contemptuously. That very afternoon he opens the saloon, fills it with Jezebels, takes all comers in a poker game and proves to Mara that the townspeople are even more corrupt than he. Meanwhile, the Mar-

shal protects him (debt of honor), so everybody wants to lynch the Marshal. When preacher John Dehner intervenes he's shot by a wild kid named Billy Brand (Jan Merlin) and this more or less brings everyone to his senses. They don't lynch the Marshal and in preserving law and order save themselves. Technicolor—U-I.

AWAY ALL BOATS
saga of a ship

■ Here's the story of an Attack Transport and the men who served her in the Pacific during World War II. Mostly it tells of the officers and of how they shine or fail when the chips are down. There's Captain Hawks (Jeff Chandler)—strong, lonely and awe-inspiring, Commander Quigley (Lex Barker) ex-socialite snubbed by his buddies, Lieutenant MacDougall (George Nader) former Merchant Marine Captain who accepted a demotion to sail on the new, untried *U.S.S. Belinda*. Life on the *Belinda* is naturally no picnic and the captain has first to overcome the crew's boredom in order to whip them into a fighting team. He achieves this by the seemingly selfish request to have a sailboat built. But by the time they reach Okinawa and Kamikazes swoop down in suicidal attack, the crew valiantly sustains heavy losses. Chandler, though mortally wounded, inspires Nader with fierce loyalty to the *Belinda* when it appears that only a miracle can keep it afloat. The miracle is in the cumulative effect of Chandler's driving courage. Cast includes Julie Adams (as Nader's wife who, in letters, recalls their courtship), Richard Boone, Keith Andes, Don Keefer. CinemaScope—U-I.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE
U.S. Air Force enters the jet age

■ That present day science is even more fascinating than science fiction (possibly because it will eventually make science fiction a reality) is proved in this film about the U.S. Air Force. The plot of the movie lags behind the more documentary passages which include seat ejection tests from jet bombers, a sled run powered by rockets that simulates the effects of a pilot bailing out at supersonic speeds, and the launching of balloons carrying gondolas to 100,000 feet (with men in the gondolas to study survival possibilities). All of these tests are thrilling. The cast is headed by Guy Madison (a doctor who has gone to parachute school); Virginia Leith, a sculptress who designs test helmets and wishes her fiancé—Guy—would stop taking risks; the late John Hodiak, whose caution in okaying certain experimental research convinces Madison he's a coward (later this opinion is reversed), and Dean Jagger, a visionary scientist. The climax occurs when Madison, alone in a gondola, discovers he's run out of oxygen. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE CONQUEROR (RKO): A spectacle to end all spectacles! John Wayne and Susan Hayward spend most of their time fighting one another in a film loaded with action and thrills. You'll love the scenery and spectacle of an uninhibited age reproduced in all its savage glory.

RICHARD III (Lopert Films): Shakespeare's spectacular melodrama is brought to nearly impeccable life in this movie produced and directed by Laurence Olivier who also plays the title role. Claire Bloom, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and John Gielgud also star.

COME NEXT SPRING (Rep.): You hardly see pictures like this any more. It's a kind of folktale that recalls a whole era in American history and reaffirms the importance of human dignity, neighborliness, hard work and family solidarity. With Steve Cochran and Ann Sheridan.

CAROUSEL (20th-Fox): Gordon MacRae leaves Heaven to help daughter Susan Luckey who's having a tough time living down his reputation. When alive, he married Shirley Jones and when she became pregnant he staged a holdup (he needed the money). The songs are familiar and the cast also includes Barbara Ruick, Cameron Mitchell, Gene Lockhart.

PATTERNS (U.A.): Van Heflin is faced with the meaning of his own ambition and to what lengths he will go to achieve it in this drama of big business. The film also stars Ed Begley, Everett Sloane, Beatrice Straight, Joanna Roos.

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS (MGM): A delightful musical with Dan Dailey as a rancher whose good luck charm is ballerina Cyd Charisse. Paul Henreid, Lili Darvas, Oscar Karlweis add their warmth and humor. The choreography is tops.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (I.F.E.): You'll cry when you see the tragedy of the Japanese girl who marries an American Lieutenant only to lose him again. The Italian opera stars do an excellent job with Puccini's music. Kaoru Yachigusa is wonderful as Madame Butterfly.



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I had Spring Fever*

**in my
maidenform bra*

For the figure of your fondest day-dreams—Maidenform's lovely new Concerto* gives you curves that are more curvaceous, brings an exciting line to your outline! And it's all accomplished with row upon row of tiny, interlocked stitches! Each stitch catches up an inner cup-lining, pre-shapes this bra just enough to mould a fabulous form! In white stitched broadcloth, lace-margined. AA, A, B and C cups... 2.00

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*Pink
Fire*



The pink lipstick with a heart of flame
to make you look born beautiful!

You'll never guess the kindling power of this pink till you wear it! All innocence until it touches your lips then . . . pink FIRE! For this exciting lipstick from DuBarry is more than new color. It's a deep softener that *refreshes* your lips—makes them *look* younger, *feel* younger. Formulated with a precious natural moisturizer, it gives your lips the sweet freshness of a moist petal.

Nothing in the world can warm your smile and keep it glowing *day and night* like Pink Fire. It makes you look born beautiful! In Moisturized Lipstick, \$1.10* or continental Color Glide Lipstick, \$1.25*—both long-lasting.



*Pinker than red—
redder than pink
it bursts into flame
on your lips!*

DuBarry Flatter-Face,
powder-plus-foundation. \$1.50*
DuBarry Flatter-Glo,
fluid make-up. \$1.10*

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PERFECT PIN-CURL PERMANENT BY DUBARRY . . . JEWELS BY VICTORIA STONE

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A *Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!*

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. **Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!** Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!



2. **Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!** Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry.

It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



**Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher:
the Mama and Papa to be!**

IN THIS SECTION

**Good News
Oscar Night
In praise of Anita
Marilyn and The Hat
The letter box**

This was Oscar Night . . .



Ernest Borgnine was so cute when he won. "Write anything you want about me," he told me, "but don't call me handsome! I won by being homely!"



My girl Susan Hayward brought her sons. They were so proud (though they made faces!) when John Conte interviewed them before the awards—and so stricken when their mother lost. I hear that when Anna Magnani won over Susan, her first reaction was to call her son.



Jerry Lewis was the most marvelous m.c. That sock he's holding up for Patti has \$1.40 he won from Ernest Borgnine—who bet against himself!



Natalie Wood—who didn't win—came with Tab Hunter. She and Tab created that hair-do for her just before the ceremony!



These are the men responsible for Marty's winning the Best Film Oscar—Burt Lancaster, Harold Hecht and of course, Ernie.

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

AFTER-THOUGHTS ON OSCAR

night: I was never so proud of Susan Hayward in my life (and she's one of my pets) as I was at the party at her home after she lost the Academy Award. Susan wanted that Oscar as she never wanted anything before in her life. If her heart broke a little she didn't let any of us, her few closest friends, know about it.

Susie had changed into a pretty hostess robe by the time we arrived. She was gay, charming—and very cute in consoling her heartbroken twin sons who had accompanied their mother so proudly to the theatre.

Later, she sang several songs for us—and because of her attitude we all had a gay, not a sad, time. My personal salute to a gallant girl!

At the Burt Lancaster-Harold Hecht wingding at the Beverly Hills Hotel, there were 450 wild-eyed congratulators heaping praise on the heads of the producers, lovable Ernest

Borgnine and everyone else who came off with an Oscar for Marty.

I loved Mrs. Borgnine's comment when she was asked what she thought of her husband's unprecedented surge to top stardom in such a short time. "I like it," smiled the wholesome Mrs. Borgnine, "as long as it's just a business with Ernie and he gets home on time as though he were coming home from an office and doesn't start to take himself seriously—which he won't."

It seemed to me that Jerry Lewis paid such a sincere glowing and sweet tribute to Grace Kelly—"It is the wish of the entire industry that you have always Good Health, Good Luck and a Good Life"—that she might have taken a moment more to thank him, give him a little kiss or something before leaving the stage so abruptly.

Most of the glamour girls wore elaborate white gowns—disproving that old idea that white doesn't look well on tv.

... Even the losers had a wonderful time



Jack Lemmon and Jo Van Fleet won Supporting Oscars. Jack has already played starring roles—and maybe this will get them for Jo.



Grace was the center of attention—even though she was just giving, not getting an Oscar. It embarrassed her and she kept trying to leave.



And this was a surprise—Kim Novak came with Mac Krim—and they say the romance is on. In fact, they say now that it was never off!



And this did my heart good—to see Dean and Jean Martin there together (Dean sang "Tender Trap") so happy after all their trouble.

Rosalind Russell was sweet, and disappointed about Susan's not winning. "I know how she feels perhaps better than anyone else," Roz said feelingly. "I came close myself once—and lost."

Jerry Lewis was just great as the emcee—sincere, humorous, yet never being smarty—and he got a terrific laugh (following an unbearably long commercial) by saying, "And now a brief word from the Academy."

Frank Sinatra dropped by to see his children before going to the theatre, and young Nancy, young Frankie and Tina presented their dad with a gold charm shaped in the form of a Golden Arm, "Whether you win or not." Frankie is so proud of them.

I was sincerely touched when Ernest Borgnine came over to my table to personally thank me for what he said was my invaluable aid in helping him get his honor.

Well, the twenty-eighth edition of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Science Awards

is history now—and it's a year before Hollywood generates so much excitement in one night again. There's just one last word I'd like to say to those of you who wrote and even wired your disappointment over the fact that your beloved James Dean did not win a special award.

You must remember that the Academy is not a public vote. You, the public, registered your choice in voting Jimmy the Best Actor Award in the Audience Awards vote.

This is a vote from actors to actors—and the choice is not always in agreement with the public on personalities or pictures. But never fear that James Dean is forgotten by the people of his profession. He was honored, as I believe he would have wanted to be honored, by being a nominee in the Best-Actor category. I think Jimmy would have preferred that, and taken his chances, rather than being remembered with any sort of a special award from the Academy.

They just wanted to be alone to think about the baby . . .



The minute the Fishers made the announcement they were swamped with friends and calls. They grabbed



the dog and ran to Central Park, where it was (they thought) private. But a couple of kids spotted



them and they finished their walk with a whole procession following them back to their hotel.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Open letter to ANITA EKBERG:

■ I come to praise, not to pan you—not only for your fabulous face and figure but because you are being plenty smart in the way you are conducting yourself now that you have hit the big league and become engaged.

Your relationship with the press is ideal. You're never too tired or too lazy or too indifferent or too hard-working not to have a moment to spare for a reporter in search of a story. You talk colorfully and amusingly about yourself.

When you were criticized for referring to yourself as merely "Ekberg" (as though you were a Garbo or Duse) you laughed and said, "Maybe I'll get to the one-name plateau yet!"

Although your salary has jumped from a few thousand per week to a hot \$75,000 per picture (and it's sure to go higher) you are still willing to pose for the good old "cheesecake" pictures showing off your curves and tall figure as though you were still in the starlet bracket.

I'm not saying you don't do a few foolish things, such as shaving off your eyebrows and drawing them on, Oriental style, with a pencil—but this is still good copy and sets people to talking, pro or con.

Not since the late, lovely Barbara Lamarr has Hollywood had such a potential top stunner as yourself. Keep up the good work of being colorful, surprising, unusual and "hot copy"—and if you'll keep on trying to improve yourself as an actress, there's no limit to the heights you may yet reach.

Love,
Louella.

SHE SAYS THEY'RE ENGAGED.

As far as Josiane Berenger is concerned she's still "engaged" to Marlon Brando. She told a friend of mine, "We have never talked about breaking our engagement. Everything is as it was." (???)

She was asked, "When did you see Marlon last?"

Josiane hesitated and said honestly, "Not for quite a time."

"Have you heard from him since he left for the Orient to make *Teahouse Of The August Moon*?"

"No," she admitted.

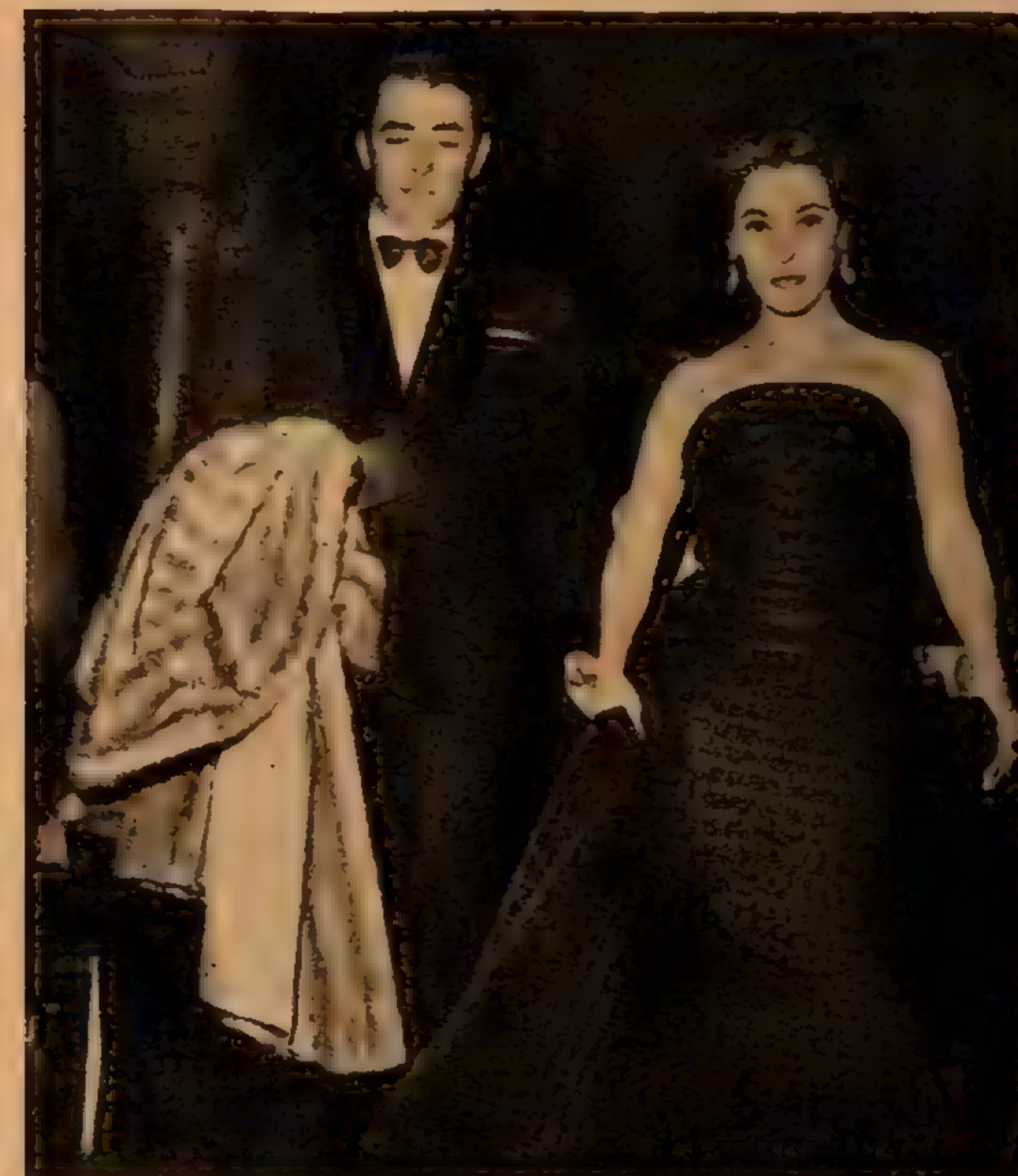
"Is this the conduct you expect from a man to whom you are engaged?"

Josiane said, "Marlon is an unusual person. He isn't to be compared to other men. He's

A very romantic month, even



Jayne Mansfield gets around more than any girl I know. Usually her escort is airline pilot Robbie Robertson but he has competition.



Veronique Passani, whom I like very much, made her first big public appearance as Mrs. Peck at the Foreign Press Association party.

always been an individualist. He just doesn't conform to the usual rules and regulations." (She can say that again—and again.)

"Are you just going to sit around and wait for him to make a move?" was the next frank question fired at this girl, who is something of a non-conformist and rugged individualist herself.

"I'm very interested in my own career," she said. "I want to continue my training in every field of my profession—drama, dancing—particularly dancing—and singing. Marlon admires talented people who can deliver. I think he admires talent more than anything else. That's why he is continually driving himself to become even more perfect in his work than he is.

"While he is gone these next few months

I shall have plenty of time to devote to my own development."

Thus ended this strange talk. I just can't see an American girl accepting these terms of an "engagement," can you?

But then Josiane isn't an American—and she's still most obviously in love with Marlon.

WEDDING BELLS AFTER ALL

I'm going to come right out and admit that the marriage of Marisa Pavan and Jean-Pierre Aumont surprised me! It seemed to me that there were many outstanding factors against it.

For one thing, and very important considering how religious Marisa is, Jean-Pierre is not of her faith and I believed this would be a barrier to marriage plans.

Another point not to be ignored is that

Marisa is twenty-three years old and Aumont is forty-six. That's quite a span of years.

All this, plus the fact that Jean-Pierre is a most sophisticated continental and Marisa is still quite a naive girl despite her successful career—well, it just didn't add up to wedding bells in my calculations.

But Marisa sounded like a girl breathlessly in love when I talked with her on the telephone. "I want you to see my engagement ring, it is so unusual. Jean-Pierre had it designed like a rose made entirely of small diamonds."

Although it had been printed that day that the wedding would take place in the summer, Marisa said, "It will be right away. We will have two ceremonies, a civil ceremony—and later on, a religious ceremony in Rome. I want

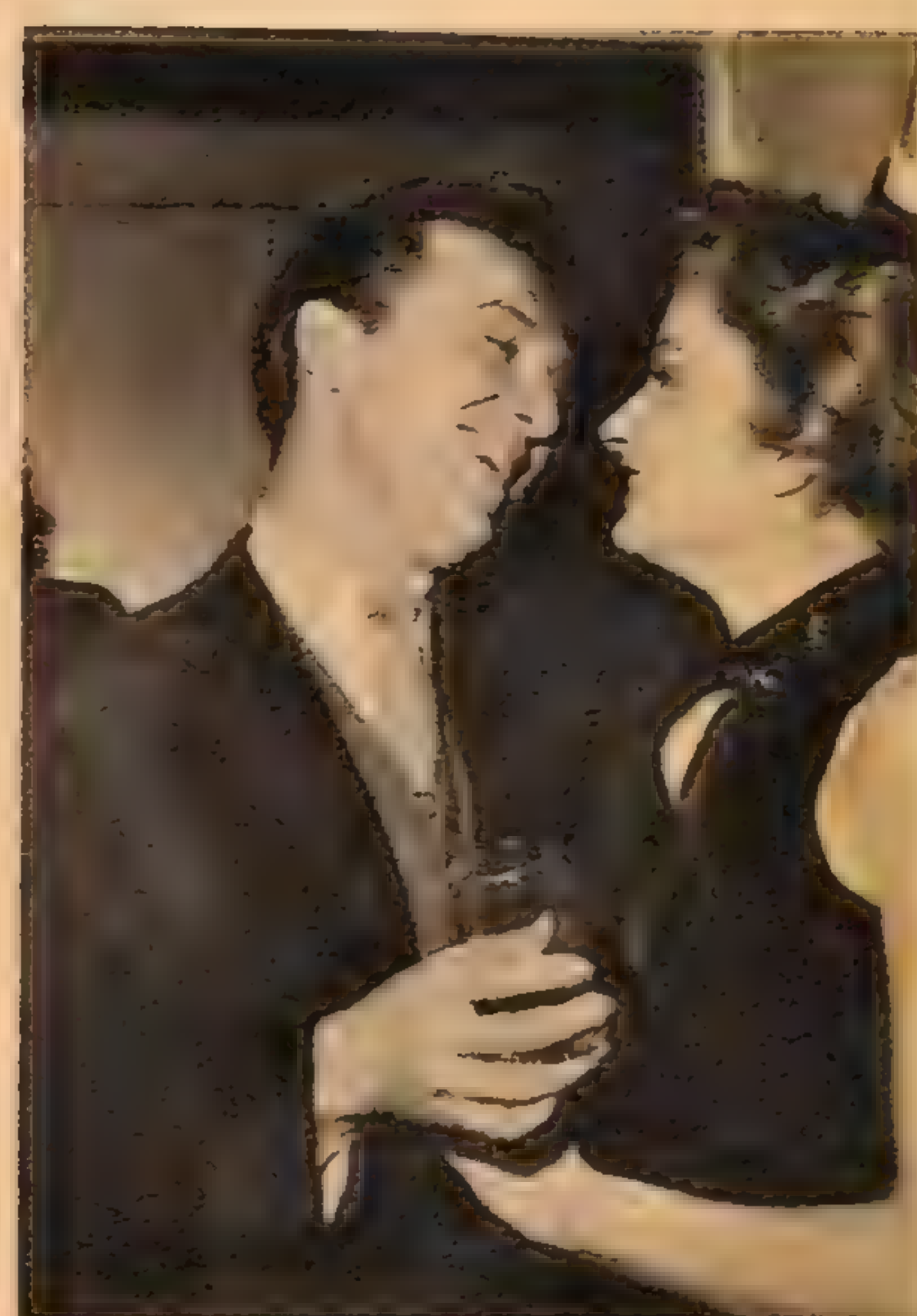
for Hollywood—though some of these new and old loves have me a little confused!



Despite all that talk about her being "serious" with someone else, Maggie O'Brien is often seen with Don Robertson. (Low-cut dress for Margaret, isn't it?)



Ben Cooper and new little actress, Jane Howard, are a new twosome. I suppose Jane has Ben's sister Bunny's approval—she screens all of his dates—and Ben really loves it.



Carol Ohmart was Jay Robinson's date at the party Jay gave in honor of their new pic



I wonder about Rita Hayworth. One minute she's supposed to be in love with Egyptian Raymond Hakim, then she went off to the Alps with her ex-husband Aly Khan!



Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton reconciled briefly, but now Barbara's suing for divorce.

And here are Jean-Pierre and Marisa just before they got married. (Look at that ring!) Love certainly has made quiet Marisa gay!

QUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Marilyn Monroe always hated hats. Even in the Texas sun she wouldn't wear one. Then an extra dropped his 10-gallon on her head . . .



I must say, Marilyn came through the kidding beautifully. "Look, you-all," she said, "me-all Miss Texas!" So someone grabbed a camera . . .



And the kidding went on for half an hour. But a little while later—maybe she was in a daze from the hot sun again—or from the hat . . .

my sister Anna (Pier Angeli), and Vic Damone and my whole family to be present at both."

I wondered what Marisa thought about the difference in their ages.

"Never crosses my mind," she laughed. "Jean-Pierre is very young at heart—perhaps younger than I am."

Those are the words of a woman in love, my friends.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR is a completely changed girl since Mike Wilding came home. Liz, who had seemed depressed and was in and out of the hospital several times during his absence, has been happier and feeling better than in ages. "Of course it's because Mike's home," she laughs.

"I'm the kind of woman who can't be really happy without a man around the house—and I don't care who knows it."

This remark, straight from headquarters, should put a stop to all the talk that the Wildings aren't hitting it off.

FAREWELL TO THE PRINCESS: Grace Kelly seemed far more like her old self, relaxed, cheerful, glad to see her old friends, than at any time since her engagement to Prince Rainier III was announced, at the farewell party hosted in her honor by Sol Siegel in the Penthouse at Romanoff's.

Her "trademark," the long white kid gloves, were conspicuously absent as she twirled about the dance floor in number after number, looking almost informal in a short white dinner dress. Her partners were such old movie pals as Jimmy Stewart, Frank Sinatra, her director on *High Society* Chuck Walters, and of course Sol Siegel, producer of what may be her last picture.

She asked me again, "Aren't you going to cover my wedding in Monaco?" and I explained to her (again) that I was afraid I would not be able to take on such an arduous

assignment, but I was flattered that she wanted me.

Grace's co-star, Frank Sinatra, was very much present, although her other screen beau, Bing Crosby, was missing, due to an emergency operation to remove a cyst from his eye.

I saw Grace in quite a huddle with Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess and Ursula was overheard to say, "You won't miss giving up pictures one bit." (Ursula made one movie after marrying Bob—but methinks she's definitely through now.)

Every one of her friends was there to say *au revoir* to Grace, and I saw Margalo Gilmore, Celeste Holm, the Jack Bennys, Clifton Webb, Ann Blyth, Doris Day (who looked lovely), Laraine Day, Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding and Susan Hayward. Speaking of Susie, she was thrilled when Grace told her she thought Susie would win the Academy Award.

RAN INTO FRANK SINATRA and told him I heard that he was taking his two eldest children, Nancy and Frankie Jr. to Spain when he goes there to make *The Pride And The Passion*.

"No," he shook his head, "they won't go, at least when I leave. Nancy's having a lot of fun with her schoolmates and Frankie belongs to a boys' club which has lots of plans for the summer months."

I laughed, "Has young Nancy got a steady beau?"

"No," smiled Frankie, "she went steady when she was eleven! Now that she's sixteen she's playing the field."

I would have liked very much to ask Mr. S. if he plans to see Ava Gardner in Spain. But Frank bolts like a colt at any mention of his estranged, but not divorced wife.

He's been a pretty good boy lately as far as the press is concerned, talking about almost everything—but Ava.

WENT TO THE RACES at Santa Anita with Bob Wagner and Mrs. Walter Lang and had a ball. I'd never really known Bob too well or had the chance to learn what a thoroughly interesting, considerate and amusing young man he is.

What's more—thanks to a mistake in not being able to read a figure I had written down for him on a horse I wanted to bet, he bought a "wrong" ticket which turned out to be a "right" one when the horse romped home a big winner.

Between races we chatted at our table on the terrace and I asked Bob about his romantic life and if he'd set an age limit (as Rock Hudson did—thirty) before thinking of getting married.

"No," laughed Bob, "I'm still convinced I'd make any girl a bad husband." There are plenty of pretty girls who don't agree, Bob.

PERRY COMO has more movie babies named after him than any other male star. Mamie Van Doran and Ray Anthony named their six-pound son after Signor Como. So did Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. Take a bow, Perry.

COME OUT, MARILYN! A friend of mine who came back to Hollywood from New York on the same plane with Marilyn Monroe had me chuckling with her first-hand account of being in such limited space with the one and only M.M.

"If the rest of us got off the plane in Los Angeles looking frowsy, and unkempt, our teeth unbrushed and hair uncombed, it's because of dear Marilyn's obsession for remaining in the ladies' room, powder room or whatever you want to call it for hours at a time.

"When I crawled out of my berth the morning of our arrival and headed hopefully in the direction of the happy sign LADIES, it was already firmly locked. I sat on the edge of a

went on location for **Bus Stop**



She fell off the grandstand into the arena at the Rodeo set—and landed skinning her knees. I think they'll keep it in the film!

nearby seat and was soon joined by several other females bearing toothbrushes, combs and make-up kits.

"Fifteen minutes went by, thirty minutes, forty-five minutes—and there we sat un-combed, un-primped and uncurled. The stewardess kept assuring us that Miss Monroe would be out in a minute but it was necessary for her to fix herself up because of the large number of the press expected to be on hand for her arrival.

"Some of us just gave up about brushing our teeth or combing our hair and began to put on our make-up by the mirrors in our kits. Finally, and I mean *finally*, when we were about ten minutes out of Los Angeles the door opened and our dream girl came out!

"Was she groomed within an inch of her life? Was she a picture of early morning glamour, every hair in place, every eyelash freshly beaded. No!

"The Queen of Glamour emerged from that tiny, all-important room with her hair standing up in all directions all over her head, no make-up except eyeshadow and ruby red lipstick and the seams of her stockings crooked.

"But we assumed she had brushed her teeth!"

TELL-TALE PARTY? At the very pretty luncheon Kathy Grant gave at Bing Crosby's big house in honor of her good friend Mrs. Bill Morrow (Bill is Bing's writer) no one would have turned a hair if there had been an engagement announcement about Bing and Kathy—that's how intimate the whole affair was.

Bing even went so far as to make a special record of "Love And Marriage" which he autographed, and a copy was presented to each guest. The card in the gift presented to the guest of honor (a lacy bedspread) read "Lots of love from Kathy and Bing."



I nominate for stardom: **IRENE PAPAS**

■ Irene is the lovely Greek actress imported by MGM to co-star with Jimmy Cagney in *Tribute To A Bad Man*. She is being hailed on the lot as a "beautiful Anna Magnani"—that's how good an actress she is.

I met Irene (she pronounces it Ee-ree-nee) at Sol Siegel's farewell party for Grace Kelly and I don't know when I have been more impressed with a young actress. Although she is about twenty-four, she has the poise and wit of a much more mature woman.

To give you a sample of her humor she tells this story on herself. "I am still having some trouble with my English, although I am working hard. The other day an American friend said to me, 'What's a Grecian urn?' And, in my innocence I said, 'It would depend upon what he does.' They laugh so hard at me."

But the producers are taking Ee-ree-nee very seriously. Already there is talk that she will have the leading feminine role in the remake of *Ben Hur*.

Born in the village of Chilimidion, Greece, she is one of four daughters of Stovros and Elini Lelekos. Her parents are professors of ancient languages at the University of Athens. They are a cultured family and the beautiful Irene was encouraged to study architecture. But her heart wasn't in it. Once she had made up her mind to be an actress, she was given the finest training.

She made her first visit to America in the fall of '54—"and I fell in love with the American theatre, Hollywood films and American production methods."

Sol Siegel, who made her first film test, gave her the big scene in *Country Girl* to test her mettle. "You can imagine a Greek playing an American country girl," Irene laughs. But Siegel must have seen great talent behind this incongruity. He cabled MGM:

SIGN THIS GIRL!



the letter box

The stars you mention most frequently in your letters this month are, in the order named, Marlon Brando (topping the late James Dean for the first time since Jimmy's death), Doris Day (top femme leader), Frank Sinatra (coming up fast) and Sal Mineo (the newcomer attracting the most attention).

I'd like to set "J.J., CHICAGO" right about Sinatra "permitting" movie theatres to charge such high prices to see his Man With The Golden Arm. Frank has absolutely nothing to do with theatre admission prices, J.J.

"Is Doris Day fearful of discussing her religion?" asks DORIS DAYTON (similar name) also of Chicago. Doris Day is a Christian Scientist and most certainly not fearful of admitting it. She just prefers not discussing religion in any way in her interviews, feeling it is too personal a thing in everyone's life.



As for Sal Mineo—Wow! Such praise for his work in Rebel Without A Cause. There are many, many letters praising Sal as a fine young actor going places in a big way.

LINDA SUTHERLAND, DIXON, CALIFORNIA, writes: "I'd like to call your attention to that very fine actor Jack Sernas, in Helen Of Troy. And, I'd like to call your attention, Linda, to the fact that his name is Jacques Sernas, again."

MRS. LAURA WARD, of BOSTON, asks: "Why isn't more written about Kim Novak, a beauty who can really act? This girl deserves far more attention than she's getting." You must be kidding!

Very much present was Bing's mother, and her gracious presence completely knocked off those rumors that Mrs. Crosby is opposed to her famous son's romance with the twenty-two year old Kathy. Helping Kathy receive was Mrs. Mary Rose Pool, Bing's sister, who came down from her northern California home to help receive the fifty-odd guests.

The house was ablaze with beautiful spring flowers and Kathy pinned a big white gardenia on each guest.

Certainly no other girl Bing has gone with since he became a widower has ever so completely taken charge of a social affair in his own home. It makes you wonder if his feeling for this very charming, poised young beauty isn't far more serious than his dating of other beauties, including Mona Freeman and Mary Murphy.

It's true that Kathy is only one year older than Bing's eldest, Gary. But for such a young girl she has remarkable maturity and plenty of good common sense. She's a graduate of Teachers' College in Denton, Texas and make no mistake about it—she is no lightweight.

Kathy is under contract to Columbia Pictures (the very next day following the party she was starting a picture) but I'll bet anything that if Bing wanted her to she'd give up all thoughts of a movie career to be Mrs. Bing Crosby.

I'M SORRY FOR BOB MITCHUM.

He was a heartbroken man when I talked with him long distance to New York soon after his fifteen-year-old son Jimmy got in serious trouble, along with Johnny Weissmuller's son and two other school boys.

The youths took a car which did not belong to them for a joyride and are charged with pushing it over a cliff.

Said Bob, "This has hit me harder than anything else in my life." He hardly had to tell me that. All his usual I-don't-care bravado was out of his voice. He sounded shocked and sad.

"Dorothy and I came to New York to celebrate our sixteenth wedding anniversary," Bob

told me, "and also I had important business appointments about the picture I'm going to make in Europe for Cubby Broccoli and Irving Allen."

"When the news came that Jimmy was in trouble, Dorothy flew straight home. I wanted to come with her," he gulped, and the usually carefree Bob was pretty close to tears when he added, "but I thought I might hurt my boy more than help him."

There's a very sad implication in those words—but then Bob is a very sad and crushed father.

OH, ERROL—HOW YOU'VE

changed. I've been having a ball with Errol Flynn and Patrice Wymore, going out to dinner with them and visiting them in their home. It's good to have a guy as colorful as Errol back in our midst. This man has been accused of many things—but never of being dull.

While we were dining at La Rue, Patrice put on her big horn-rimmed eyeglasses to read the menu. Errol said to me, "Look at that dame with the eyeglasses. You know she's not really my type. I'm just crazy in love with her, that's all. Can't stand to be away from her. She's the only woman I've ever missed."

I've never thought of Errol as a family man, and I'm sure you haven't. But when I went up to the house to call on the Flynn's, the place was running over with relatives, Pat's mother and father out from Kansas, and in addition to their youngster, Errol's daughters by Nora Flynn Haymes, Rory and Diedre, were very much present.

There was the dashing Flynn lapping it all up. "I'm as domesticated as a tabby," he grinned.

He told me that the day before he had given a party for Rory on the set of Istanbul. About twenty kids (Rory's classmates) showed up.

"We served the very finest ice cream and most wholesome cake," said Errol dead pan. "Not a Martini served during the entire wingding," he chuckled.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO PROUD AND HAPPY in my life as I was the night Climax did the story of my life on TV. Teresa Wright played me and I just don't know how to thank her for the wonderful job she did. So did everyone. My daughter Harriet was on hand to enjoy it with me. Of course, I felt as if a lot of things were left out—but it was all so nice I didn't care.

HOW TO WRITE TO A STAR

"Dear Editor:

I wrote a long letter to three of my favorite movie stars and asked them for autographed pictures. That was two months ago, and not one single one answered. Don't they care at all about their fans?

Lucille F., Raleigh, N. C."

MODERN SCREEN *has received quite a few letters like this, and we decided to let a star answer it herself. Here is the letter Gene Tierney wrote.*

Dear Lucille and everyone,

I'm so glad you wrote and asked this, because it's something I've been wanting to talk about for a long time. First of all, I want to say Thank You to everyone who's been writing to me. Your letters telling me what you think and what you'd like to know and all the good wishes you send—they mean a lot to me. And I do try to answer them. So do most movie stars. But sometimes you don't let us.

For instance—sometimes I can't read your address. Almost everyone has a funny handwriting these days—me, too—and addresses get squeezed into such a little space. So if you could *print* your name and address, it would be a help. Also if you could write in ink instead of pencil, because pencil gets so blurry. Besides this—and this is so important—*please* put your whole name and address on the letter as well as on the envelope. It's so easy to lose an envelope, you know—and then there I am, with a sweet letter and maybe a request for a picture—and I don't know where to send an answer.

There's just one more thing. I keep a bunch of pictures of myself to send to you when you ask, and I am so happy to do it. But sometimes you ask me to send pictures of other movie stars, too, and I can't, though I'd love to. Even if I wrote to everyone you wanted and got a picture, it would take a long time before it would get from them to me to you. Besides, my Hollywood friends would love to hear from you themselves.

That's all I wanted to say. Except—thanks again. I hope you never stop writing to me. And I certainly will never stop answering you.

Gene E. Tierney

See? It's like washing your hair in naturally soft rainwater

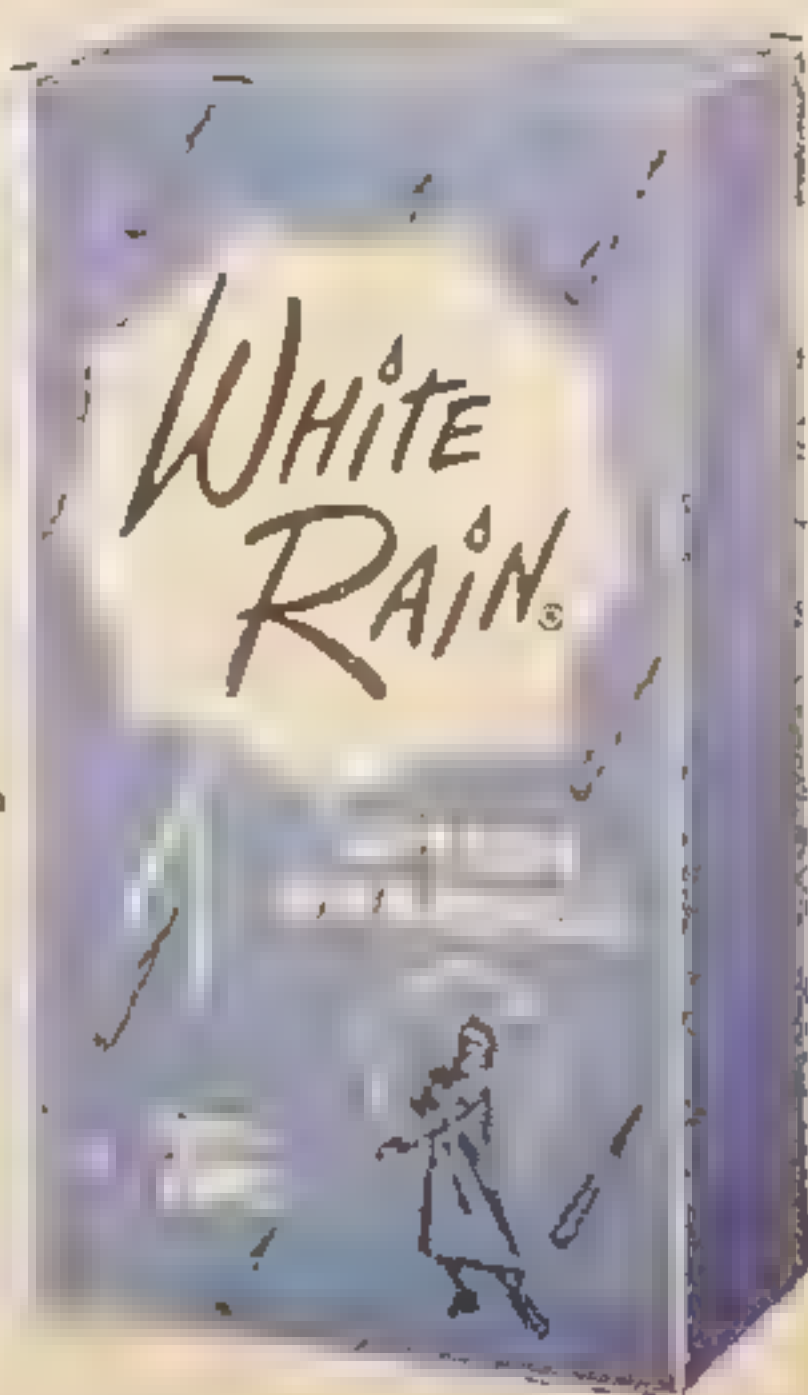


Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!



Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW
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LOTION SHAMPOO



Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .

Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



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Tambour-effect on panelled doors. #6345.

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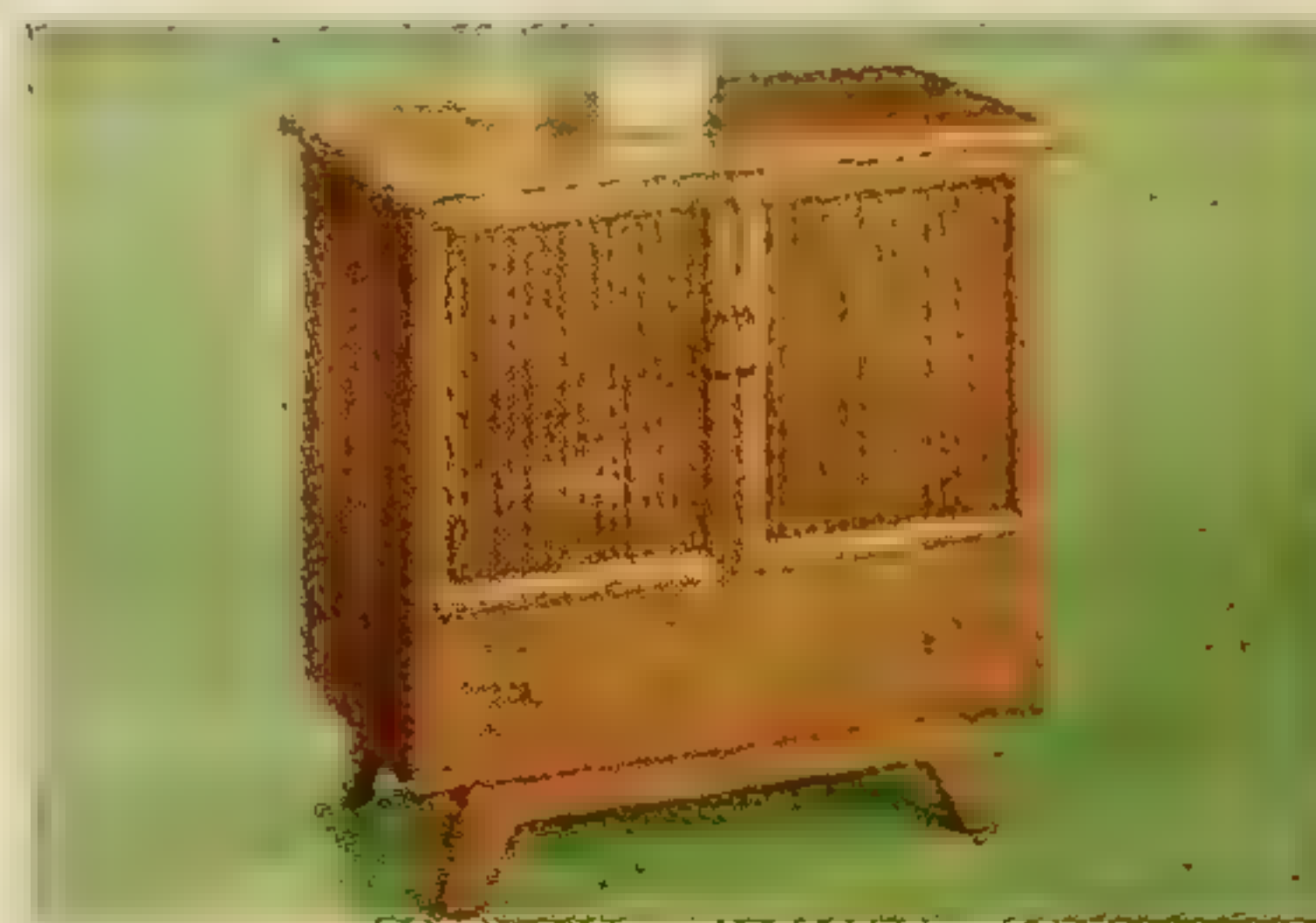
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JEANNE, DEAR, WON'T YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?

This is the letter we sent to Jeanne Crain on Good Friday, March 30

Dear Jeanne,

Today you told the world that you are getting a divorce and your words fled across the country like the cry of a heart in pain—"I read about Paul—in one of those—magazines . . ."

Jeanne, listen to me. I am heartsick for you. I know what you are suffering and I feel it with you, the aching, anguished horror of it. But listen, Jeanne—I have something to ask you. How far back does your memory go today—only as far as last July when the things that "that magazine" claims to know are supposed to have happened? Or can you send it back a little further, to 1945 when you were nineteen years old?

You had known Paul Brinkman for two years then, and you were terribly in love with him, the way only so young and lovely a child can be. And you remember what you did for your love? You defied your mother. That's right. Although she was infinitely dear to you and had protected you and loved you for all your young life—you were saying "No" to her, because you had to. Because she didn't want you to marry Paul. She had reasons. He wanted to be an actor then, but his earnings were small, his future in doubt. And you were young and beautiful, with the whole world before you. Why, your mother begged, should you give yourself to this boy? And you told her—Because I love him. Because he is good and honorable and he loves me. Because we need each other. And though it was hard for you to do, you left your home one Christmas Eve without your mother's consent, and you married Paul, because he was all those things you said he was. Do you remember that Christmas week, when you begged the Bishop for a dispensation so you could marry Paul quickly, because without the permission of the Church that meant so much to both of you, you would not have dreamt of marrying? It is Good Friday today as I write this—and today you say you will get a divorce. Jeanne—do you remember the Church?

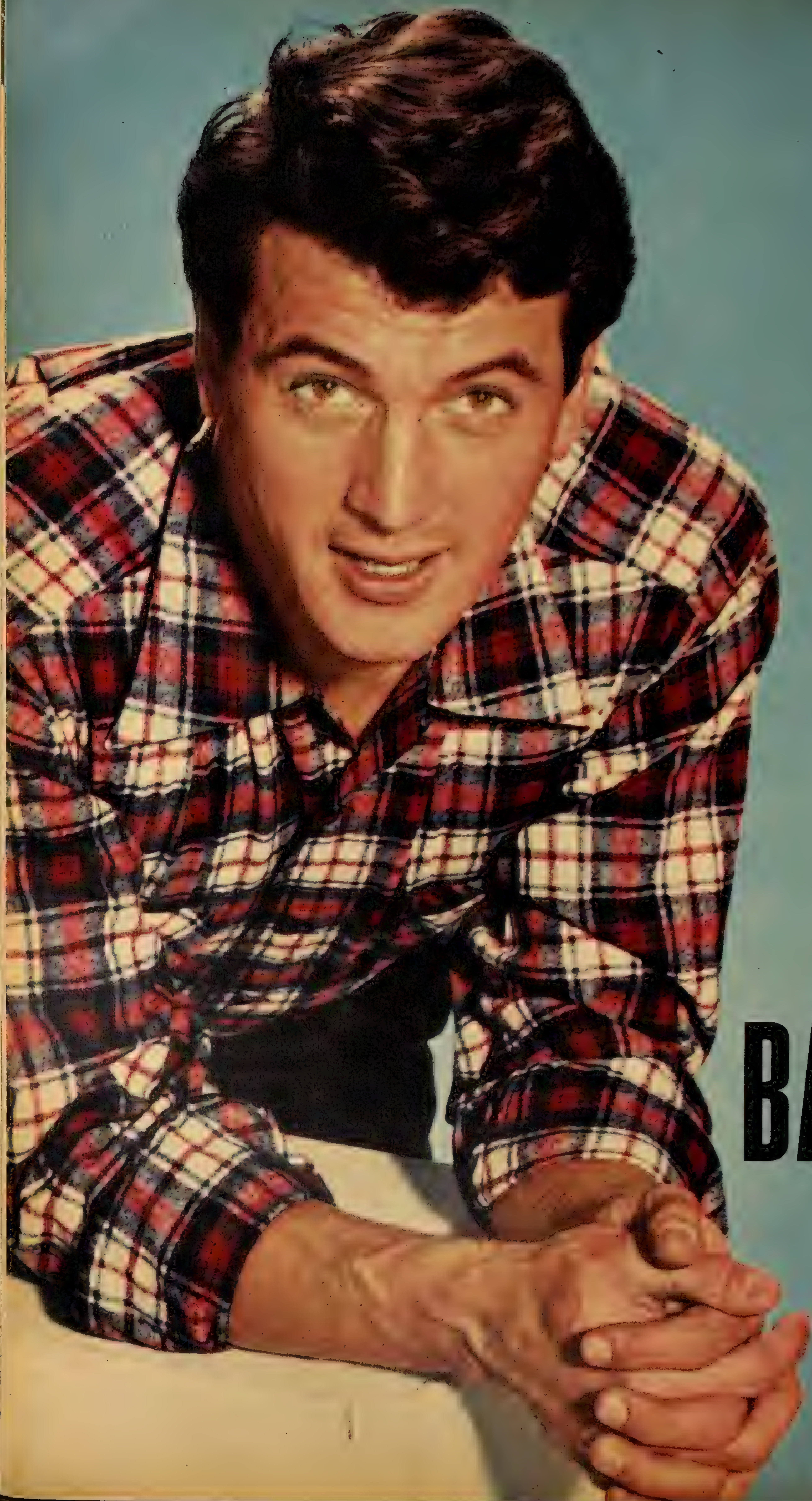
Today you have four children. Paul, Jr. is nine and your youngest, Jeanine, is four. In your anguish, what are your thoughts of them? Have you remembered the times of their births, when the cup of your love ran over and the happiness you and Paul shared was almost too great to bear? Certainly I do. I remember that Paul gave up acting and went into business—a sacrifice he made out of his love of you—so that he could support you and your children. I remember the people who said, "When they're done throwing stones at Hollywood marriages we'll still have this family to point to and say—this is a love that lasts!"

Listen, Jeanne. When I heard your cry I did something hard to do. I got "that magazine" and read the story. If it's any help to you, I know a paste-pot job when I see one, compounded of half-truths and rumors and downright filthy lies, pieced together with tape and hate. But that isn't the point. I don't care how much of that story is true or false. Because nothing—*nothing* in this world—can be as bad as what your sorrow is bringing you to do now. Nothing is so bad that love and faith cannot find forgiveness for it somewhere, in some time. But if you destroy your marriage, Jeanne, destroy your children's hope of happiness, destroy your faith in your Church, which forbids divorce—then what is left?

Please, Jeanne—remember for a little while what you have had, and can never lose—what can be again.

Don't let it end this way.

Chuck Saxon
Editor



**THE
CASE
OF
THE
BASHFUL
GIANT**

The Hollywood press corps—a fine and fearless body of men and women indeed—has been getting a little frustrated by Rock Hudson, also a fine body of man and a creature they regard as being partly of their own creation. The frustration is mutual. It stems from a simple-sounding misunderstanding: like everybody else, the reporters know that Roy Harold Fitzgerald (real name) and Rock Hudson (career name) are one and the same person. Only he doesn't!

■ This is the way he explains it. Roy and Rock—they're two distinct people and he aims to keep them that way. And that's the big trouble: you can interview Rock about Rock, the 9-to-5 movie star and get along fine. But try to interview Rock about Roy, the 5 p.m. to 9 a.m. private citizen, and you're out in left field. He frowns, clams up, wants to change the subject. "Maybe I'm unique," he says, "but I think marriage is a private affair, even for an actor."

He's not just unique; he's a wee bit unrealistic. He'll get over this, but meanwhile he just isn't ready to accept the fact that part of the price of fame is a partial surrender of the right of privacy. But meanwhile, too, his fans won't be denied. They have an understandable interest in Roy as well as in Rock. (And if that interest ever lags, Rock as well as Roy will feel the difference.) They *care*. And so do we.

So what to do? So MODERN SCREEN sent a reporter to interview Roy about Roy. Roy being the one from Olney, Illinois, near Winnetka, who married that nice Phyllis Gates from Montevideo, Minnesota. Here is the transcript:

Q. Well, Roy, what do you do with yourself these days when you're not being Rock?

Roy: Live pretty quietly, to tell you the truth. Phyllis and I—and I hate to hear people call her "Phyl"—kind of like to stick around home. Thank Heaven she's a good cook! Oh, we have people in, small groups, but we don't go out in public much. "Glamorous" and "home life" are words that don't fit together in my book. You know what we do? We've gone berserk lately over great, big, complicated jigsaw puzzles. So at night we put them together. Or look at tv. Or play records. I put on some of the calypso stuff we brought home from Montego Bay, and we're right back in Jamaica.

Q. And so to bed?

Roy: Well, Phyllis is early-to-bed, early-to-rise. Me,

I'm a stayer-upper. By habit. Till around midnight. I read a lot, play the piano a little—softly, if Phyllis has gone to bed.

Q. And on Sundays?

Roy: Ah, Sundays! We sleep till noon. Read the papers. Then it's time for a nap. Maybe a sunbath in the back yard. We wake up, it's time for dinner. Then it's time to go to bed again—that early call Monday. Oh, it's a life, I tell you.

Q. What happens when Rock Hudson's fans storm your citadel?

Roy: Actually they've been very nice about leaving us be. Oh, we still get beer steins in the mail, and player-piano records for my collection. (They come addressed to Rock Hudson, and I just keep them.) But no more hanging around the front porch kind of thing. Except the other night: I came home dog-tired from work. The doorbell rang. I opened the door and it was a young girl. She'd walked all the way from Santa Monica to see Rock Hudson, and was kind of tired herself. Why did she come? Just to talk, I guess. As gently as I could, I told her she'd better get herself back home where she belonged. Then I watched her from the window. She walked down the driveway, crying, the poor kid. So I felt like a heel, and ran after her and tried to explain that it was nice to see her but that I was just too tired to ask her in for a visit. She seemed to feel better then—and so did I.

Q. Roy, what kind of people do you like to spend time with?

Roy: Why, both of us like—*comfortable* people. Like in Nogales, making *Battle Hymn*, I found out the bartender at the Rancho Grande Hotel grew up in Winnetka. That was all I needed! We got into a bull session and I clean forgot I had a dinner appointment—kept some visiting reporters waiting an hour. Then when I went for the interview I took this bartender along. We kept talking—and when we'd (Continued on page 66)

*Jane Powell Nerney
and I are old, old friends. But
in all the years I've known
her I've never seen her
so full of joy as now, when for
the third time she's . . .*

BRINGING BABY HOME

by ANNE ERICSON



Jane's children are so cute about the new baby. Geary Jr. is furious because she's not a boy—he wanted to name "him" after a shoe store!—and he thinks it's all Sissie's fault. (No one knows why.) Jane, of course, is snowed under with formulas and burping-schedules—and then she insisted on cooking dinner for twelve one week after she got home from the hospital!

■ I guess I've known Jane Powell ten years, maybe more. I don't remember actually meeting her, but somewhere along the line up in Portland, she and I were in the same class at Beaumont School. We've kept in touch since, but lightly, the way childhood friends do. Since I married and moved to Los Angeles I've seen her on and off, but it's only recently that we seem to have recaptured some of the old friendship.

I don't know why this is. It could

very well be that beginning in 1951 when Peter and I settled in Southern California, until a year or so ago, Janie seemed sort of strained. It wasn't anything I could put my finger on, but every time I saw her she seemed so preoccupied. I don't mean to say that she was rude in any way; it was simply that she was under pressure. She didn't say so, for Janie has never been one to use friends for wailing walls, but I could tell, just the same.

Now, she's different. Peter and I

have spent quite a bit of time with Janie and Pat, and the warmth is there again between us, the way it used to be when we skated on Beaumont's tennis courts (I remember I thought she was something extra special because she could skate faster backward than I could forward)—and the way it was when we used to bake potatoes in a bonfire at night, and look up and see the snow on Mt. Hood gleaming in the moonlight.

The Nerneys (*Continued on page 86*)





*These are the months until
July, when Janet and Tony expect
their baby. The months of joy—
and a touch of fear . . .*

the Months of Waiting

■ "Honey," Janet Leigh said, "tell me the truth. Did I always used to look terrible?" "Terrible?" said Tony Curtis, "you?" "There must have been something wrong," Janet said. She ran her hand through her hair. "You know—something no one ever told me about." "This," Tony remarked, "must be one of those phases pregnant women go through. Tell Papa, dear. Who told you you were King Kong?" "Be serious," Janet begged. "Now—look at me. Look good. How do I strike you?" "Right between the eyes," Tony said. "Stunning. Better than ever." "That's it," Janet wailed, "that's what everyone says. Here I am, walking around with practically no make-up



Photos by Peter Basch



When they returned from Europe, Tony and Janet were homeless. A rented house stopped the gap for a while, but the happiest hour they knew was when their agent phoned: "You can buy that house you saw!" Tony dragged the phone to Janet, watched her face light up. "We've got a home for the baby," she sang!



on, my figure gone, my clothes bulging—and everyone says they've never seen me looking this good. Either they're all blind or liars or else I always used to be a monster." "Maybe," Tony suggested, "it's because there's so much more of you to appreciate now! Hey!" he hollered, ducking, as Janet threw a pillow at him. But when he came up again, his face was grave. "'Nuff of that, sweetie," he said. "No excitement, no violence—remember? Maybe you ought to lie down a while anyway. Get some rest." The gaiety was drained from the room. "Yes," Janet said, "I will." Carefully she stretched out on the sofa. Tony sat beside her, supporting her with his

arm, and she leaned back and shut her eyes. "Don't let me forget," she whispered. "Keep me safe. If anything should happen—" Behind the lowered lids she saw the hospital, the white-coated nurses, the awful fear on Tony's face when they told him her liver was infected, they might—just might—lose the baby. She felt once more the sickening terror—"Not my second baby," she had prayed, because once before she had lost an unborn child. And her prayer had been heard, the infection cured, the baby saved. But the months of waiting were not over yet. The long, hopeful, prayer-filled months when anything might happen. "Keep me safe," she

whispered, and felt Tony's arm tighten about her shoulders, reassuringly. They sat in silence. Across the room, shadows deepened. "I've been thinking," Janet said softly. "How wonderful it will be when I can walk in the street and see a woman pushing a baby carriage—and not feel as though I'm incomplete, with something missing." She turned her face to Tony. "The day will come," she said. Slowly Tony smiled. He ran his finger along her cheek. "I know why they say you look beautiful," he whispered. "It's not your make-up or your hair. It's a glow you have, Janet, coming from inside. It's the most beautiful thing in the world."

END

Hollywood's Young Bachelor Girls . . .

Foot-loose, Young and Single

■ They are too glamorous to be called spinsters and too busy to care what you call 'em. They range in age from eighteen to where they're not telling. Some, like Margaret O'Brien, live with their parents, tasting the first stages of independence. Some, like Piper Laurie, had to leave home to find themselves. For others, like Joan Collins, there are the bitter memories of an unhappy marriage; some, like Barbara Rush, are raising children. Some, like Dorothy Malone, are rabid do-it-yourself decorators, for others—like Joan Collins—home is a place to hang your hat. For some, independence is a state of mind, for others living alone is more circumstance than design. The one thing they all have in common is no husband—for the moment—and no matter how pleasant the state of being single, all the bachelor girls agree it is only the inbetween before marriage.



Margaret O'Brien lives with mother, decisions are her own

As a child, Margaret was accompanied everywhere by her mother. Today it's not surprising to see her attending premières in formal gown and wearing make-up. She never owned or learned to ride a bike but today she drives a '56 Ford. She shops alone, goes to press interviews, and reads for parts. She hasn't learned to cook but her decorating ideas are used. She has also put away most of the movie fan pictures that used to dot her wall and in their place has snapshots of boys she dates—like Don Robinson. A devoted daughter, she is gradually taking over her private and professional life.



Joan Collins lives alone— No Ties, No Housework

Joan Collins is the most un-domestic of all the bachelor girls. "I don't own furniture, I avoid long leases," says Joan. The girl who has probably lived in more locations is afraid to put down roots since she may be off again any time. Joan, who had her share of cooking, dusting and washing dishes when she was married, rents a furnished apartment with maid service. During a picture she eats at the studio and comes home only to sleep. When things get rough, she simply drives to the beach and walks the blues out of her system. Dating is no problem with Sidney Chaplin and Arthur Loew, Jr., her two steady beaus.

MORE ➤



Dorothy Malone— plays house alone

Dorothy Malone always wanted to fix up a place of her own but everyone talked her out of it. Finally she said, "Nuts to waiting for a husband. I'm tired of living in hotels," and found herself a home so close to Beverly Hills' City Hall that she is thinking of running for mayor. When she signed the lease, she didn't own a washcloth, but what she couldn't buy second hand at auctions, she either made or bought sample models. Her peppermint pink bedroom is her pride and joy. Dorothy lives alone, except for Ethel who is her housekeeper, personal maid, companion and confidante, and she can't figure out why she didn't do this years ago.



Barbara Rush— bachelor girl mother

After her divorce, friends worried whether Barbara Rush would retire into a shell. With her four-year-old son Christopher and a small house, Barbara, instead, became busier than before. She is the cook for her son and her mother and sister who live with her and so expert at it, General Foods wanted to sponsor her in a TV cooking class but she backed out. Barbara has resumed her painting and studying of French. Her career has boomed in all directions. She says, "No marriage for me for a long time."





Piper Laurie— she needed free- dom to grow up

Wanting to do things on her own instead of being taken care of by her parents, Piper Laurie thinks moving into her own apartment has been the most significant event in her life. "I blush when I think how helpless and irresponsible I was. I never knew how my clothes got to the cleaners or who repaired my shoes. Now I know what it takes to prepare a home-cooked meal, make curtains, repair a leak, raise puppies and get places on time. Having my own place has also given me courage to satisfy whims, no matter how silly. I own a movie camera and I even learned to splice film. I've always wanted to own a candy store, so on my mantel is one long line of candy jars filled with forty-three pounds of jelly beans, and crystal mints. My freezer holds more varieties of ice-cream than anything else." Piper wonders if a husband would put up with this kind of girlish nonsense but adds, "I've got an intellectual side, too. I'm collecting Rembrandt etchings and Alberina glass." Included in her apartment, where she feels she's also learned many things about herself, is a library-size globe Gene Nelson gave her for her birthday. Gene may not be the boy Mrs. Jacobs would have picked for her daughter, but she knows now that Piper must choose alone. It works beautifully.



END

The star was sick and Shirley MacLaine stepped in. Success followed like a thunderbolt. But why not? Love

The Trouble with Shirley



■ The cop at the Hollywood Academy Awards was separating the sheep from the goats. When the freckle-faced girl with the red-headed boys' haircut came up, there wasn't a flicker of a doubt in his mind where she belonged. "That way," he waved, "to the balcony."

Shirley MacLaine had figured it differently. She'd borrowed a formal from the wardrobe department, also a fur stole. She'd even had her tangle-top hair-do washed and set.

"I'm supposed to sit downstairs," she protested. "The studio said—Paramount—I mean. I'm an actress," she explained lamely. The cop yawned. "I'm a—a star!" Rashly she shot the works. That did it.

"Listen, sister," barked the law. "I've been pounding this movie beat since before you were born. I know a star when I see one—and that certainly ain't you. Upstairs now, where you belong!"

So Shirley went upstairs, to the Pantages balcony, where—star or not—she really did belong.

That happened a year ago, but in Hollywood Shirley MacLaine is still sitting in the balcony, so to speak. What's more she likes it just fine. You can do what you please up there and nobody cares. It's comfortable, though glamourless—and the view is swell. Shirley MacLaine would rather look than be looked at anyway.

Not that there's anything wrong with Shirley's looks. On the contrary, she's a cute dish with twinkling blue eyes, deep dimples, a saucy nose over a wide, turned up mouth—and that copper hair, of course, (Continued on page 66)



"The trouble with California is me," says Shirley. She burns easily (and freckles a lot afterwards) so her husband Steve is always on hand with sun tan oil.



Shirley and Steve love Palm Springs. On vacation, they hiked to Tahquitz Falls and Shirley waded where other expectant mothers fear to tread.

This is the story of a lost love, of a man and a woman who knew they had to say goodbye just when they needed each other most. It is a story that has never fully been told until now, although some people knew of it, some guessed about it—and many prayed for the happy ending that never came. The name of the man is Richard Egan. The woman—Ann Sothern

■ Ann Sothern is forty-four years old. She looks thirty-four. She has a beautiful face, round, happy cheeks, an enchanting smile, a pair of sparkling, provocative eyes. Her hair is blonde and lovely. She has devoted the last twenty-one years to singing, dancing, acting, turning herself into a great comedienne and a fine business woman.

But six years ago she was close to death.

Seven years ago she met Richard Egan.

He was twenty-eight then. Good-looking, with two college degrees, a captaincy in the Army, a teaching background and a quoting knowledge of every writer from Shakespeare to T. S. Eliot. He wasn't worried about whether he was ready for Hollywood. The question was, was Hollywood ready for him? He was eager, confident, unworried. Too much so. Much too much.

Because Richard Egan figured he had it made. He was in Hollywood at the request of a Warner Brothers talent scout, and he considered it was pretty shrewd of Warners to grab him before some other company, like, say, MGM, made a bigger offer. "I admired Warners' caginess," he grins now. "And I spent a lot of time telling myself how they'd be even happier when they saw how good I was.

"Well, I made the test. And that was shrewd of Warners. I pity them if they'd just given me a part without the test. I flunked that test and I flunked subsequent ones at every major studio that makes movies. It wasn't that I was bad. I was awful."

By the time he made his test at MGM, Egan was getting a little shaky on the inside. But only on the inside. Outside, he was still the brash young man who couldn't miss. And since he was good-looking, charming and educated, nobody bothered—or wanted—or knew how—to tell him he could, and was.

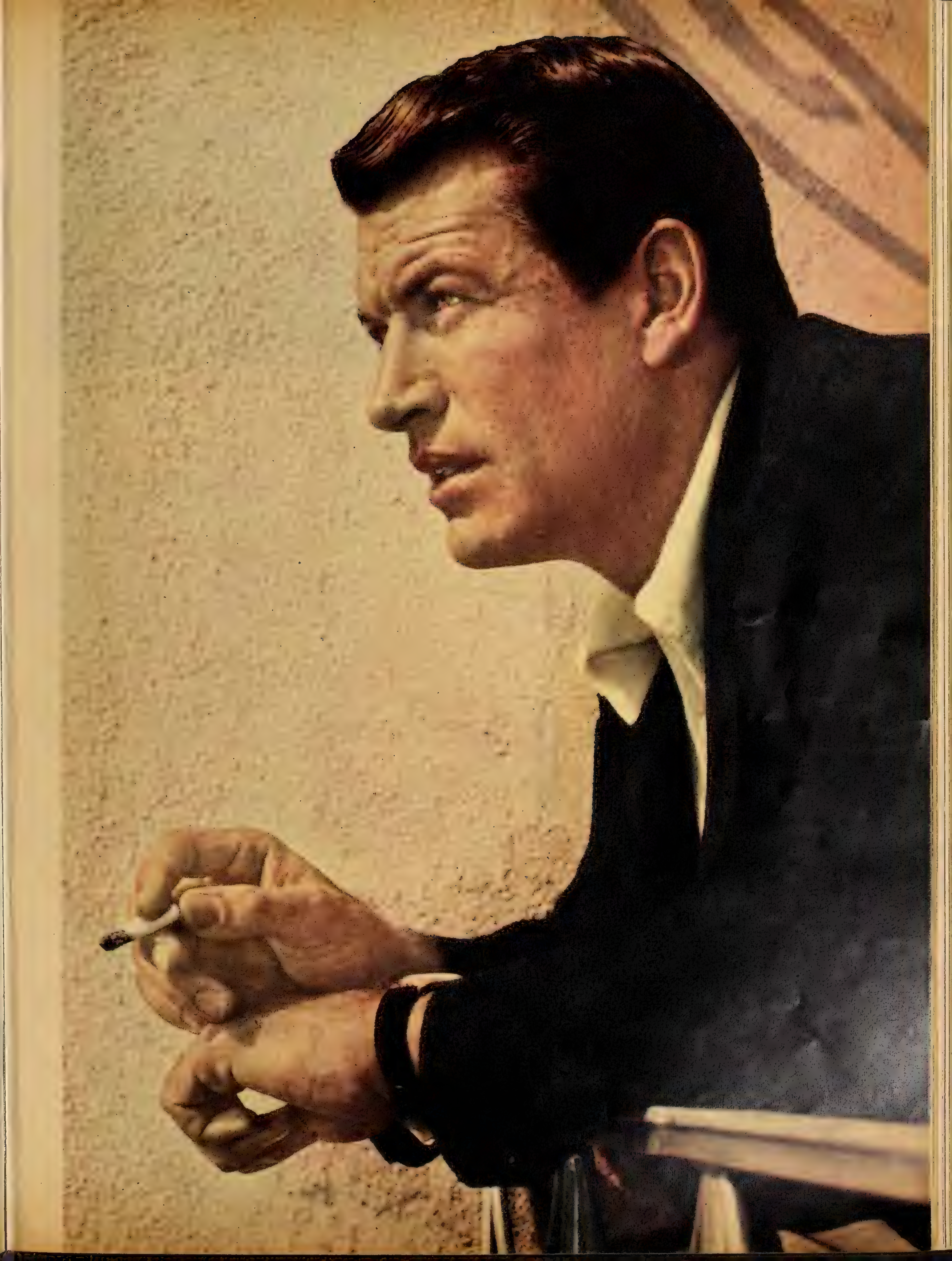
And then he met Ann.

It was a studio party, the kind designed to introduce new actors to big stars. "Come here, Dick," one of the publicity men said. "Meet one of the nicest gals in the business." And then, "Miss Sothern, may I present Richard Egan?" And promptly disappeared.

"Hi," Ann said, glancing up. She'd met the new ones before. To her, handsome young movie men were that and nothing more. Professionally, however, she was impressed with the tall, smiling Irishman. She liked his (Continued on page 91)

**"I CAN NEVER
MARRY YOU"**





It started as a parlor game. We said to Jack Bean: "If you were being sent to the moon alone, and could only take along ten pictures of Mitzi, which ten would you pick?" "I won't go," answered Jack. It started out as fun. Then it became something far deeper, a story of tender and wonderful milestones of their life. It's one of the nicest stories we've ever read by a husband about his wife. We think you'll love it, too. **the editors**



I'd begin with Mitzi and her Christmas presents the year before we were married. Mitzi loves to give—if there's no occasion, she'll invent one. Being human she also likes to receive—anything, as long as it's in a box. But you say, "Mitzi, I bought you something, but you mustn't open it till after lunch," and right away she's miserable. "What's in the box?" she'll moan every two minutes. "You know I *hate* to be surprised!" My own theory is she can't stand the suspense. But that Christmas I didn't have any theory. We'd been going together several months without being committed and I was trying to create an impression. So I went out and bought a lot of things. I started taking them over to her apartment. "It's for under the tree," I'd say. "Not to be opened—" She never heard me. She was in a world of her own, shaking the box. From its shape it could have been anything—but Mitzi came out of her trance every time with the answer. "It's a sweater!" "It's

Moments to Remember

by JACK BEAN

a bottle of Joy perfume!" "Put that under the tree," I'd order, frustrated. I made up my mind there was going to be one she couldn't guess. I remembered a knitted dress she'd worn in a style show and loved. I bought the dress, took it to a florist's and explained my plight. They hauled out the biggest box in the place, packed the dress so it couldn't shake and covered it with green tissue so Mitzi couldn't peek. The name they let show. I gave it to Mitzi. She shook it. Nothing happened. "It's a plant," she said. Mitzi's fond of plants—but you give them to your tenth cousin, not your girl. "Is it a plant?" "All I can say," I said smugly, "is keep it away from heat—heat'll be the death of it." Comes Christmas Eve. "And this," chirps Mitzi, "is the plant!" She rips open the package and sees the dress. Wham!—she socks me in the arm. "Don't *ever* do that to me again!" she says. "I thought you liked the dress!" I moan. "I'm crazy about it," she says. I stare at her. "So what are you punching me for?" "Because," says my bride-to-be, "you surprised me!"

THE next is Mitzi's birthday—September 24, 1954. We knew we were going to be married—but not when. Mitzi wore no ring because I hadn't given her one. I had it, though—a sapphire surrounded by diamonds. I'd bought it in Vienna in '45 because it was beautiful and



I thought some day I'd give it to someone I loved. And by fate or chance—sapphire is Mitzi's birthstone. I bought a birthday card. I cut a slit in it and slipped the ring through. I handed her the card. She's a pushover for cards. She reads the verse out loud, sighs, croons, "Isn't that sweet?" She began reading this one but didn't finish. Her eye caught the blue glimmer, she broke off in the middle of a line and pulled the ring out. A dozen emotions crossed her face. I couldn't make them out. Later she told me every girl feels those ways at that time. "She wants to cry, she's happy, she thinks He's mine, I'm His, her heart's doing nip-ups. So how do you expect her to look?" I had no complaints. She flew into my arms, pulled away to gaze at the sapphire, back again, out again—then I slipped it on the fourth finger, left hand. Mitzi dashed to the phone. In high moments and low she calls her mother. "I've got a ring," she sang. Anyway, it sounded like singing. "I've got a ring-ring-ring-ring—" and waltzed all over the room with the phone in her hand.



THE next picture I'd carry with me isn't glamorous. Anything but. It's Mitzi on the set of *Anything Goes* the day she met Bing Crosby. See, this movie was a turning point for her. For four years she'd been under contract to another studio. That experience was basic—like starting in kindergarten and reaching the twelfth grade. But now she's graduated, now she's got to go out and make it for herself on equal terms with Jeanmaire and Bing and Donald O'Connor. With Don she felt easy right away. They'd worked together before, they were good friends. She and Jeanmaire took to each other at once. Besides being a great ballet star, Jeanmaire's a great character—the kind Mitzi digs—chic and alive and sparkling with Gallic wit. Since English isn't native to her, she makes endearing malaprops and then roars at them herself when she figures them out. This alone would have won

Mitzi. But it went deeper. They admired each other as artists and they didn't compete. They pulled for each other all the way. But that leaves Bing. I don't have to mention that Bing's a legend. The idea of playing opposite him gave Mitzi goosepimples—half from thrill and half from scare. Bing was sick when the picture started, so Mitzi didn't meet him right away. And she kept dreaming up that meeting. She saw herself in the commissary, all gussied up, toying with a lettuce leaf, when surprise, surprise!—who should come ambling over but Mr. Crosby! Well, it didn't happen exactly like that. One day Mitzi's rehearsing. You should get a load of how she looks, how any dancer looks, in rehearsal. Hair a wreck, stockings falling down, perspiration dripping. She looks like the girl athlete who just won the Olympics and is ready to drop in her tracks. So at this moment comes the messenger. "Would you take a few minutes out to meet Mr. Crosby?" "Like *this*?" she gasps, and takes a flying leap to the dressing room, thinking, "Shower—dress—hair—lettuce leaf!" Only one thing gets in her way. Bing Crosby. He's sitting in the dressing room, pipe in hand, waiting to meet the charming Miss Gaynor. Mitzi practically falls over him as she dashes in. Little girl, what now? Well, being Mitzi, she pats her hair, digs a smile up from somewhere and puts it on her shiny face. Then she sits down to chat with The Legend. And Bing, being a friendly, casual type, starts talking easy, paying no mind at all to the state she's in. He's *seen* dancers rehearse. He's even danced a little himself. You can't tell Bing about work. By the time he's ready to go Mitzi's walking on air herself. Maybe that's really why I carry this memory of Mitzi so fondly. Because somehow she manages to come through the bad times so well!



UP there on the moon I'll need to remember that Mitzi's among friends. And she will be. She has to be. She can't live, much less work, unless there's warmth in the air. If you dislike her, or she dislikes you, she won't fight—she'd rather bow out. Her whole gang—her stand-in, her choreographer, her hair-dresser—these people get her affection and they give as good as they get. She's at peace when she works because of them. And that's important to me.



MEETING your in-laws is hard on any girl. Or on any guy, for that matter. I kept telling Mitzi my family would break its collective neck to welcome her. I could have saved my breath. She was out to make an impression. First she bought a trousseau to end all trousseaux, including eight hats. The hullabaloo that went on with matching them to eight outfits I won't go into. Just let me say my bride breezed through the entire trip bareheaded. I'm the patsy who got stuck with the hats. All the way. It was our honeymoon but we were also publicizing a picture—which meant a lot of climbing in and out of planes. The fool hatbox was so big it wouldn't fit overhead or under the seat. Where did it land? "On your lap, naturally," said Mitzi. "You're my husband, aren't you?" I couldn't even eat. "Like a cup of coffee?" the stewardess would ask. "Thanks," I'd say. "Just balance it on top of the box." In Detroit I met Mitzi's father and stepmother. That went off fine. Next stop, Minneapolis, my home. Outside it was freezing. Inside the plane it was hot. Trying to maneuver my coat off while clutching the hatbox, my elbow came in contact with Mitzi's nose. Her outrage was a wonder to behold. "You hit me!" "It was an accident." "You did it on purpose. You're angry because of the hatbox!" It took her half an hour to get over it and then she forgave me by saying, "Well, don't hit me again." Respecting her nerves, I managed to keep my face straight. The one thing on her mind was making a good impression. She spread her skirts on the seat so they wouldn't wrinkle. She sat like an image, afraid her make-up might smudge or a hair might stray. She looked like a kid all dressed up and waiting for company. She looked like a doll. So we land in Minneapolis. We're asked to wait till the other passengers get off because besides my folks, the press is here. It's local-boy-makes-good stuff. Local boy's bringing home a little moom-pitcha star. I spot the family. Mitzi grabs my arm. "I'd recognize your mother and sister anywhere. They look exactly like you around the eyes." If Mitzi's jittery, I know she's got nothing on Mother. Meeting your daughter-in-law the

movie star—that's no picnic either. Both of them thinking—will she like me, won't she like me? By now we're down the steps and Mitzi's running. Dad, who's fazed by nothing, gives her a big smacker. Mother stands there, her smile a shade shaky. Mitzi smiles back. "Hello, Mom—" she says. That's all my mother needs. The pressure's off. "Mom!" she echoes, like you'd just handed her the world on a string, and Mitzi's in her arms, hugging and being hugged, till Mom turns her over to Sis for a little more of the same. I'm the forgotten man with the hatbox. I'm the porter looking after the luggage. Which bothers me not at all. There was another touch of comic relief. One of the papers reported this way—and I don't know if the reporter snickered while writing it. "Miss Gaynor," he said, "was greeted by Mr. Bean, who gave her a very warm buss. She was kissed by Jack's mother and sister. The brother-in-law then stepped forward and shook hands." Oh, brother-in-law! That has become the family's gag—that bashful handshake from my anything-but-bashful brother-in-law! Comic relief and all, it remains an unforgettable memory. When the girl I love took the family I love to her heart—and my folks fell in love with my wife.



WHEN Mitzi laughs, she laughs with all her heart and most of her body. No school-girl giggle, no elegant titter from my wife. She breaks apart, she holds her aching sides—I have even known her (this is the truth) to fall right out of her chair and go on laughing on the rug. Maybe the joke doesn't seem so great to you, or maybe you heard it last week on television. But I defy you not to be caught up on the tide of Mitzi's mirth. As far as I'm concerned, her laughter warms and exhilarates me. Show business packs plenty of headaches. When Mitzi laughs, I know she's forgotten them. I know she's the most alive, responsive girl in the world. I want a picture, laughing.



MITZI leaving the première of *Anything Goes*. That's right, leaving. At Paramount, enthusiasm for the film and everyone in it ran high. But we didn't know how the press and public would react. And until you know that, you don't know anything. Mitzi was keyed up on a number of counts. With Jeanmaire back in France, Don working in Las Vegas, Bing somewhere else, she'd be the only principal present. On the personal side this was to be her father's first première. To her great delight, he and his wife came out here to live last August. They're on the friendliest terms with her mother, and the whole family, including her aunt, were attending together. That, added to everything else, made the evening one in a million for us. But how will the picture go over? It's scheduled for 8:30. Mitzi starts getting ready at 3. In between she lies down for a nap with her eyes open. The tension's too much and all of a sudden she's in tears. "Honey," I plead, "don't worry, the picture's finished." Even to me this sounds like cold comfort, but the tears stop. "I can't cry when you've got your arms around me," she offers. Knowing the remedy, I apply it as necessary. . . . We set off in good time. We near the theatre. "Now, there are two parking lots," warns Mitzi, who knows I'm allergic to parking lots for premières. First, you can't get in. Then you can't get out, being surrounded by ten cars whose owners like to linger in lobbies. So I keep my eyes peeled along the street. About four blocks from the theatre I discover a wonderful spot and slide in. "No!" wails my wife, and continues to wail as we walk along Western Avenue. "My hair's falling down! Why do you have to be so difficult?" She grumbles so much she forgets about being nervous. We arrive in good shape. Her hair isn't falling down. She gets a nice hand from the fans, going in. But as I said, the picture I want is Mitzi *leaving* the theatre. Because now we *know*. We know from the audience reaction, we know from the newspaper men who wait to shake hands instead of fading into the night. Often at premières, people try to be kind. But it never really works. Between forced kindness and real excitement there's a big difference, and you don't have to be a genius to get it. Mitzi turned to me as we left, all radiant and relaxed. "I'm so glad it's over," she said. "It was over," I grinned, "before we got here." That was my line, and I stuck to it. But inside, I felt exactly the way she looked.

WE planned a second honeymoon at Carmel. We planned to leave at 6:30 a.m. when the traffic's light and arrive in time for a nice leisurely dinner. It was 2:30 p.m. before we climbed into Mitzi's brand-new lox-colored Cad convertible. I don't hold her responsible for the delay. If you're a woman, last-minute things come naturally. We're bowling along the coast road when she lets out a gasp and gives me that stricken look. "I forgot my stole." Some other wrap would have served, only she hadn't taken any other wrap. Back we go and get started again at 4. We dine at Oxnard—a long way from Carmel. But who's worrying? The night's fine, the road's broad and motels offer shelter whenever you want to stop. We don't feel like stopping. Mitzi pulls out the map and acts as navigator. Mitzi is no Columbus. In no time she jumps us from Route 101 to 1. For those who don't know Route 1, let me give you a rundown. It's narrow, it winds and the paving's not so hot. It's also lonely. On your left the ocean booms, on your right the forest rustles. By day maybe it's romantic. By night it's eerie. Out of the forest step shadows—deer and raccoon—nice animals, but till you get used to their habits, you'd just as lief they kept their delegations home. "Ooh!" goes Mitzi. "You could die here and nobody'd find you." She's so scared she decides to fall asleep on my shoulder. Proving either she trusts me or wants to meet her fate unconscious. I drive cautiously—there's no other way to drive. I spot a light in a little roadside cabin. I honk the horn, which wakes Mitzi up and brings out a guy in a steel helmet. The helmet figures because it makes no sense and deepens the unreality of the night. "Can you tell us how far to Big Sûr Inn?" I asked him. "Twenty-seven miles." The way I'm driving, that means an hour and a half. It's now 11. "I'd like to call ahead for reservations. May I use your phone?" "Don't have a phone." He fades, helmet last, like the Cheshire cat with his grin. We proceed for an hour. No sign of Big Sûr Inn. We're hungry. "A mere peanut butter sandwich," sighs Mitzi, "is all I ask—" With that, as if she'd rubbed Aladdin's lamp, we catch a glimpse of lights gleaming in the forest. Or is it black magic? We look at each other. We hear what sounds like a faraway strain of music. We can't both be dreaming. Besides, a path's cleared through the woods toward this mirage. Taking a chance, we turn in. The lights grow brighter, the music clearer, we draw up in front of a picturesque modern building. A fellow in a beret (Continued on page 102)





My name is Barbara Turner Haskin.

Some of the things you'll read here about Art Gelien may sound incredible.

But take my word for it they are true.

I know because....

I went to High School



This is Tab's home room class. I wasn't in it—my home room was down the hall—but he sure was. I don't suppose you need my help to spot him.

■ The first time I ever saw Tab Hunter he was trapped. Surrounded. Practically at bay.

And though he was only a boy of fifteen, his expression was that of a desperate man. For he was encircled by nearly a hundred freshmen girl students who didn't even know his name.

I was fourteen. It was our first day of classes at Mount Vernon High School in Los Angeles. I was excited I guess.

You know how it always is on that first day when 2,000 teen agers gather in one spot for a mass attack on higher learning.

I had just found my locker in the corridor when my girlfriend, Lynn Springer, rushed up to me and squealed, "Oh, Bobby, have you seen him? Have you seen him? Bobby, he's positively gorgeous." She closed her eyes and breathed in a sigh so deep I thought she was

going to float right down the corridor.

"Who," I asked, "is so gorgeous?"

"Why, Superman, of course," she replied. "Come on out and see him. We've got him surrounded!"

Lynn's excitement was contagious and I suddenly found myself running out into the school yard with her.

"What's his name?" I asked, now nearly as breathless as Lynn.

"I don't know," Lynn replied, "none

with

Tab Hunter



of us do. But who cares about that?"

By then we had reached the fringe of a large group of girls, all our own age, forming a quarter circle to the corner of the high, wire, yard fence.

As casually as we could (we didn't want to seem forward) we elbowed our way until we were at the inside of the circle. Lynn turned around and faced me.

"Now, you (Continued on page 80)



BING



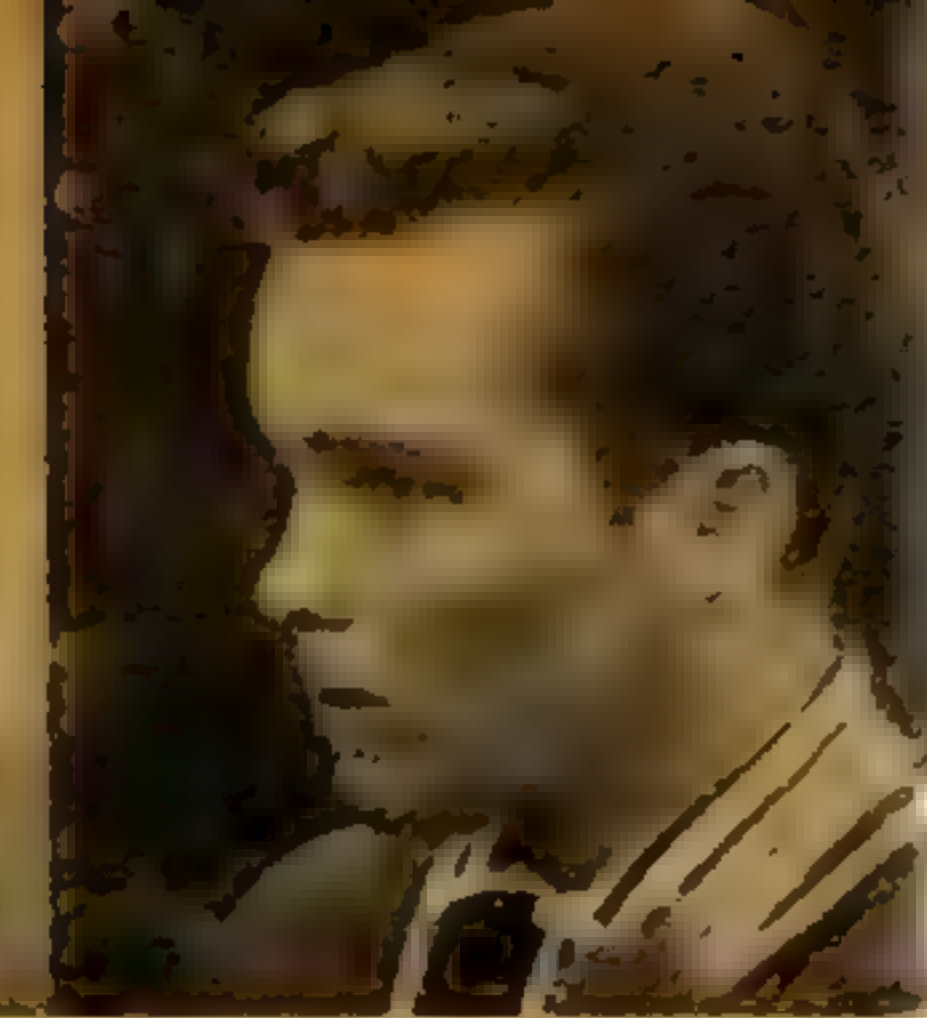
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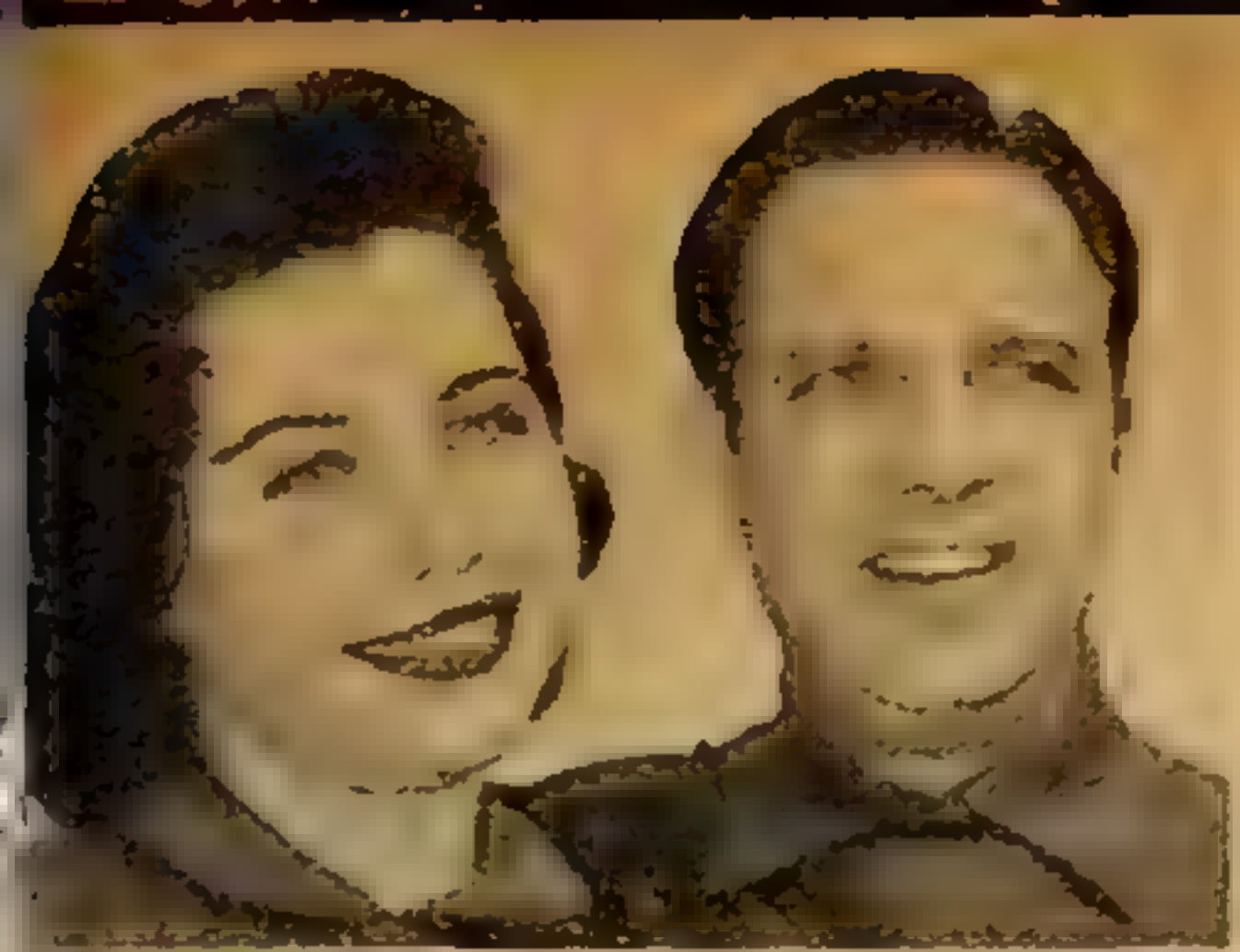
DENNIS



LINDSAY

the whole Crosby





CATHY & BOB

family

For over twenty years one of the most beloved figures in Hollywood, Bing Crosby has been one of the most unapproachable. As his boys grew, so grew the wall of privacy around them. MODERN SCREEN, in this exclusive picture story, gives you a rare look and a candid report on every member of this fabulous Clan.

Photos by Bert Parry



Friends Bing trusts most are golfing men like champion Ben Hogan, but he is suspicious of others, sometimes cool even to his four brothers.



His dates have been secret. He respects but dodges photographers. Kelly (above) was just a friend but Kathy Grant became the one and only.



BING: Since that tragic day in 1953 when Bing Crosby knew that Dixie was gone, The Groaner was a changed man, tense with the vow to bring up his four sons "just as Dixie would have wanted." But he was a stranger to his own boys, who had grown so close to their mother during the furious early days of his career. Only in the company of old friends did he relax. Sons and father reached out for each other clumsily, but there was no looking back to the days when Dixie's devotion held the family together. The sons were courteous to Bing's female companionships such as Mona Freeman, but no more. The girl most likely to become their stepmother is young enough to be their sister. But by embracing Bing's religion, by recently playing dignified hostess in Bing's home, by quietly devoting herself to this much misunderstood man, twenty-three-year-old Kathy Grant has won a permanent place in his heart.

continued on following page

His first years singing, Gary had a hit



In Bing's Pebble Beach home (never shown before) Uncle Larry Crosby handles Gary's publicity.



Blessed with the Crosby talent and the Crosby charm, Cathy and Gary are

GARY: Bing's oldest is twenty-three, an impulsive, stocky boy. At Stanford U. he caused Bing grief by getting bad grades, spending too much time in the car he had given him. Bing took the car away, tried discipline, tried a loose rein, finally gave in to Gary's craving to quit school and go into show business. His trouble is that he wants desperately to be an individual, free from the Crosby tag, but he's too much like Bing to get away with it yet. He sings like him, walks like him, and though basically warm-hearted; takes advice willingly from no one—except his father and their friend Bill Morrow . . . and indirectly from his young brothers, whom he loves.

CATHY: Bing's niece, Bob's oldest daughter, Cathy probably has an even better chance in show business than Gary. She's training herself more purposefully than he, singing with her father's orchestra every chance she gets, taking acting, dancing and voice lessons besides working with a tutor for her high school degree. But she's had it easier than Gary, has less reason to be confused. She wasn't brought up behind a high stone wall as her cousins were, but developed quite normally into the pretty, pleasant-mannered sixteen-year-old she is today. Easy to meet and talk to, she's developed an interest in boys ("But nothing serious," her father says; "the only thing she shares with boys is ice cream."), likes her cousins. She may also develop into a beauty.



Cathy made her debut dueting with Gary—they were a sensation. Bob promptly sent his daughter back to school. "Wait till you're ready," he said.

record with Bing, a show of his own—too fast. A slump followed till one-nighters with Les Brown (Uncle Bob's idea) put him back on his feet.



finding the Crosby name a mixed blessing as they try for careers of their own



As a kid Cathy saw little of her Uncle Bing—Bob, struggling, felt that Bing offered him little help.



Today Bob regards Cathy as "Lucky. She's the first female Crosby—so there's no one to compare her to."



continued on following page

Bing's youngest are seldom seen—which is the way they like it. When they get

PHILLIP: More than any of his brothers, Phillip hates being pointed out as "one of Bing's kids" wherever he goes. Last March when he and Gary made a trip to Las Vegas to see Uncle Bob and Cathy, the whole jaunt was ruined for Phil by the curious crowds who mobbed them. The two boys even sat down with Bob to discuss ways and means to avoid what Phil termed "this unpleasantness," though Gary is not one to object to fans. Obviously, Phil doesn't want to go into show business, though Bing says he sings well and plays a mean trumpet. Like his twin, Dennis, Phil studied animal husbandry at Washington State College before going into service, and the management of Bing's cattle ranch at Elko, Nevada, will eventually go to the twins. Last year Phil landed in the hospital with three cracked vertebrae from an automobile accident, but made a fairly quick recovery—Bing was originally told his son would spend a year in a cast! When he had fully recovered, the Army transferred him to Germany so he could join Dennis—not because he is a Crosby, but because it is SOP to keep twins together when they request it. According to Bing, Phil is the one who looks the most like Dixie.



In the Army Medical Corps Phil did well, enjoyed service life till his accident. "Us Crosbys," he told his father when still a kid, "can't take ourselves seriously—or we're lost."

DENNIS: Like his brothers, Dennis seems to get into trouble whenever there's a car around. Just before he left for Germany he was arrested on a drunk-driving charge, but police reported he was a nice, polite boy, and the judge dismissed the case because he'd never been in trouble before. He probably won't be again. Since his induction, Dennis has shown a real aptitude for soldiering—on one maneuver he covered thirty miles over rough, unfamiliar terrain and reached the destination before anyone else in his company. He is also the most athletic of the boys—something very important to Bing, who would have liked to see one of the boys hit the top in sports—but in college he seemed to develop a deep distaste for the playing field. Bing couldn't complain though, since he stuck to his books, and knows that when Dennis and Phil get their degrees, they will be leading outdoor lives on the ranch. Also like his brothers, Dennis has good manners and is careful of his clothes (Dixie's influence) but tends toward violent sports shirts and casual attire (obviously Bing's example) whenever possible. Bing regards Dennis as the handsomest of his sons, but is constantly amazed by the similarity of his interests to Phillip's.



Usually as upset as his twin at being "conspicuous," Dennis relaxed in the Army, posed when asked by Army lensmen, buddies, even wore a jacket with "Crosby" appliqued on it.

together, it's on Bing's cattle ranch

LINDSAY: Eighteen years old, the youngest, happiest, best-adjusted of Bing's boys, Lindsay Harry is probably everybody's favorite. Bing gets the biggest kick out of him, regards him as the wittiest and possibly the most talented of the four. So do others—CBS had Lindsay in for a recording session when he was only sixteen and announced that if you think Gary had it, you should hear this one! He also plays the piano, acts—and ad-libs at least as well as Bob Hope, according to Bing. But Lindsay isn't interested. When he graduates from Loyola high school this year he plans to go to Gonzaga U. and study for the priesthood—though a recently awakened interest in girls may change his mind. He's the serious one of the crew and Bing credits him with Dixie's conversion just before she died. In school he was president of the junior class and makes good grades. To further endear himself to his pop, he's a top-notch golfer and did so well in his father's last tournament that Gary elected to follow him around the course rather than watch Bing. Gary is Lindsay's self-appointed protector anyway, but Lindsay doesn't seem to need much protection. "He," Bing sighs happily, "will always be all right."

The most popular Crosby, Lindsay went over the Pebble Beach course with a high school chum, the son of the Mayor of Monterey, caddying for him.



Since they were children, Bing has brought his sons to his Elko, Nevada, cattle ranch every summer, and made a fetish of treating them exactly like ranch hands. They lived with the cowpokes, kept the same hours, did the same work—and got exactly the same pay. Gary no longer shows up much, but the twins live for their time on the ranch, and Lindsay considers it home.

END

Esther gives a Birthday

photos by Bert Parry



"Come on, now, Mrs. Gage," Jane said sternly. "There won't be anything left for the other children!"



"Make a wish, Susie," Esther said as her youngest puffed away at her three candles, perched on a rose-decorated cake.



Kim blew out his six candles (one to grow on, of course) with a healthy snort. His cake bore candy cowboys, with hats.



Party



But Esther had tears in her eyes for one minute, when Susie kissed her and whispered, "Now I'm all grown up!"



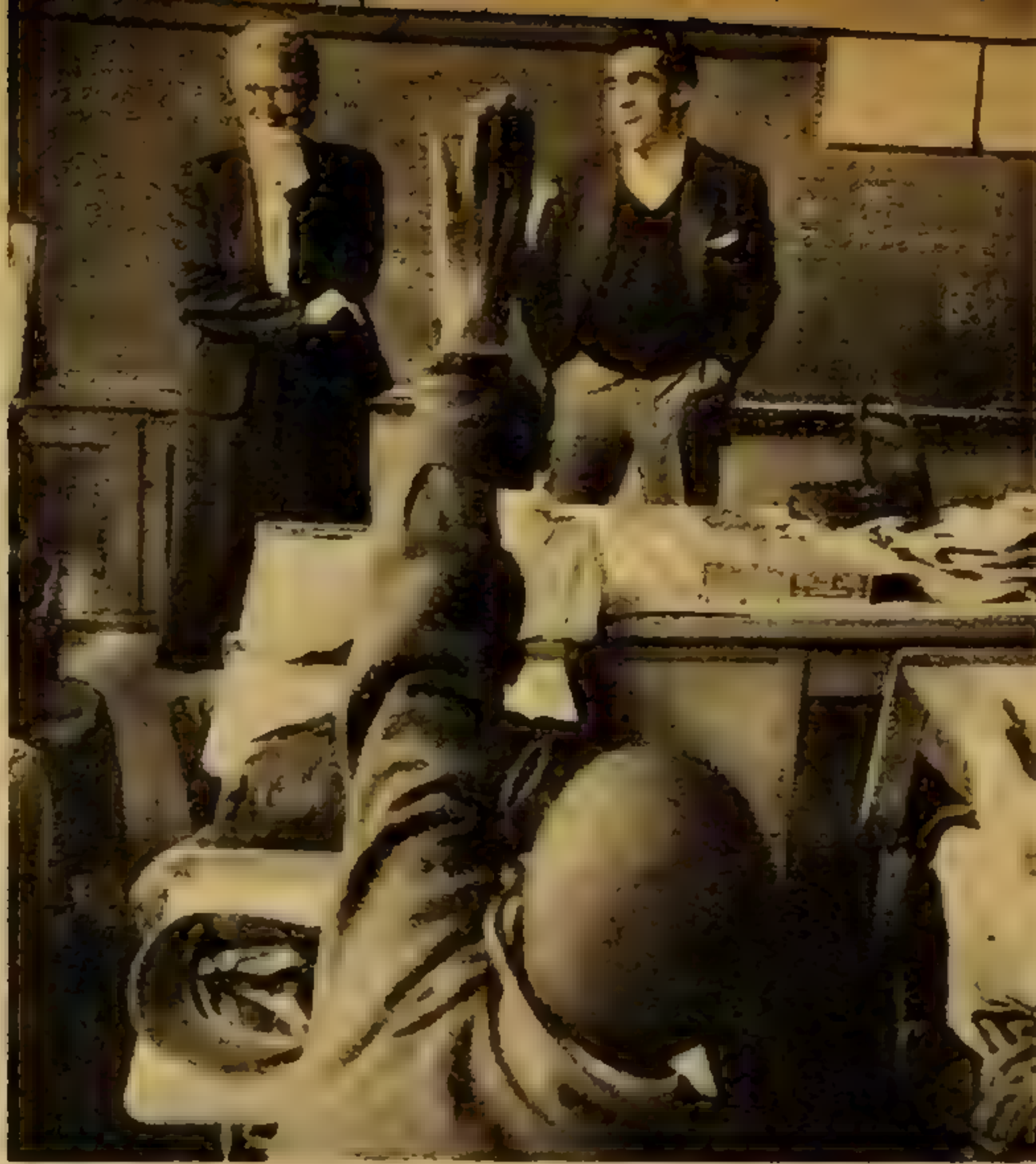
And all the festivities were recorded by Ben's camera. "It's not my wife's second childhood," he explained, showing the photos later. "It's still her first!"

The Birthday Kids were Susie and Kim—but it was Esther who had the most fun of all at their party

■ "There will be no grown-ups at this party," said Esther Williams firmly. "Just us kids." Her gesture included Ben Gage and the three junior Gages. ("Me?" Ben wailed.) "And I want lots of children," she continued. "Kim, you can ask, oh, a dozen or so of your friends—" ("A dozen will do," Ben amended hastily. Esther gave him a dirty look. "Old wet blanket," she said.) "We'll have Jane to help serve—" ("And chaperone us juveniles," Ben put in) "and we'll have ice cream and cake and balloons and fun!" his wife concluded triumphantly. "Kim, you ask the guests and tell them their folks can pick them up and bring them over—but they can't stay." "Sure," said Kim, awed, "OK, Pop?" Ben nodded, stricken dumb.

For two weeks before the party Esther dashed around, buying decorations, worrying over the refreshments and arguing with Ben over whether the party would be confined to the pool or spread to the playground. And when it was all over and Esther had waved goodbye to the last of the little ones, she folded up the streamers and put them away. "Till Benjie's turn," she told Ben. "Praises be," muttered he, "that two of the kids have birthdays in the same month. I couldn't navigate the fountain of youth three times a year and survive." "You'd better," Esther said. "Just wait till we have dozens and dozens of grandchildren and I can do this practically every week!"

END



His grammar school was a tough one, but his art teacher remembered Perry—hugged him to his great embarrassment. "He was never as bad as he thought he was," she said, "he pulled himself up." But Lou Gomez (below), who worked out with Perry, remembered him differently. "He had fists," he said. "With them you could do anything!"



photos by Jacques L. mup



And then home. "My hummingbird Ma!" Perry cried. "My sweetheart!" Clad in bluejeans and a sweater, she ran to him, kissed him for the first time in 3 years, fed him—and sobbed in his arms until Perry wept, too.



He grew up on the toughest streets in the world, and fought his way out with his fists and his heart. Now after three years he was going back

BY NATE EDWARDS



Last year his neighbors voted Perry's dad "Father of the Year of all Holbrook." A quiet, patient, simple man, who has built the house they live in, he called Perry to tell him. "Now, Perry," he said, "now what am I supposed to do?"

PERRY LOPEZ:

A TIME FOR REMEMBERING

■ At nine-thirty in the morning Perry Lopez stood outside the Warwick Hotel in New York City and stared into the drizzle. He wore a black sweater, a black-and-white striped shirt, no tie, gray flannel trousers and a red baseball hat. With him stood a publicity man from Warners, nervously tugging at his sleeve. "C'mon, Perry," he urged from time to time, "get under the umbrella, huh?"

"It's all right," Perry said.

"You're getting soaked. C'mon, kid, your hat'll run all over your face." (Continued on page 97)

George Gobel is a
funny man. But he learned
laughter the hard way
—by smiling in the
face of a chilly world.

After all . . .

what
can
a
little
guy
do?



by LOUIS POLLOCK

■ "You're a little guy," the night-club manager said to George Gobel, "so you better make them laugh. If a little guy doesn't make them laugh—what's he got left?"

George made them laugh. He made them split their sides. But he walked away believing with all his heart that that manager was wrong. He has spent his whole life proving that a little guy, a plain guy, can be a lot more than funny.

He started proving it one day at the age of six, when his mother ordered him to sit on a stool in the corner of the room, nose to the wall, for being naughty. From this position he spoke up to her after a thoughtful five minutes.

"Mom, let's be friends," he said. "From now on I'll be good to you and you be good to me."

Mrs. Gobel still remembers it: "What choice did I have? The disciplinary period was over. From that day to this we *have* been good friends—and George has never been spanked once since."

"That's not the reason," George grins, "I was too small to be hit!" But his mother sees it differently.

"George found out early in life that he liked people, including his mother and father, and he wanted them to like him," she said. "When he found out he could make people laugh he was happy about it long before he found out he could make money out of it."

There was a demonstration of this when George was only fourteen years old. He had gone one night to the Loop (Continued on page 84)

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TV TALK

The Emmys cause dissension . . . Nanette gives a bad performance . . . Kennedy uncooperative? . . . M.M. vs. R.S.V.P.

Nobody can quite figure out the whole reason why, but the Emmy awards—even with the two hours of network tv time they got—were an anticlimax this year. The main reason, of course, was all the hassling that went on beforehand, with brickbats being tossed at the Television Academy by such stars as **Groucho Marx** and **Jack Webb**. Also, some of the award winners already had Emmys at home—**Omnibus**, **Lucille Ball**, **Perry Como**, **Art Carney**, **Disneyland**—and repeaters don't make for excitement. (And, for the second year in a row, **Omnibus** producer **Bob Saudek** marched up to get his statuette without being identified; Saudek should be introduced next year all by himself whether he gets another Emmy or not.) To us, the saddest thing was **Bob Cummings'** monologue, which fell flatter than six pancakes; we know that every performer has off nights when his timing just won't get right, but Bob is such a likeable and talented comedian that it hurt to see him flop coast to coast. We also thought **Nanette Fabray** gave her only bad performance of the year when she accepted her two awards with tears worthy of ten Oscars; however, maybe Nanette did feel emotional after her split-up with **Sid Caesar** (a split-up that was caused by arguments over her salary and Sid's firm belief in his own judgment on all matters). And—although we'd be the last to cast any reflection on the auditing firm of Price-Waterhouse—**Perry Como** sure looked as though he was sitting around his stage after his show waiting to pick up a couple of Emmys. But neither we nor anybody else is going to argue one point: This year will go down as the **Phil Silvers** Year in television, and he deserved all three of his Emmys. Phil is so well liked he could have taken all the Emmys home and no one would have griped. . . . One of the most-respected, most-hired actors

in all of television—and on the stage, too—is—**E. G. Marshall**. You see him on tv all the time; in fact, he's used so much that he's one of the few video actors who don't have to worry about where the next pay check is coming from. But, strangely enough, E. G. is almost unknown to the public at large. He made a huge hit in **Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*** on the Broadway stage; he's been in so many *You Are There's* that he can't count them; he played opposite **Eva Marie Saint** in the original tv version of *Middle Of The Night*—but, although well into his forties, he is still not a "personality." One reason is that he looks different in every role he takes. You could almost call him the Alec Guinness of America because his acting skill—with some help from the make-up man—makes him almost unrecognizable time after time. The other reason is that E. G. steers away from publicity. He devotes himself to his work and doesn't try to get into all the columns. He is so oblivious to popularity that he even holds himself incommunicado from his agent sometimes! When he and his family—his modern-dancing wife and their two daughters—go up to their shack in Vermont to relax and ski, E. G. is 100% unreachable. The biggest role of his career could be offered to him and he wouldn't know until he stopped skiing and chatting with his Vermont neighbors and returned to New York. And, when he is interviewed, he refuses to Tell All. He absolutely *will not* tell what "E. G." stands for. His best friends don't know, and it's a cinch that the public will never find out. His younger daughter used to divulge the big secret in that naive, talkative way children have, but the recipients refuse to spread the word and E. G. has clamped down on his daughter! . . . Another actor who is not a "personality" is **Arthur Kennedy**. Arthur, in fact—or Johnny, as he's known to all his friends—is a press agent's



Julius LaRosa and his bride Rory Meyer take a few days off for some fun and relaxation.

nightmare. Where E. G. Marshall is perfectly amiable about being interviewed if it doesn't interfere with his work or his skiing, Johnny Kennedy refuses to be bothered. And, when literally forced to answer a few questions, he refuses to say The Right Thing. He may go into a diatribe about another actor—a deserved one, perhaps, but not the sort of thing actors are advised to do—or he may deliver himself of a few opinions that are the very thing to keep people away from the box office! His honesty may be commendable—and refreshingly rare—but it produces nothing but groans from his movie studio or Broadway backers. Johnny *can* be charming, but he is so wrapped up in his work as an actor that he does not see the need for selling himself as an individual. Merely because of this refusal, he cannot command the salary or the following that many far less accomplished actors can. To prove how far Kennedy carries his aversion to personal publicity: He refused to go on the **Ed Sullivan** show. And, as you know, except for **Frank Sinatra**, everyone *begs* to get on that program . . . **Marilyn Monroe** is not only always late for all appointments, she also sometimes doesn't answer invitations, even from close friends. They've all learned not to be surprised if they don't hear a word from M. M. in response to their R.S.V.P.'s . . . **Marcie Rinehart** may be **Fess Parker's** pretty steady girl in Hollywood, but when he's in New York he plays the field. Last trip, he saw quite a bit of a former beauty queen he'd known in college . . . Poor **Mrs. Pat Weaver**. No one who saw the back of her dress unzipped on *Person To Person* will ever forget it. What they don't know is that Mrs. Weaver had pestered the costume department of NBC for weeks before the telecast asking them exactly what she should wear. After all that worry and trouble, her slip showed more than her dress! . . . All the old English movies on tv have made British actors like **Jack Hawkins** and **Trevor Howard** as famous as any homegrown star at Broadway opening nights. Hawkins looks exactly the same on the sidewalk as he does on the screen—sturdy and impressive. Howard, on the other hand, looks smaller and redder-faced than you'd expect.



Happy recipients of Emmys—TV's most coveted award: Jan Clayton, Tommy Rettig, Dinah Shore and Lloyd Nolan (above). Phil Silvers (right) romped off with three awards for his wonderful series depicting the Army's funnier side.



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EKBERG: engaged to be engaged



Back in Hollywood, Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel announced their engagement. At the time, no date had been set for the wedding.



■ London newsmen rushed over to the Hotel Savoy to cover the arrival of sultry Anita Ekberg. Scheduled for 10:30 in the morning, she appeared in one of the most informal breakfast costumes of the year, but the thing that made them scurry to the telephone was the unscheduled arrival of English actor Anthony Steel, who admitted, between bites of soft-boiled egg, that he and Miss Ekberg had been visiting her parents in Sweden and were "quite serious" about each other. Two weeks later they became engaged, and very far from giving up her career, Anita talked Anthony into coming to Hollywood to try his luck there. As for Anita, she doesn't need luck—*War And Peace* will make her the hottest Swede since Bergman!

case of the bashful giant

(Continued from page 33) chewed and digested *Winnetka* we tackled Chicago. I guess I talked my head off—but it was me (Roy) talking. When the reporters started to ask about the home life of a movie actor, then I (Rock) lost my tongue. Just didn't have anything to say. But we'd had such a good time by then, they didn't seem to mind.

Q. Yes, the reporters who went to Nogales thinking of you as a strong, silent clam came away thinking of you—I mean Rock—as a different sort of guy. Strong but not silent. By the way, Roy, what is wrong with Rock? He's getting a reputation as a real hard nut to crack on an interview.

Roy: You ever stop to think maybe he's wrung dry—talked out—and tired out? He'd made more than thirty pictures with darn little time off, except for the honeymoon interval between *Giant* and *Written On The Wind*. He's told and retold his life story—the truck driver from *Winnetka* bit, and the kid who bombarded Henry Willson with portraits—until he feels everybody, not just him, must be bored to death with it. He doesn't want to be tongue-tied with people like you—and God knows he isn't stuck up and has no intention of getting that way—but he does want to get his first and only marriage off to a good, wholesome, private start, away from the limelight. He wants something he can call *his own*. And so does his wife.

Q. Sure, sure, Roy. But if you catch him at a good moment you might tell Rock to try to look at it this way: that you're both public property now, and that when you get used to it, living in a goldfish bowl isn't too terrible a life. Especially when the pebbles on the bottom are real gold. And that in fact, the most experienced goldfish in the Hollywood bowl—some of 'em from towns as small as *Winnetka*—have found that if you must relax and enjoy it, why it's great to be in the swim!

Roy: Yeah, I'll tell him. But it may take a while for it to sink in. **END**

the trouble with shirley

(Continued from page 43) gleaming like a new penny. Moreover, her figure owes apologies to no one, including Marilyn Monroe. But with all this—well—Shirley just doesn't look like a movie star, nor act like one either. Glamour fits MacLaine about as well as it does Raggedy Ann, the tomboy you met at the lake last summer, or that freckle-faced kid from Kalamazoo.

The great Alfred Hitchcock tags her right on the buzzer: "Most newcomers can be compared to someone else already in Hollywood," he says. "But Shirley's in a new class all by herself." Hitchcock should know. He brought Shirley to Hollywood. In the process she did what few people have done to the roly-poly Englishman who likes to frighten people: She scared Hitchcock half to death first time she met him.

That was one rainy day in New York, two years ago when the famous director arrived on his way to Vermont to make *The Trouble With Harry*. He'd signed Shirley to star strictly on a scout's report and long distance personality test, sight unseen. When she showed up in a baggy

trench coat, galoshes and scarf, then peeled them off to reveal a sweater and jeans, no make-up and a coiffure that seemed fashioned by a Waring mixer, Hitchcock paled. When every experience he probed for drew a blank "Nothing" he mopped his sweating brow. All Shirley could do was sing and dance, it turned out—and there wasn't a song or a dance in his picture. What's more, it was an offbeat movie about a corpse that Paramount hadn't been too happy about making.

Later he told her, "You had me shaking in my boots!"

But still later he also confessed, "We wouldn't have had a picture without you."

Since *The Trouble With Harry* the trouble with Shirley MacLaine is that—Hollywood or not—she can't be anybody but herself. She's made *Artists And Models* and *Around The World In 80 Days*. She's collected a flock of "most promising newcomer" awards and watched her fan mail turn into a Paramount problem. She's starred on tv's *Shower Of Stars*.

At a recent MGM luncheon, Vic Damone was among the entertainers when he spied Frank Sinatra in the audience. Vic thought Frank was busy on the set of *The Tender Trap*. Vic finished the song he was doing and then said to the guests: "I never thought I'd perform before Frank Sinatra." Then Damone prevailed upon Frankie to get up and sing: Sinatra did "I Get A Kick Out Of You," and no one in that guest audience applauded harder than Damone.

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

But when the publicity boys put the pressure on Shirley to show up at the premiere of *Strategic Air Command* some months ago, she borrowed another studio gown and ran the flashlight gauntlet through the lobby. Once inside, she right-faced and slipped out a side door where her husband, Steve Parker, was waiting to take her home. "I was half-way through a terrific book," she explained. "Besides, I'd already seen the picture."

Shirley still has to borrow her glad rags when she steps out. She doesn't own a formal. Until Hal Wallis, her boss, gave her an MG on her birthday, she rattled around in a \$700 second-hand Buick. She sews her own clothes, and in one idle spell knitted a coat. To date she's been in one night club, Ciro's (to see an old pal of Steve's) and to no Hollywood social musters. She lives with Steve, a boxer pup named Caesar and a cat called Bolo in a two-room apartment on the tag end of Malibu beach, thirty miles from Hollywood. For a while she considered a job in a Malibu dime store between pictures.


Right now, to top it all, Shirley's pregnant. This has yanked her out of action just as her career gets rolling. That news is said to have turned Hal Wallis slightly green around the gills because he'd counted on Shirley for *Hollywood Or Bust* with Dean and Jerry. But Shirley thinks it's wonderful. "You know what I want?" she says eagerly. "Twins!"

Shirley was born in 1934, at 4 p.m. on the 24th day of the fourth month, April. Naturally, four's her lucky number and in her maternal mood, she'd like four children, twins at a time. There's a good chance, too, because twins run in Shirley's family. So does something else—talent.

Her mother, Kathryn, acted and taught dramatics and her dad, Ira, played about every instrument you can name in his own dance band before they met, married and settled down. Shirley has a hunch she was named after Shirley Temple, whose kiddie career was brightest



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PRINCE ... PRINCESS ... PADRE ...



■ Her subjects in Monaco wonder if their new Princess Grace has been fully briefed on the palace intrigue surrounding her husband these many years. Crux of the intrigue revolves around Rainier's sister, the Princess Antoinette, former wife of tennis star Alexo Nogues. Before Rainier became engaged to Grace, the Princess, according to intimates, hoped that he would never get married, that his throne somehow would revert to her children.

Rainier is also not on the best of terms with his father, Prince Pierre de Polignano, who was absent from the engagement festivities.

According to one prominent Monagasque, however, "‘Friar Tuck’ will pretty much continue to run things. He is really the power behind the throne."

‘Friar Tuck’ is in reality Father J. Francis Tucker, the Catholic priest from Delaware who came to Monaco a few years ago to make peace between the pro-French and pro-Italian cliques in the tiny principality.

Not many people know it, but Prince Rainier himself asked the Pope to send an American priest to Monaco. When Tucker arrived he shocked the natives by wearing a suit instead of a cassock, turning up one Sunday on Larvotto beach wearing shorts, racing through town on a scooter and handing out free chewing gum to the children.

The priest and the prince became fast friends until Father Tucker intervened in Rainier's love affair with Gisele Pascal, the red-headed French film star.

Rainier and Gisele would undoubtedly have gotten married—the local populace was in favor of such a marriage—until an obstetrician spread the story that Gisele could never provide Monaco with an heir. Unless Rainier has an heir, his kingdom by treaty reverts to France. Naturally, the Monagasques don't want to become French tax-payers. The citizens of Monaco changed their minds about Gisele.

The Palace Chaplain went to see the Prince. Day after day they argued. If he couldn't marry Gisele, threatened Rainier, he would abdicate. Father Tucker said that would be silly and irresponsible. It was a heated and prolonged argument. But in the end Father Tucker won. Gisele Pascal left Monaco, eventually married Robert Pellegrin, a childhood friend of Rainier.

Disheartened and disappointed, Rainier sulked for months. Father Tucker told him there were plenty of beautiful women left in the world, even promised that he himself would find a bride for his young friend. Last December the priest and the prince took off from Monaco on their matrimonial search.

On April 18, Father Tucker fulfilled his promise. Having arranged the marriage between Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier, he will become even more influential than ever before. In time he may well turn out to be the Cardinal Richelieu of Monaco.

about the time she arrived in Richmond, Virginia, where Ira, by then, was the respectable principal of Westhampton school.

If so, it was a solid idea. Because by the time Shirley MacLaine Beaty (as they christened her) turned three years old she was doing just what Curlytop did at the same age—making the bigger kids blush for shame at dancing school.

"The original objective," Shirley recalls, however, "was not a career—but to straighten out my feet." Shirley was slew-footing around like a duck and it worried her mom. To her dismay all the classic ballet positions turned her toes out even wider. But Shirley took to ballet like a duck to water and from then on, until just the other day when the obstetrician ordered "Stop," Shirley's been working out at the bars, doing *arabesques*, *jetés*, *relevés*, *entre-chats* and other muscle stretching contortions. "I wore out leotards like most kids wear out shoes."

As a result, although she's a big five-foot-seven girl today and properly padded, Shirley moves about like a cat. She was also strong enough to take Jerry Lewis' dare, hoist him up and gallop him around piggy back on the set of *Artists And Models*. But that's the result of another kind of training, for when she wasn't doing splits, Shirl the girl was making like a junior Babe Didrickson. Scotch-Irish and redheaded, "Powerhouse" Beaty (as the kids called her) was not the jacks and hopscotch type. She preferred mixing it up with the boys in soccer, touch football, baseball and track. She was pretty handy with her dukes, too. Her frustrated brother, Warren, three years younger, seldom got a chance to enjoy a good scrap. "I was always stepping in and fighting them for him," admits Shirley.

Kids and men

At thirteen, however, Shirley was modeling misses'-size clothes in a department store. About the same time she started dancing on an early tv setup at the Wardman Park Hotel for \$12 a night. And, if in her junior year she rah-rahed the Washington and Lee High football team on to victory as cheer leader on Saturday afternoons—come evening, Shirley Beaty wouldn't be seen dead with such kids. She stepped out with college men from Georgetown University.

Most of this took place, obviously, around Washington, D. C. Shirley's dad moved the family near there when she was eleven, giving up education to sell real estate, which he still does. This was a relief to Shirley, who always found it embarrassing to be sent into the principal only to find herself face to face with her old man. But while her house was just across the Potomac in Arlington, Va., the capital sights that most school kids journey miles to see never met Shirley's blue eyes. Washington to Shirley was just one thing—the School of Ballet. "By then I was on a single track," she confesses. "Dancing was all I ever wanted to do." When she was only fifteen she started trotting off to New York all by herself to plug away summer vacations at the American School of Ballet and the Ballet Theatre.

It was during her third New York summer session, after her junior year, that Shirley got her feet wet—and caught the show business bug. A revival of *Oklahoma!* needed chorus girl replacements and Shirley thought she might as well try to help out on expenses. 500 applicants boiled down to sixteen, and the sixteen boiled down to one. But Shirley was it. "Sometimes," she observes philosophically, "it helps to be tall and redheaded."

But by summer's end, Shirley proved that she had something attached to her head besides hair. It was pretty tempting

to be asked to go abroad that fall to the Berlin Art Festival with *Oklahoma!* But it also meant signing for a road tour afterwards, which meant, not graduating from high school. Shirley called the folks down south for advice. "Make up your own mind," they told her. Shirley did. She settled for the diploma instead of \$75 a week and the European trip. She's never regretted it. But the minute she got it she beelined back to New York. This time she stayed—and strictly on her own. She had just turned eighteen.

Things started off okay. Shirley got a summer job with St. John Terrell's Music Circus at Lambertville, New Jersey. She danced one musical by night and rehearsed for the next by day, and loved it. But that fall Broadway lowered the boom.

"Fifty-one was a very rough season," Shirley remembers. "Out of 8000 Actors' Equity members, only 800 were working. I belonged to the 7200."

She snatched the want-ads practically off the newspaper trucks, haunted theatrical agencies until the secretaries got insulting and auditioned for anyone who'd look and listen. But it was only, "We'll call you" which is the same thing as "Sorry Kid." She cut off her last name, also her red hair. No use. Then she was asked to travel as danseuse for a trade show.

Glamorizing refrigerators wasn't exactly what Shirley had slaved all those years for, but by then she wasn't picky. So the rest of the year Shirley barnstormed the South and Midwest on one night stands, pirouetting around her frigid partners while the salesman delivered his pitch. "We set up in every two-bit place you could think of," says Shirley. "Tank town hotels, auditoriums, drafty halls and casinos. We slept on busses and at flea-bag hotels. I got an infected foot but had to dance anyway. It wasn't elegant but it was a living." It was more than that. She made \$165 a week and expenses. By spring she'd piled up a stake for another crack at New York. Ironically, when she got it she didn't need it. "Because right then," Shirley grins, "I got lucky."

"Hey, Red!"

The first job she tried out for she bagged—in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Me and Juliet*—although she was the last chorus girl picked. In fact, Shirley was halfway out the door when Bob Alton, the choreographer yelled, "Hey, Red—you didn't leave your name and address."

"Why?" inquired Shirley bitterly.

"Don't you want your job?" She's always thought that was a silly question.

Shirley wasn't too surprised at this luck. It was fourth day of the fourth month, April—her birthday.

Me And Juliet kept Shirley in a steady job for almost a year. Then kind fate provided her with a steady date—a man named Steve Parker. That's Shirley MacLaine's legal handle today—Mrs. Stephen Frederick Parker.

She met Steve in the Theatre Bar across from the stage door of the Majestic. A chorus mate took her there one September night after the show. It was the first bar Shirley had ever entered. She doesn't drink. But when the girl friend, who knew Steve, introduced him, Shirley remembers a sudden dizzy spell which couldn't have come from her 7-Up. "I just flipped," she sighs. "It was boom!—like that."

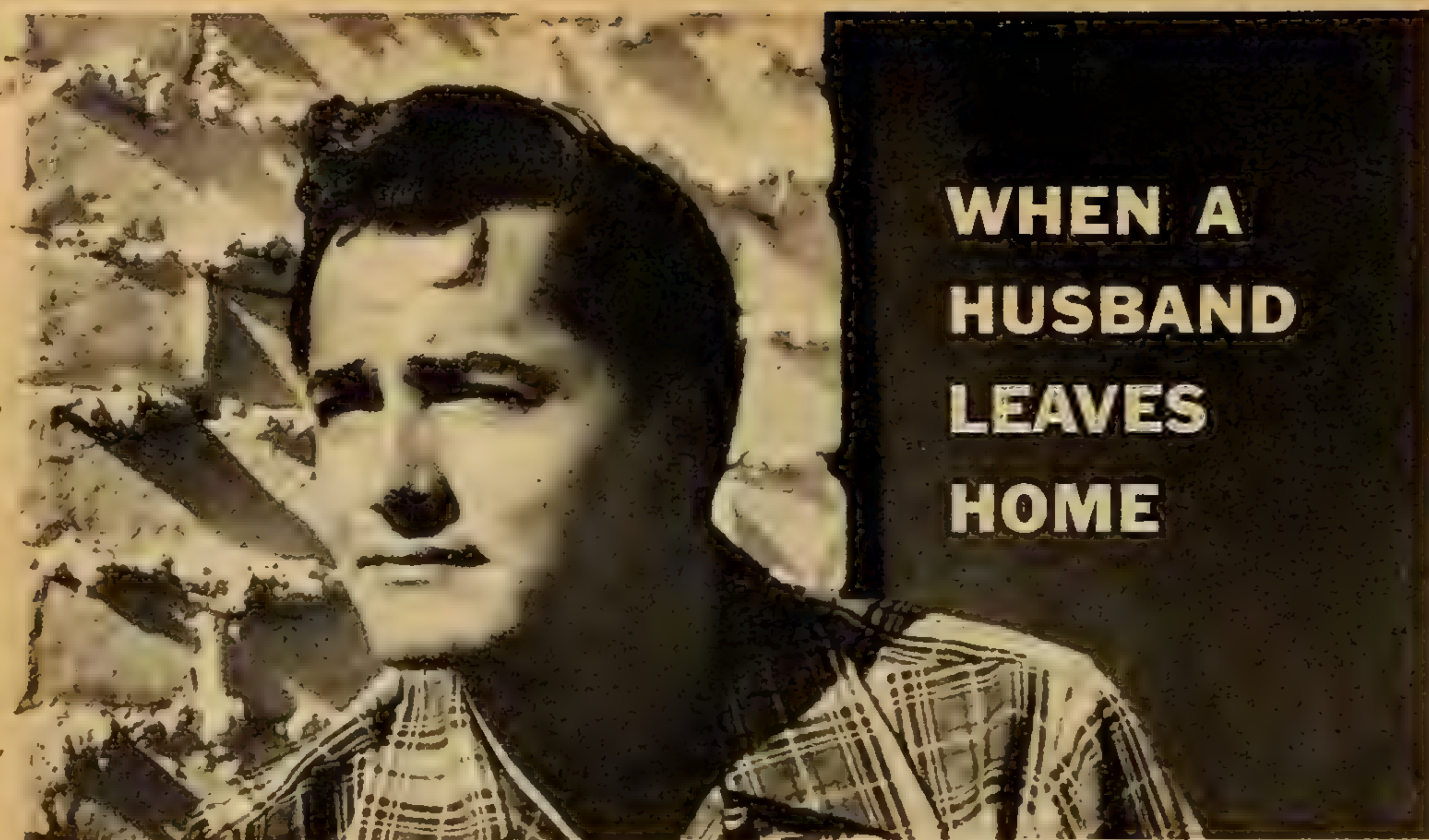
Steve Parker's a handsome, dark-haired Vermonter, twelve years older than Shirley. He was already a veteran actor, stage director and producer. At that point he was staging the famous Lambs' Club shows. He seemed to know everybody in and everything about show business. As

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WHEN A HUSBAND LEAVES HOME

■ One hot afternoon last fall, John Derek left his wife and family. On the spur of the moment he tossed some necessary belongings into a couple of suitcases and tore out of the driveway of his Encino ranch home.

Trouble between the Dereks had been brewing for months. The possibility of leaving his home had often occurred to John. But suddenly the difference between thinking about it, and taking the actual step, struck him.

Where would he go? Moving in with the married couples he knew was out of the question. Most of his single friends were out of town. Besides, their places were too small. Clubs, such as in the east, are non-existent in California. And who would cook his meals, take care of his laundry, his telephone calls? The hundreds of little details Pati had looked after?

When he reached Ventura Boulevard, John turned toward the studio. Driving toward Hollywood, he noticed a motel on the right side of the street. He pulled up in front, and registered for the night.

The rest of the day passed by slowly, painfully. He didn't want to see anyone. He missed his children. Where and how was he to settle down?

The next day John rented an apartment. Used to plenty of space around him, he couldn't take the confinement of a couple of rooms in town for long. Less than a month later he found a house in the Hollywood hills. This wasn't the end of the problem. Just the beginning.

John had never taken any interest in running a house, or even finding out how it was done. The first time he fixed a steak, he burned it on both sides.

Washing the dishes was a chore he had learned to dislike in the army. He simply let them pile up in the sink till they were all used up, then ate out.

His clothes fared little better. Never a particularly neat person, he considered it easier to drop them where he took them off, rather than put them away. When he ran out of shirts, he bought new ones. This went on till the day his business manager drove up with some papers for John to sign. One look at the mess made him call half a dozen employment agencies. Nowadays a maid comes in once a week—which means John's house is clean on Wednesdays, then gets progressively dirtier till she comes again.

Shopping for food proved bothersome, too. With neither the inclination nor the patience to cook, John usually came home with cookies and milk.

In recent months John's living expenses have gone up all out of proportion to even his sizeable income. His own expenditures were higher than anticipated. To that had to be added the monthly payments awarded to Pati.

But hardest of all was the separation from his children, Russ, 5½, and Sean, 2½. For their sakes John and Pati had agreed to stay at least on cordial terms. John sees them often, phones them every day for an hour.

Naturally, John has considered the possibility of Pati's remarriage. In a way, he is all for it. He won't have to continue the huge amount of alimony to which he has agreed. On the other hand, the thought that his children might call anyone but him "Daddy" makes him clench his fists in anger. "I won't stand for it!"

As for himself—no matter how much in love he is, or will be, till Pati finds another husband he excludes marriage from his thoughts. "I can't afford it," he sighs. The world is not rosy for John Derek.

he talked, Shirley was fascinated. What fascinated Steve about Shirley she can't imagine unless it was a feat she performed of cramming a beer glass into her generous mouth (She later cowed Jerry Lewis with the same stunt which even that flap-mouthed comedian can't do). Anyway, Steve took her home. Shirley dates about everything important that's happened to her from that night.

"Steve gave me a completely new slant on show business," explains Shirley. "He made me realize what a really big world it was. Until then I'd thought dancing was everything. But when Steve talked my head buzzed with tv, movies, stage plays. I guess you'd say Steve gave me big-time ambition." Something else, too—love—the real thing at last.

Going steady with Steve Parker built up Shirley's confidence. In February she quit *Me And Juliet* cold to gamble for a better job in *The Pajama Game* which George Abbott was lining up for Broadway. 1000 girls had the same idea, then seventy-two, then twelve and finally six. Shirley was one of the six, with a song and dance bit of her own and—the big item—understudy for star Carol Haney. But at first she didn't think about that.

"From the start that Haney gal looked like the type who'd go on with a broken neck," Shirley reveals. "But I crammed up on her part. Lucky I did."

Because just before the third night on Broadway indestructible Haney ripped loose the ligaments in her ankle. The same night Shirley's subway broke down and she arrived barely a minute ahead of curtain time. Bob Fosse, Carol's partner, was clutching his hair with one hand and Haney's costumes with the other. He practically shoved Shirley out on the stage. She just had time to yell to her roommate (in the same show) to call Steve and get him over there fast.

"He arrived in a T-shirt, stood in the wings and cheered me through," says Shirley gratefully. After her performance Steve had a pile of scribbled notes on her faults two-feet high. They went back to Shirley's apartment and worked all night. Next evening she was sharp as a tack.

Shirley stayed up on her toes another way: She scattered front-center tickets to all agents, producers, Hollywood representatives and the Mister Bigs of show business that Steve knew, figuring she'd shine in the spot a week at the most and she'd better make hay. But it was a month before Carol Haney recovered. "At \$7.20 a seat I spent more that month than I made," recalls Shirley ruefully. "But it was a good idea. I was so unimportant that I couldn't get an agent to handle me."

The hot ones

She had plenty of offers after that. But the hot ones came from customers who paid their way in. Hal Wallis, the Hollywood producer, saw Shirley first. He gave her a skimpy screen test in New York and signed her on a contract to come to Hollywood and stick around when the show closed. But Shirley's luck was running and the next man who looked had more definite ideas. "Doc" Erickson, Alfred Hitchcock's assistant, happened in *Pajama Game* the only other time Shirley stepped out of the chorus to pinch-hit for Carol Haney—one lone night two months later when Carol caught a virus.

That night Erickson called Hitchcock at a dinner party in Hollywood. "I've got your girl for *The Trouble With Harry*," he announced.

"What's her name?" asked Hitch.

"Carol Haney," Erickson said.

Only later did the change-of-cast insert in the program fall out to wise Mr. Erickson to his mistake. He hotfooted it

over to the boxoffice and found out one trouble with Shirley—she was already signed by Hal Wallis. But the contract provided for an outside picture and so Shirley signed again—or Steve did, because he was her manager by then. In a few days he was her husband as well.

They got hitched at the Marble Collegiate Church on a Friday. Shirley quit *The Pajama Game* on Saturday and Sunday she left with Steve for Stowe, Vermont, to make *The Trouble With Harry*. Halfway through, the news about Shirley traveled to Hollywood. Hal Wallis put director Frank Tashlin to work writing in a part for her in *Artists And Models* and Mike Todd grabbed her next for *Around The World In 80 Days*. Hired one morning, Shirley was on the plane for Durango, Colorado, that night, with her red hair dyed black to play an Indian princess, of all things.

Around The World in 80 Days has almost turned into a case of around the calendar in 365 days for Shirley. But in between she and Steve got a trip to Japan, a terrific thrill to them both in more ways than one. Shirley first felt woozy bobbing in a fishing boat off the base of Fujiyama. But the Tokyo doctor said, "in-

Dorothy McGuire was signed for Hollywood and became a star after her appearance in the title role of the Broadway hit, *Claudia*. When she applied for the role, Miss McGuire was ending her run with John Barrymore in *My Dear Children*. She went to the office of producer John Golden who told her: "Drop your hair. Yes, you're *Claudia*." . . . He later explained his quick decision: "She was the first girl who didn't apply in mink coat and nail polish."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

testinal flu." The "flu" got worse on the plane home across the Pacific and a rabbit test in Hollywood told the truth. Shirley's due to be a mama in September.

This keeps her closer than ever to the Malibu duplex, which hangs over the waves right next to the stretch of beach the Parkers have bought to put up their own place soon.

The funny part about this California beachcombing existence is that Shirley can't stand the sun. It only makes her Irish complexion puff up pink like a boiled lobster and then brings out a few million more of her "spotted tan," freckles to you.

A while back when a car out of control ploughed into her MG, Steve got his neck in a brace from the bump and Shirley got a wrenched back. Although the accident happened in Hollywood, it turned out the lady who lost control lived right next door to them at Malibu. Moreover, when Shirley's lawyer came out to settle details, the same flustered lady backed out of her garage and smacked him!

Shirley tells that one only to prove that you never know what will happen, where or when—especially if you get panicky. Already plenty has happened to the powerhouse kid from Dixie. But she's keeping her red head cool, her fingers crossed and her ballet shoes hanging handy. "For all I know I might be back on Broadway dancing in a chorus again some day," she ponders. "It's up to the public. That's why I don't see much sense in getting all in a sweat."

For a girl who just wound up her twenty-first year this April, that's pretty sound philosophy, if a little fatalistic. There's only one flaw: Shirley forgets that the public has already spoken. They seem to say they like Shirley MacLaine just like she is.

END



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BEAUTY on the BEACH

■ **VACATION BEAUTY TIPS:** Busy days, the smartest swimsuits, the gayest do-dads—summer is the most fun of all! But—take heed—the watery playgrounds, the tempting carefree hours under the sun can easily take you off your beauty guard! Our glamorous Hollywood stars challenge the ravages of summer heat and sun—protect their beauty by following these routines. They are easy, so resolve—right now—to perform these beauty rituals, faithfully, all the days of summertime! *Your hair:* Keep sweetly scented with frequent shampoos—use any one of the prepared (cont'd. pg. 74)

Esther's suit, of course, so swimable, and—so fashionable! Made of lustrous woven cotton satin. The suit features the very new low, low front and back. about \$15. By Cole of California.

Mona's suit and skirt costume, Acapulco, is ablaze with exciting colors woven into a mercerized cotton plaid (Sanforized). The suit features a Shirred front, slightly boned bodice. About \$16 each—from Jantzen's International Group. Mona's next picture is United Artists' Huk.

Shirley models a love of a "little boy" suit called Eyes Front. It is made of yellow checked gingham Laton taffeta (Eastman Chromspun, the color is locked-in for protection against fading and running) and—it features Catalina's new Phantom leg lining. Also in black or brown. About \$17. By Catalina. Shirley's flats by Hussco, her swim cap—U. S. Howland. Shirley is whipping up one of her famous Quick 'n Fun specialties on a Skotch Grill—see page 78 for the recipe that makes mouths water and guys come running. See Shirley again and again in 20th's CinemaScope '55 spectacular, Carousel.

Jeanne poses in Waikiki, a sleek Lastex suit with front panels of an exotic jungle design hand-screened print. This is a famous Form Control suit with the patented Phan-Tum built-in front girdle. Solid black or brown with print. About \$15. The glittering be-flowered swim cap by Kleinert. Jeanne can be seen in MGM's The Fastest Gun Alive.

→ *Sophisticated simplicity—Rhonda Fleming's sleek Lastex sheath suit with white cord and button trim is cut to give you the long-bodied look that is so much in the news! This suit is available in a rainbow of colors—yellow, pink, sky blue, coral, orchid, mint green or red as well as in black or navy. About \$10. By Sea Nymph.*

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of colors! Just one swimsuit
won't do—you'll want two—or more!*

Prigent



Wicker chair, Decorative Imports

More →

BEAUTY on the BEACH *continued*

(Continued from pg. 73) shampoos, liquid or cream—even if you decide on a “jiffy do” in the shower, don’t use your bath soap! To manage your hair more easily use a rinse after your shampoo. Brighten it as well with a color rinse. Change the color with one of the new color tints, shampoos or dyes. After it’s beautifully set, film it with a spray to hold it in perfect place. Of course, brush and brush your tresses, keep them trimmed, cover them in the sun and wear a swim cap whenever you dip and splash. If you aren’t blessed with natural curls—you should worry—in almost minutes you can give yourself a home permanent. Make any kind of curls you want, tight or loose—either way they will look for real. *Your Make-up:* You can’t be beautiful, even with make-up, if your skin is not clear and clean—and smooth! So cleanse your face (continued, pg. 77)

Curtain calls for Cyd Charisse in MGM’S Meet Me In Las Vegas and—for the Cup Lift suit with shirred front and contrast trim made of elasticized faille woven of Chromspun acetate and cotton with color locked-in. By Surf Togs. About \$13. Applause, too, for Trifari’s fabulous fake diamond clip that holds Cyd’s wave. \$5 a pair—set your hair with them—or wear them for dress-up. The 1956 ultra-modern whirligig TV chair, Bolero, by Kroehler—Valentine Seaver Original.

*Cyd’s and Jan’s swim caps by U. S. Rubber
Cyd’s U. S. Royal beach sandals by U. S. Rubber*

BATHING SUITS AND ACCESSORIES
ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

this season there's wonderful news in silhouettes—fabrics and trimmings



Wicker chair, Decorative Imports.

Photographs, Prigent



Above left: Jan Sterling, in Rose Marie Reid's April Showers, a delectable, washable, print suit of Kona cloth (hand-screened). Rhinestone studded neckline and strap buckle (elastic-shirred back). About \$18. On the tray: Jan's cowhide Boodle Bag by Rolfs (open), newest carry-all for sports and dress-up. About \$5. Above: Jan wears Enchantress—Rose Marie Reid's new draped sheath silhouette for 1956 in an exclusive fabric, Soirette, of Chromspun crystal acetate and elasticized cotton with color locked-in. The drapery swathes around the hipline, the soft bodice folds are caught up with glitter (built-in bra). About \$35. Bamboo wedgies by Honeydebs, \$4.99. Jan holds the Boodle Bag (closed). Left: Trend setting! A man's sports shirt is the newest cover-up for beachwear and sports togs. Jan's rayon and linen shirt is an exclusive print by Coopers. About \$5. See Jan in Columbia's 1984.

To help you have a beautiful tan try one of the new tanning preparations such as Squibb's Sun 'n' Surf non-greasy Suntan Lotion—or if you prefer, Sunburn Cream

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modern screen fashions



RHONDA FLEMING / SEA NYMPH



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TERRY MOORE / ROSE MARIE REID

BEAUTY on the BEACH *continued*

So here you are, a sunshine hit in our glamour suits if — you meet their challenge by keeping up on beauty care

(*cont'd from pg. 74*) frequently with a cold cream, liquid cleanser or complexion soap and, no matter how young, keep it soft and smooth with a skin cream. These creams or liquids come especially prepared for normal, dry or oily skins. If you have blemishes there are products to help you clear them (diet and exercise will help, too). With a clean, smooth skin, your make-up will go on more beautifully. (*cont'd, pg. 78*)

Rhonda poses in Sea Nymph's figure-slimming faille sheath. It has accents of matching nylon lace frills (built-in Sarong girdle front panel). About \$18. Rhonda's cap—Sea Sprite, an Aqua-Modes style by U. S. Rubber (nylon tricot and rubber); a brand new tanning aid for sun-seekers—Sun 'n' Surf Sunburn Cream by Squibb. Bracelet, Capri. Wicker chair from the Suva group by Decorative Imports. Rhonda is now in RKO's While The City Sleeps.

Ann wears Catalina's Water Luau, slender slimmer with exciting fashion news in the fabric—California hand-screened print on dull satin Lastex. It has a draped cowl bra and a sarong styled front. About \$20. Ann also holds an Aqua-Modes cap, Water Caper, by U. S. Rubber. Ann is next appearing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Opposite Sex.

New vogue for brides and glamour, glamour gals—glittering sequin sprinkled Starlight—Terry Moore in an elegant white princess suit of elasticized bengaline by Rose Marie Reid (part of Mrs. Gene McGrath's trousseau and what a choice). About \$50. Terry's white Playtex cap—sure fire protection for her lovely soft hair-do. Terry will next be seen in the Twentieth Century-Fox production The Day the Century Ended.

→
Designed for fun in 1956—hop, skip, run and jump in this golden two-piece Orlon and Lastex knit charmer, Sans Souci, worn by Shirley Jones. For snug fit rib-knit bands on bra and shorts, button-back bra (lightly boned), pearl button and fake pocket trim. About \$16. By Catalina. Shirley's beach accessories: Glamour support for skip and jump—the famous Dr. Scholl's newest sandal with arch support exclusively introduced by MODERN SCREEN. About \$10. Posie Ribbon, hand-painted U. S. Royal Water-Tite cap by U. S. Rubber. Sun 'n' Surf Suntan Lotion by Squibb.

Pretty figure shape—Shirley in a tunic suit with flange bra and semi-bloomer beneath bell-shaped skirt called Sesame. It comes in an exciting range of fashion colors—it is made of firming Lastex faille with contrast binding trim. About \$18. By Catalina. Blue denim slippers by Honeybugs.

BATHING SUITS AND ACCESSORIES ARE AVAILABLE
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Photographs, Prigent

beauty tips

(Continued from page 77) Of course, summertime means a glorious tan (made even lovelier with the aid of a tanning preparation) but a carefully applied make-up is still a must!

Select a make-up base—darker now, of course, since you have added sun color. There is nothing so unbecoming as a wrong shade of make-up. Your base can be a liquid or solid, whichever you prefer. Try both types and several colors until you find the correct make-up base and color just right for your particular skin type. This trial and error test may take time but you'll find it was well worth it when the compliments head your way! With your new make-up base choose a new powder—loose or cake—a shade or so lighter than your base.

Some of the cake powders combine a make-up base with powder, and all are great for a quick and even skin covering—a delight for the beach, in your purse, in the office, for week-end jaunts, as well as in your bathroom.

There is no lick and a promise in Hollywood when it comes to make-up. Correct base and powder is but the beginning!

You must work with care and a lipstick brush—to shape a lovely and beautiful mouth. Try the exciting new bright lipstick colors that seem to match summer's tans and fashion colors best of all. Don't forget to match your fingertips—and toes—to your lips!

Accent your eyes! Use plenty of mascara—and not just black or brown. Try color for a change—and try curling your lashes if they are too, too straight. Your eye shadow is equally important—alternate colors to match or accent your clothes—and don't forget a brow pencil and brush, to work the line in evenly!

Intimate little tips: Remember a beautiful mouth frames your teeth. So keep them sparkling bright, wonder white—brush often—treat them like precious jewels!

Your body! That needs care a plenty, too. A soapy bath or shower is just a starter!

Keep your hands and elbows smooth and soft with lotion, remove unwanted hair (a cream is easy to apply, washes off in seconds). Use a deodorant—cream, stick or liquid—for freshness, as well as protection to your clothes.

Final beauty tip. Use many, many splashes of cologne, dashes of perfume!

You can see that being a glamour gal is a business—and the price seems to come

high in time, study, patience and practice. But once you've found preparations and colors you like, accomplished the little tricks and learned to follow a regular beauty routine—easy will do it!

quick 'n fun recipe

(Continued from page 73) Shirley Jones, says, "A summer beach party or picnic can have a long guest list with little fuss and more fun (and on a budget figure) than any other type of get-together." Here is Shirley's favorite out-of-doors recipe.

Whittle green twigs to points on the ends or use regular stainless steel skewers.

Cut cubes of *Skinless* frankfurters, sausages (or slices of bologna). On each skewer (use one to a person) alternate a piece of meat with a wedge of green pepper, slices of onions, cubes of canned pineapple, slices of tomato—add a mushroom here and there! Brush with cooking oil or a prepared barbecue sauce—and "zingo" all's ready for a luscious fun meal. Try it, you'll be the favorite of the gang!

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1. I LIKE JEANNE CRAIN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of the Open Letter ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JANE POWELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of the Curtis-Leigh story
☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I READ: ☐ all of Hollywood's Young Bachelor Girls ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE SHIRLEY MacLAINE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE MITZI GAYNOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE BING CROSBY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE PERRY LOPEZ:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE GEORGE Gobel:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:

☐ all of Music From Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ:

☐ all of TV Talk ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. I READ:

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

18. To which movie magazines do you subscribe?

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

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tab hunter

(Continued from page 51) can look over my shoulder and see him. Isn't he the utter finale?" said Lynn.

And there over in a corner was Art, with his back to the fence, talking with another fellow. You could see he was nervous from all the attention he was getting. He kept glancing at the ring of girls out of the corner of his eye, hoping, I guess, that they would disperse.

But all he saw was a tight circle of girls, moving around him as if they were hounds who had cornered a fox.

Between the inner circle and Art, however, was an open space of about fifty feet. A sort of "no-girls" land.

"Some of us started to get nearer to him before," Lynn explained, "but then he looked like he was going to run right up the fence. So we're staying away."

I looked around at the other girls. They were all trying to be very casual, but all doing the same thing. Each girl would steal a sly glance at Art, hold it for a moment and then turn back quickly to a girl friend and begin gabbing like mad.

And as miserable and unhappy as Art looked, it was easy to see why the girls were so excited.

For Art was just about a perfect fit for any teen-ager's dream of an ideal boy.

He was about five-foot-eleven then, tall for his age and very muscular. He had broad shoulders, a strong neck and a perfectly shaped head. His hair was blond, a little lighter than it is now. He had a broad sturdy forehead, hazel eyes, a finely formed nose and mouth, white, even teeth and a full jaw, that jutted ever so slightly in profile.

He had a big, wide smile and one peculiar little expression that raised the outer ends of each eyebrow, giving him the appearance of a young, tow-headed devil. He still does it.

I guess you can tell from my description that, at fourteen, I, too, was on the duck-bump kick with all the other girls over Art.

A few moments later the class bell rang and there was a loud groan as Art took off like a frightened buck deer and disappeared into the school building with a swarm of squealing girls at his heels.

Just before noon we were let out for the day and as the girls came out of school they broke up into little groups. In the center of each bunch was a girl answering questions like mad.

She was a girl lucky enough to be in Art's home room.

Now all this fuss about Art might seem a little unnecessary, even foolish to adults, amounting to nothing more than an early semester fad. But as the days went by the interest in Art's activities and personal statistics increased.

Each day we pooled the information we could get about him. Exactly how tall he was or how much he weighed. Some of them even went to the trouble of finding his clothes sizes. One of the girls was a veritable mine of facts on Art and swore that when she grew up she was going to marry him.

So the interest in Art never did diminish although we did learn to behave more like ladies in his presence, as time went by.

Art and me—a hot item

One morning a bulletin advised the students that a swing band was being formed and it would need a girl-vocalist. I'd always wanted to sing with an orchestra and on impulse I reported for an audition in the auditorium.

The teacher supervising the project, Mrs. Joost, showed me the music the band had

and I selected "My Blue Heaven" to sing.

When I was finished I heard someone applauding in the back and then I saw this blond boy trotting down the aisle telling me, "Gee, Bobby, that was great."

Yes, it was Art. The look of surprise on my face must have been very obvious. Mrs. Joost said, "It's all right, Bobby, you and Art are going to sing together with the band."

And for the next hour or so Art and I sang duets. Mrs. Joost explained later that Art had been picked as the male singer from his work in the glee club, but she didn't mention it in the bulletin for fear that every girl in the school would show up for the auditions.

Of course after the announcement the next day I had more girl friends than I needed and that very week in the school paper, "Bobby Turner and Art Gelien" were summed up by a fourteen-year-old gossip columnist as a "hot item."

Girls I'd never seen before would stop me in the corridors and ask questions about Art. "What is he like?" "Is he really nice?" "What color are his eyes?" "Has he kissed you yet?"

One little girl, after getting me off in a quiet spot, said that I simply must get a lock of Art's hair for her.

"Why don't you get it yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, I'd die of fright, Bobby. I just couldn't get near him. It would be too much," she answered, very, very seriously.

In the beginning I was a little frightened myself. Here I was paired, by perfectly natural circumstances, with the school's dreamboat. It was easy enough to stand afar, like the other girls, and admire Art. But what was I supposed to do now that we were a "hot item"?

It was Art who solved that problem.

He just didn't have time for girls. He loved horses. And, I might add, this fact, when it got around, was a near-fatal blow to united girlhood at Mount Vernon High.

Later, as you shall see, I would wish that Art Gelien had never met a horse.

But thoroughbred horses, at that time, were Art's main interest. He wanted to breed them, train them and show them. Week ends he spent at the stables at Griffith Park. During the week he would hoard every penny he could save, going without lunch, walking to school to save carfare, earning money at odd jobs, to be able to pay the stable fees.

He used to tell me that by noon on Saturday all his money would be gone and he just hung around the riding academy hoping the owner would take pity on him and give him a canter just to get rid of him.

And I got to know more about Art. And the more I knew, the more I liked.

We talk

I'll admit that in the beginning I had a few romantic notions about him, but somehow Art steered me onto the more practical advantages of a real friendship.

And as friends we could talk. About everything. The things we wanted to do and the persons we wanted to become.

I learned a lot about Art from those talks, as we walked around the campus during lunch hour or cut a class for a malt.

We never had dates as such. We just knew that we'd be at a party or a dance or the band rehearsal together. That was enough.

When I got to know Art better I found that despite all the feminine adulation, he was what men would call a "nice guy."

He was naturally modest and admitted that girls made him self-conscious. I told him how I had first seen him in the corner of the yard and he got very embarrassed and said, "Why do girls do things like that?" I told him I was hardly the one to answer the question (Continued on page 82)

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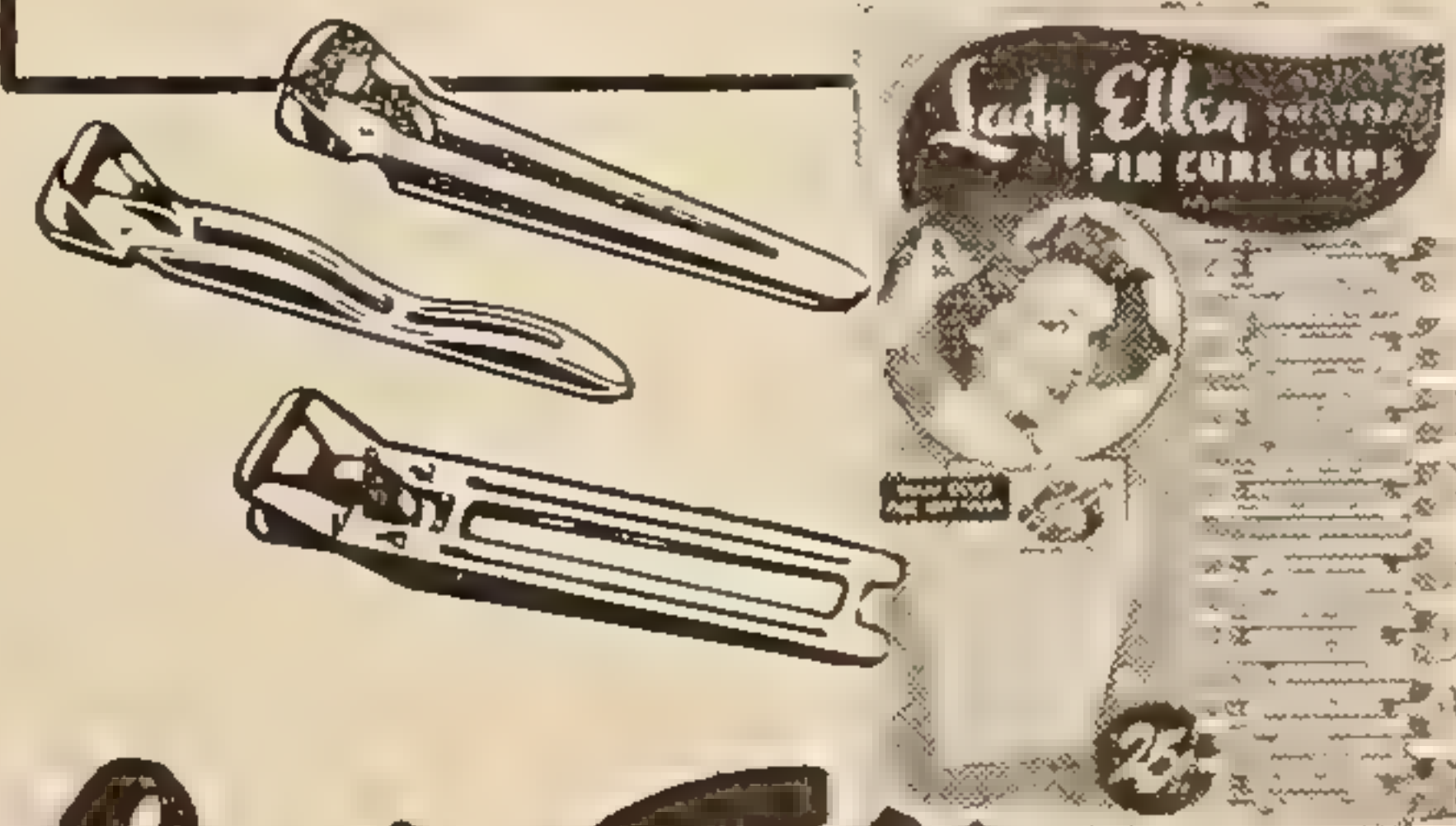
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Don't be a slave to old hair-setting habits that leave your hair frizzy or kinky, or with split ends. Next time, use Lady Ellen pin curl clips. Nine out of ten beauticians use and recommend Lady Ellen.

(Continued from page 80) since I was as guilty as the others.

We were at lots of parties. And, of course, we played all the kissing games like spin the bottle and parlor rugby. But the game that got the girls excited, with Art around, was post office.

We played it with numbers. One girl would know all the boys' numbers and one boy all the girls'.

Well, as soon as the numbers were distributed all the girls at the party would rush over to the girl who knew the answers, offering trinkets, examination questions, clothes and weekly allowances. Art's number frequently went to the highest bidder.

At one party a girl begged furiously and finally bid strong enough to get Art's number. Another girl, caught up in the mild hysteria, went up to the winning girl and said, "I'll give you my whole week's allowance if you'll just tell me what kissing Art is like after it's over."

(Incidentally after seeing all the Tab Hunter movies I can inform you that Art still has the old magnetism, only more so.)

One Kiss

One particular kiss involving Art at Mount Vernon almost caused a riot.

That year Art's class put on a semi-classical operetta called *The Dutch Shoes*.

A girl named Marilyn Gustafson was chosen to sing the heroine's role. Art sang the male lead, not only because he could sing so well, but he was a natural for the part of a Dutch youth.

The musical was a big thing for the class. Everybody wanted to be in it.

And once the girls got a look at Art in those blue, bell-bottomed trousers, wooden shoes and the little jacket with the brass buttons, the show was a sell-out, even though it was still rehearsing.

Now at the very end of the last act Marilyn and Art were to kiss. And I guess it was the first real in-the-flesh kiss any of us had ever seen on a stage. But the teacher who was directing the show wisely canceled the kiss out of the rehearsals until the real performance.

Well, at rehearsals the auditorium was jammed with girls, hundreds of them. The word had gotten around that Art was going to kiss a girl in public.

When they found that it wouldn't happen in rehearsals, the girls would stamp their feet and clap their hands and chant, "We want the kiss! We want the kiss!"

Finally we were barred from rehearsals. But that only stimulated our interest.

Then the afternoon of the show came. All went well with Art and Marilyn until the last of the third act.

This was what the audience of nearly a thousand teen-agers, mostly girls, had been waiting for.

Art finished singing his song to "his love" and then, in true dramatic fashion, he swept Marilyn into his arms and kissed her violently.

When he did that you would have thought that a thousand white mice had been let loose in the auditorium. There was squealing and moaning and loud cries of teen-age ecstasy, the like of which I've never heard since. Girls stood up on the seats and cheered while frantic teachers rushed up and down the aisles trying to restore order. Hats, sweaters and books were tossed into the air. The curtains closed and parted again for Art and Marilyn to take a bow.

The yelling and screaming got worse. It was deafening. It went on for five minutes, but it seemed like an eternity.

The next day, because of our "disgraceful conduct," the kiss was left out of the second showing of *Dutch Shoes*.

82 Art took it all good-naturedly, although

he told me later that he couldn't help being a little embarrassed. I should think so.

Actually the girls had made it very difficult for Art and unwittingly spoiled his chances to lead a normal routine at school.

He would have made a great school athlete, but his "handsome" reputation with the girls was so well known, the fellows were not too pleased to have him around.

They weren't rude to Art, but since he was a pretty sensitive kid, he knew the score. Without ever intending it, Art, just by being present, would distract the other fellows' girls and kill the party. So he turned his energies to riding and ice skating. It was unfortunate that Art wasn't accepted easily by the other boys.

I knew that his father had left his mother with two children when Art was only eleven months old.

Art never talked about his father, but disliked him so much that he wouldn't even take his name. Gelien was his mother's maiden name. Because she was the sole support of Art, and his brother Walter, Mrs. Gelien, a very intelligent and charming woman, worked as a physiotherapist on a Pacific Ocean liner. Of necessity, she was away from home for long periods of time and Art really needed the companionship that the boys at school denied him.

But on the outside it didn't seem to bother him. He was always kind and gracious and though the girls just naturally idolized him, the boys, too, respected him.

I Fall for Art

And Art was a gentleman.

I found that out when he invited me horseback riding one Saturday morning.

Bright and early Art and I and about twenty other kids showed up at the stables. I wore my best riding clothes. I knew how to ride but I was no expert.

There were about twenty kids in the riding party. We mounted our horses and for the first hour all went well. Then someone decided that we should all ride bareback.

Well, I had to be game about it so I agreed although I had never ridden that way before. In the beginning, it wasn't too bad. At a light trot you can hold on to the horse's mane. But when they started to gallop, I threw my arms around the horse's neck and held on for dear life.

Everyone laughed to see the wild-eyed clutch I had on the horse and the more frightened I became the swifter they galloped.

Then we came to a jump, a fairly high log. The horse took it beautifully. I made a very hard, three-point landing on the ground.

When I fell, the rest turned around and came back.

Art was the first to reach me. He jumped off his horse and asked if I was hurt. I said, "No, only my landing gear." He got me back up on the horse and we started off again.

We barely started when I fell off again.

Art helped me back on the horse again.

Well, I guess I fell off about ten times before we got back to the stables. But never once did Art complain, though it was certainly a bother for him to stop and help me up so many times.

That night we were singing together at a school dance. And all that evening, when Art would offer me a seat on the bandstand, I'd say, "No, thanks, Art, I'd rather stand." I don't think he ever realized why I couldn't sit down.

Later toward the end of the school year I noticed a slight change in Art. I didn't understand it then, but I think he was maturing more quickly than the other boys.

He gave me a hint of it one night on the way home from a band rehearsal.

I had never seen him so serious. He told me that he was going to a private school if he could earn enough for his tuition during the summer.

He said that a friend of his had suggested that he consider acting as a career and that at the new school he could study dramatics.

"If I could make some money at acting," he said with a faraway look in his eyes, "maybe I could own a few horses."

We laughed and Art added, "I don't know. I might even change my mind and join the Coast Guard." He had talked about that branch of the armed forces many times, and he did enlist about a year later. He had to leave when they found he was only sixteen.

The last day of school came and Mrs. Joost asked if Art and I would sing together in the class rooms to celebrate the coming vacation. We said sure and spent the morning going from class room to class room singing.

Just before we finished one of the girls asked for Art's autograph. Then another girl asked, then another. Mrs. Joost, who always had a sparkle of mischief in her eyes, had an idea. She had an announcement read in all the class rooms that "Our singing stars, Art Gelien and Bobby Turner," would be available for autographs in Art's home room after school.

It was a real tribute to Art that nearly three hundred girls formed a line that afternoon just to have him sign his name.

And I remember him whispering to me out of the corner of his mouth, "Here I

After listening to Zsa Zsa do a scene, Mac Benoff commented: "She speaks a fluent accent with only a trace of English." But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood.

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

am, Bobby, a perfect nobody, signing autographs."

I said, "It's good practice for the days when you'll be a movie star." He said, "It would never happen to me, Bobby, never."

Later outside the school we said goodbye. One of those abrupt farewells that kids give each other.

He said, "So long, Bobby, we had fun, didn't we?"

I said we certainly did and wished him the best of luck.

He turned and walked down the street. I stood and watched him. Then about a block away, he turned and waved. I didn't see him again until three years later at the Polar Palace, an ice skating rink in Los Angeles.

I came in with a boy friend and saw the same old picture. All the girls standing around watching Art Gelien skate.

About a year ago I saw Art again, at the beach. I was with my husband.

Art and I talked about school days and the friends we had. I reminded him about the kiss in *The Dutch Shoes*. He shook his head in embarrassment and said, "Those were the crazy days, weren't they?" We talked for a long time. Art said, rather sadly, that that one year at Mount Vernon was the only year he'd had regular high school classes.

I'm twenty-four now, with three children, as pleased with life as any woman could be.

Some day in the future one of my two daughters will come home from her first day at high school and tell me in wide-eyed excitement that there's a very handsome boy in her school.

And I'll put my arms around her and tell her that I understand perfectly.

And I hope, for my daughter's sake, that she has as much fun as I did, when I went to school with Tab Hunter. **END**

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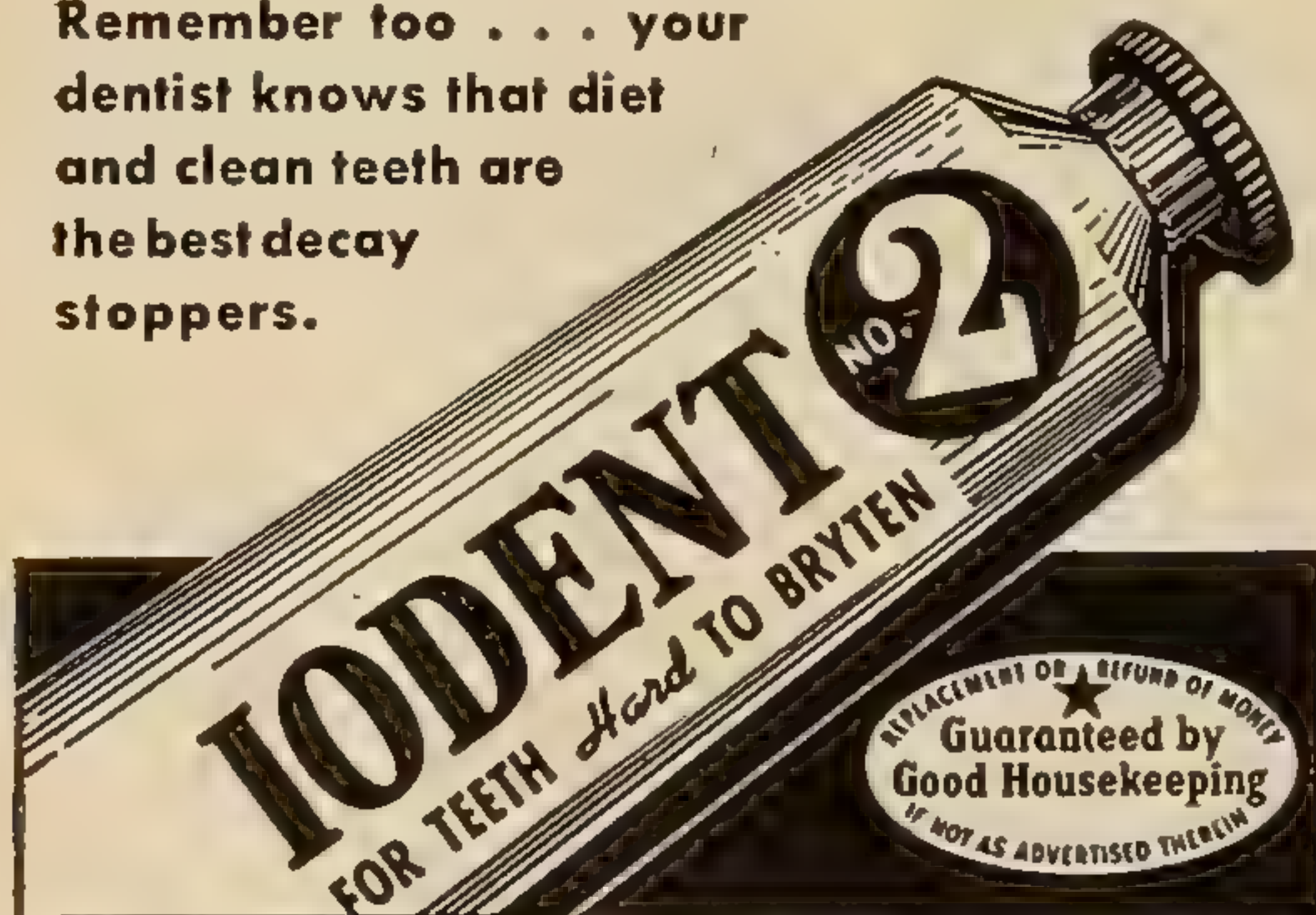


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george gobel

(Continued from page 62) (downtown) theatre, from their home on the northwest side of Chicago, promising to be back not later than 10 o'clock. But when he returned it was 11 o'clock. His father, Herman Gobel, a grocer, tired after a long day in his store, was already asleep. But his mother was waiting for George—with a scolding for staying out late.

"Mom, it was a funny show," George told her, and thereupon proceeded to reenact most of the vaudeville program he had seen. In two minutes Mrs. Gobel was laughing. In three minutes she shook her husband awake.

"Listen to this, Herb," she told the startled man as she motioned George to do the show all over again.

It is probably one of the finest testimonials ever paid to George as a teller of stories that his father struggled out of his slumber to listen and to laugh.

Papa Gobel

Herman Gobel (Herb to his wife and friends) has since retired, but George has fond recollections of the store. He recalls that he used to think as a child that his father was a well-dressed man because he always wore a neat, clean apron as he served customers.

His father still lives in Chicago although George has long wanted his parents to move to California. But his father's refusal is typical of him.

Herman Gobel won't leave Chicago until he can sell the little house in which he lives. He set a price on it several years ago and soon received an offer within \$1800 of the amount he wants. But he won't sell at the lower price. Herb thinks things have their value, which must be respected. And his son George, despite the fact that he would gladly make up the \$1800 loss to bring his folks out, knows his father's self-respect is involved and he must not interfere. Herman has lived much longer in a world where \$1800 is a small fortune, than George has lived on a level where big money is counted in terms of hundreds of thousands of dollars. "My father's conception of things must not be destroyed just to please me," George has said.

He can still remember his father's reaction to the first time George got a salary of \$1000 a week. When he got home to report it, his father shook his head, as if completely perplexed.

"What's the matter, Pop?" asked George. "It's the truth. I'm getting a thousand a week now."

The elderly grocer, who had labored hard all his life and had come to the end of many a year without netting any particular profit, let alone a thousand, stared at his son.

"George, it's not right," he said. "It's just not right."

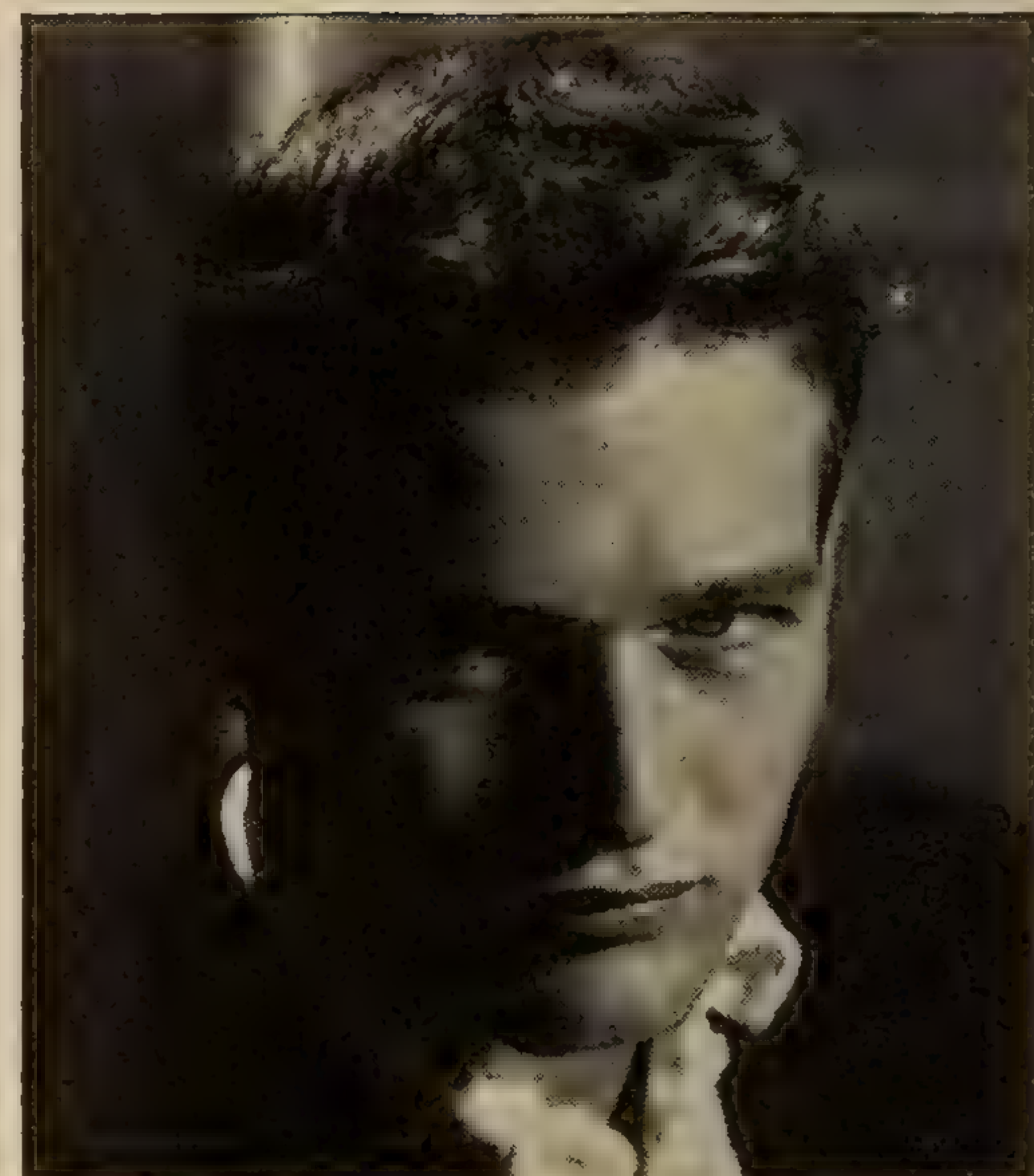
Herman Gobel is still a little dazed about his son's success—and the amount of money he makes. Well he might be, since George now commands not just a thousand a week, but as much as \$10,000 for one day's performance at a fair.

A spectacular variation

The comedian who has a winning personality for his audience and a poisonous one in his private life is not uncommon in the entertainment world. Among such, George stands out as a spectacular variation. He practices friendliness and kindness to a fault. Even more, he hates dissension and sharp words, whatever the provocation, even though he himself may be the offended party.

His manager, David P. O'Malley, with

A LESSON FROM DEBBIE



■ Two young people in the MGM commissary sat back to back the other day, strangers to each other, yet each knowing who the other was. He, the most talked about newcomer to Hollywood, was Paul Newman, starring in *The Rack* at MGM and due soon to play the role of Rocky Graziano in MGM's film version of Rocky Graziano's story, *Someone Up There Likes Me*. The girl was one of the country's newest and most famous young wives, Debbie Reynolds, just completing *The Catered Affair*.

A studio official stopped by for a word with Paul and the latter swung half-way around in his chair to respond. This brought his head not a foot away from Debbie's. She sensed it and turned in her chair as well so that now they could see each other out of the corner of their eyes.

"I would love to meet you," Debbie let go, pointblank.

He was taken aback for a second and the man who had stopped to talk spoke up. "Why, Debbie, I thought you knew Paul Newman! Paul, this is Debbie Reynolds."

They smiled at each other and Debbie laughed. "Of course I didn't know you and that's the trouble with Hollywood," she said. "I mean, everybody thinks you know everybody! And the truth is you can go years without meeting anybody if you don't speak up for yourself!"

"Well, I'm glad you did," said Paul.

"I mean it, now," warned Debbie. "You're sort of new to Hollywood. Don't wait if there is someone you want to meet. Speak up."

"I will. I will," he assured her.

whom George incorporated himself into a company known as Gomalco Enterprises, can recite a dozen incidents when George would have been quite justified in blowing his top—and wouldn't. "I don't even think George can bear a grudge," he said.

When George was part of a musical quartet around Chicago it soon became known that his was the talent which sold the group—yet he never had much to say about the money end of the business, letting the others collect and distribute the act's salary. "He just didn't want to get into the acrimonious debates which flare up in show business over matters of billing and salary," O'Malley recalls.

Of course, when George became a single it was necessary for him to handle his affairs himself. Yet even so he managed to conduct himself gently. One Saturday he arrived at a prominent St. Louis hotel under the impression that he had been engaged to appear there for the week, only to find out that there had been a misunderstanding and no one knew anything about his coming.

Tired and upset, he asked for a room and was coldly told that none was available due to a heavy rush of reservations. No, no arrangements could be made. The hotel was completely *not* at his service.

George went back to the railroad station and caught a Chicago and Alton train home to Chicago. One year later the hotel found itself without a headliner for a holiday week and frantically wired for George, who had since established himself more strongly as a name attraction.

"Here's your chance to get even—and get a bonus for that run-around they gave you last year," his friends gloated.

George shook his head. "I'll go," he said, "for the regular salary."

"Hey! There's George!"

It may be that George's size *has* affected his personality in one way. He cannot be rude to anyone, because he cannot bear having anyone feel unimportant.

Early this spring George gave O'Malley and a group of tv network executives a good demonstration of how a democratic star really behaves. They had all piled into several cars in Hollywood one afternoon to drive to the Ambassador Hotel, where George's sponsor awaited them to discuss his program. When the car George was in reached the hotel he stepped out and was recognized by a small newsboy standing nearly fifty yards away.

"George Gobel!" came the delighted cry of the boy as he recognized the comedian. "Hey! That's George Gobel! Hi, George!" And the boy came a-running.

This sort of scene always poses a problem. Most stars try to duck it. They would probably wave at the boy and run into the hotel. Nobody is more unobtrusive than George Gobel, and nobody could wish more than he to avoid public demonstrations. They embarrass him. But walking away from the boy would have meant hurting him. He couldn't do it. Instead George stopped short so that the other members of his party pulled ahead—and then he returned to walk back to the boy and meet him half-way.

Together they stood, talking, the boy exploding with glee at being able to meet George Gobel in person, while at the hotel entrance the men who had come with George stood, shifting from foot to foot, as they waited.

It isn't any wonder probably that a writer, trying to describe George and George's way of life to his editor, finally epitomized it this way: "Well, he's a little man the first time you see him. But from then on he grows. And he never looks small to you again."

END



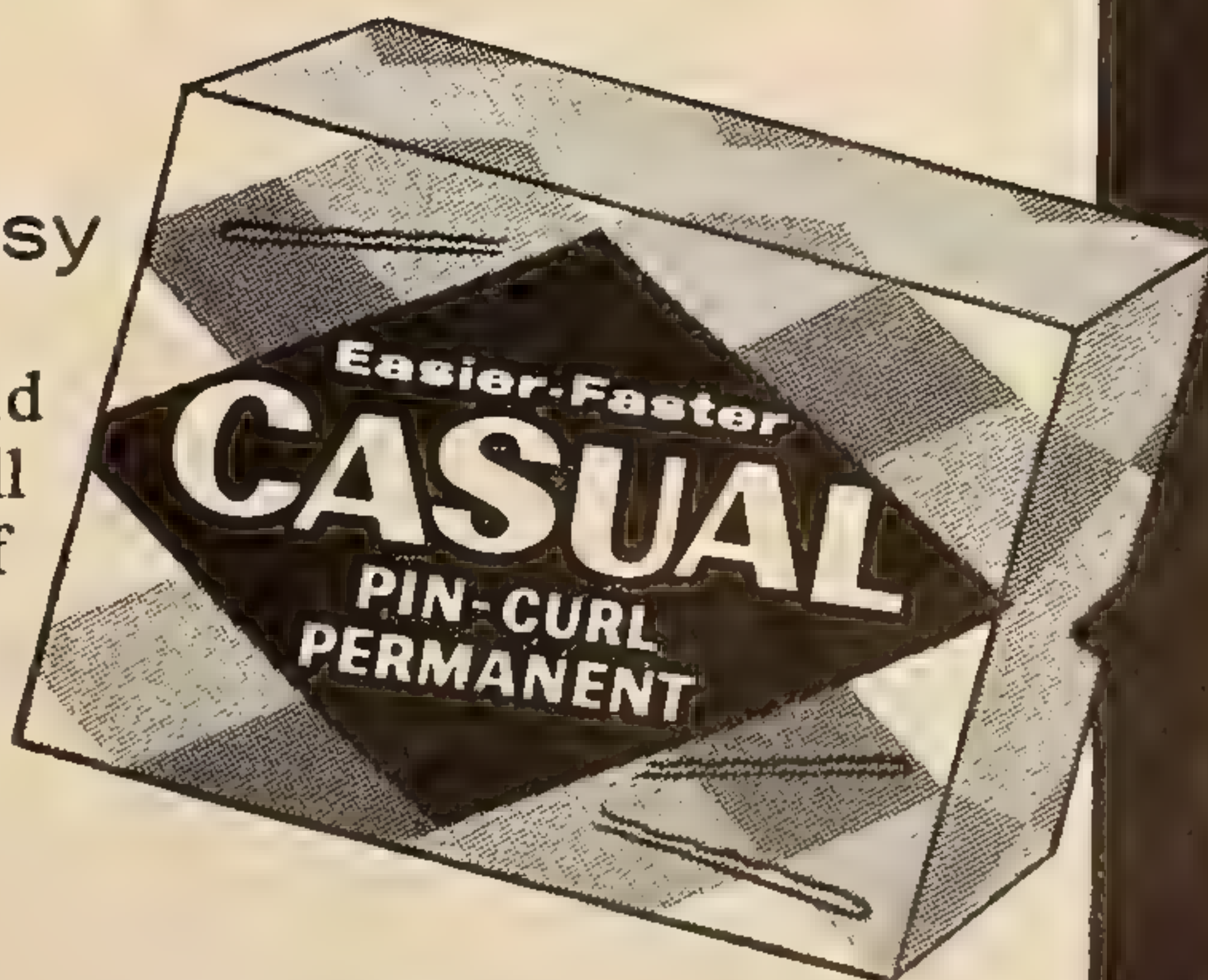
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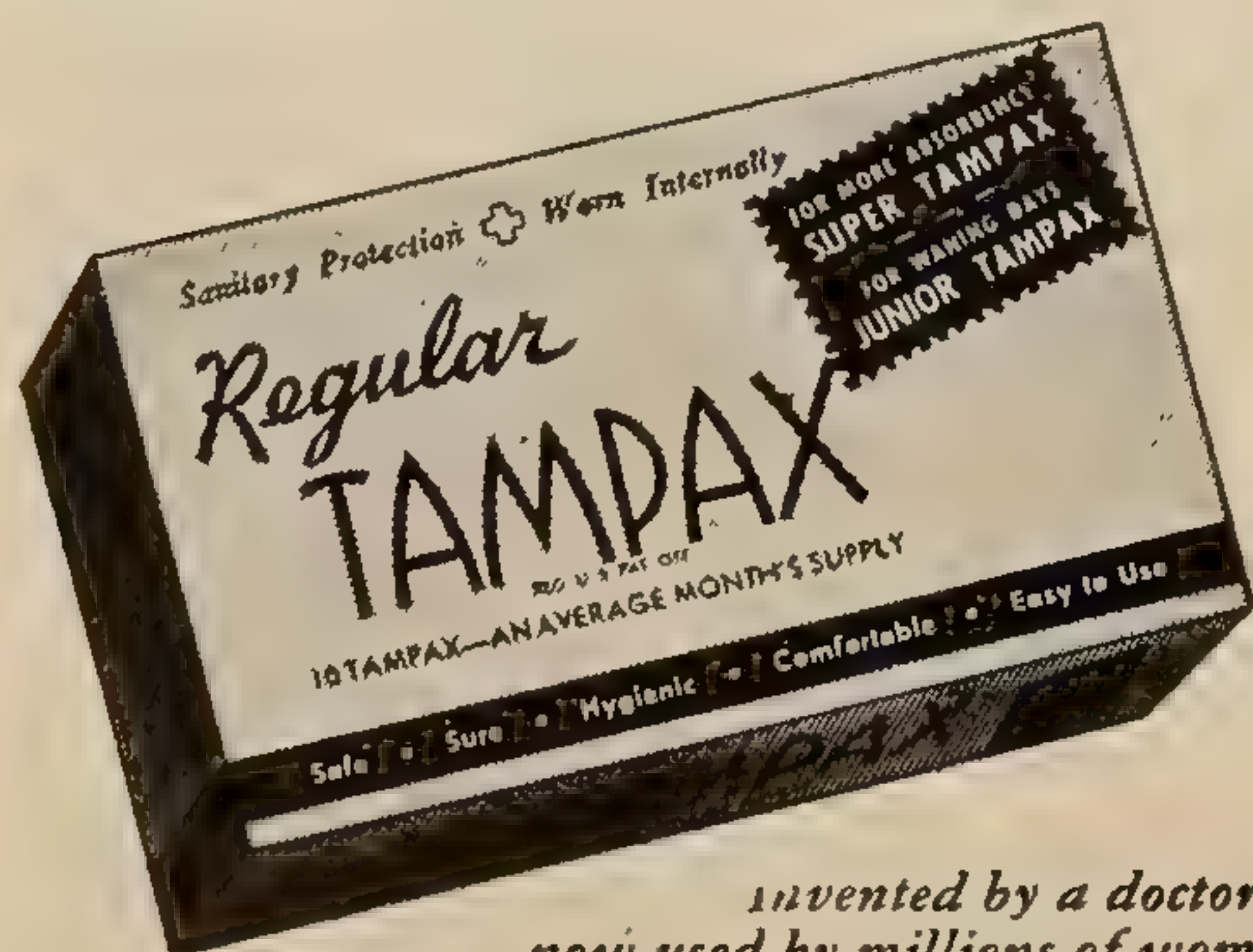
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now used by millions of women*

bringing baby home

(Continued from page 35) are a great couple, and fun to be with. The last time we went over to their house we saw the new baby, who was then a month old. I'd been dying to see her, of course, but being a mother myself, I know how awful those first few weeks at home can be when the house is filled with people cooing at the baby and staying much too long for a new mother's nervous system. So Pete and I waited, and I'd like to report that the new Lindsay Averill Nerney is a doll. Not that she's much different than any other baby, but her head and ears are so beautifully shaped and—well, it's just that friends' babies always seem more interesting than just any old baby.

Jane harped for so long on the fact she was going to have a red-haired baby that I think she's a little disappointed that Lindsay didn't cooperate. The baby's hair is just plain brown, and Jane is confident it'll turn red soon and match Pat's. "If it doesn't," she says, "keep me away from all bottles containing henna rinse."

They'd wanted a boy, too, to give Pat his first son, and to even the number to two-and-two, what with Monie and Sissy outweighing Jay. Monie, by the way, spends every other week end with the family and Jay and Sissy absolutely adore her. Pat once gave Jane a pin in the shape of a golden tree with two small birds perched in the branches. "They're like Jaybird and Sissybird," he told the kids. Sissy demanded to know where Moniebird was!

Anyway, to get back to what I was saying, the Nerneys aren't the kind of people to be adamant about the baby's gender, and to see Janie cooing over the baby and laughing at her burps is to know she's already forgotten she ever hoped for a boy.

After we'd seen the baby and Pat had hauled Pete off to show him a new painting, I asked Janie what was Pat's newest penchant. This is a gag with all the Nerneys' friends, as Pat is forever going off into a new enthusiasm, and into each one he throws himself heart and soul. The last I'd heard of it was golf, with Janie fuming a bit because she was pregnant and couldn't keep up with Pat.

She laughed. "You'd never guess. Not in a million years."

"Basket weaving?" I ventured.

She shook her head. "In August we're going on an African safari."

My mouth opened and wouldn't close.

"You're kidding!" I said, but all the time I knew it was probably true, not only because Pat had had this bee in his bonnet before he and Janie were married, but because Pat can latch on to the most improbable things.

"Not only Africa," she said. "We're going to start the trip by going through the Scandinavian countries, which we missed on our honeymoon, then the safari which'll take twenty-one days, and then we're going to come home via the Orient."

"How long will you be gone?" I asked.

"Six weeks altogether. I worry about leaving the children for so long, but the doctor assures me everything will be all right. I can't believe this safari—it's too fantastic to happen to me."

"Amen," I said. "And now away from dark thoughts. Show me the diamond cross Pat gave you when the baby was born."

Diamonds and doctors

It's always something new with the Nerneys. Pat is forever giving Janie gifts, to such an extent that I think Pete is secretly a little nervous about it. Pat hands out things like diamond earrings, Hi-fi systems, necklaces, assorted rings, and

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

■ Last summer, many tourists in Texas got the shock of their vacations. Those who were anywhere between Bracketville and San Antonio were more than likely to come upon a wagon train—a string of Conestoga wagons and about 100 people. Most of these were cowboys.

None of the pop-eyed tourists ever knew that one of the lead riders, even dustier and warmer than the rest, was a native New Yorker, an actor named Ben Cooper. The Texans knew it, though, and respected Ben.



The whole thing had happened as a surprise to Ben, who was sent to Bracketville

to make a personal appearance to plug *The Last Command*. He stepped off the plane figuring this was going to be like any other p.a. He was then told about the wagon train, to take off from Bracketville and travel to San Antonio, 138 miles away. They were to use old abandoned trails wherever possible, and take to the highway only when necessary. And he, they told him, would be a lead rider. "But we don't expect you to really go the whole way."

It was obvious the Texans didn't know Ben Cooper. He mounted his horse at 4 a.m. the next morning and stuck with the drive all the way through, for 4½ days. They camped out at night, cooked their breakfast and were off again before dawn.

The Texans were astonished that a New Yorker could stick it out. Ben told them he'd ridden all his life and horses were his hobby, but they knew as well as he that an hour's canter can't be compared to four straight days in the saddle. They were all weary—even some of the Texans dropped out—but they couldn't get Cooper off that horse. One of the riders kept asking him the same question—"Son, are you sure you've never been to Texas before?"

When the trek was over and Ben walked on the stage of a San Antonio theatre for the p.a. stint, the entire audience stood up and cheered him.

after they agreed not to give each other anything last Christmas, Janie of course got a mink stole. In horrible contrast my old man is lucky if he remembers to bring home a bunch of wild flowers for our anniversary. Anyway, Janie showed me the diamond cross, and then she showed me her ears.

"I had them pierced while I was in the delivery room," she said.

It seems that Janie, who is daffy over earrings, had always wanted her ears pierced, and when Pat gave her diamond earrings recently, that settled it. She asked the doctor to take care of the operation while she was on the delivery table, whereupon the medic went into a snit.

"I've never done such a thing," he protested.

"It's easy," said Janie. "I'll mark where I want it done."

The delivery of Lindsay Averill was a cinch compared with the ear job. The nurses decided that Janie had put her X's in the wrong place and the doctor stood by, knife in hand, while the females fumed over the problem. Outside, Pat perspired freely, wondering what was taking everybody so long. The doctor had assured him this would be an easy birth.

"Hurry up and decide," the doctor told the nurses. "I haven't got all day." And with the ears properly marked, he went to work, perspiring much more than Pat. Afterward he told Janie he'd never do such a thing again. "You women!" he snorted. "It's absolutely barbaric!"

As for the birth, it was easy. With her usual aplomb, Janie had eaten four desserts for a midnight snack on January 31, and on the morning of February 1, dropped Jay off at school and wended her way, with Pat, to the hospital. At 3 o'clock Lindsay was born, and at 6:30 the next morning Mother Nerney was up and around her hospital room. The baby was born on a Wednesday, Janie returned home on Sunday, and on the following Thursday morning I telephoned her. She talked for a half hour, and then casually mentioned she was giving a dinner party that evening.

"One week after the birth? How many people?" I gasped.

"Twelve," said Janie, with the same self possession she might have used to announce her father was coming over for a hamburger. "I'm wearing a straight skirt," she added, and I figured that as she said it she was proudly patting her tummy.

Now, as we sat in the living room, five-year-old Jay walked in. Sissy followed and Jay scowled at her.

"They're still mad at each other," Janie explained. "Sissy wanted a girl and Jay wanted a boy. He was all set to name him Karl, after the local shoe stores. And he figures it's Sissy's fault that we had a girl." She bent down to Sissy, who had not had the nap she was supposed to have. "Say how-do-you-do," said Janie.

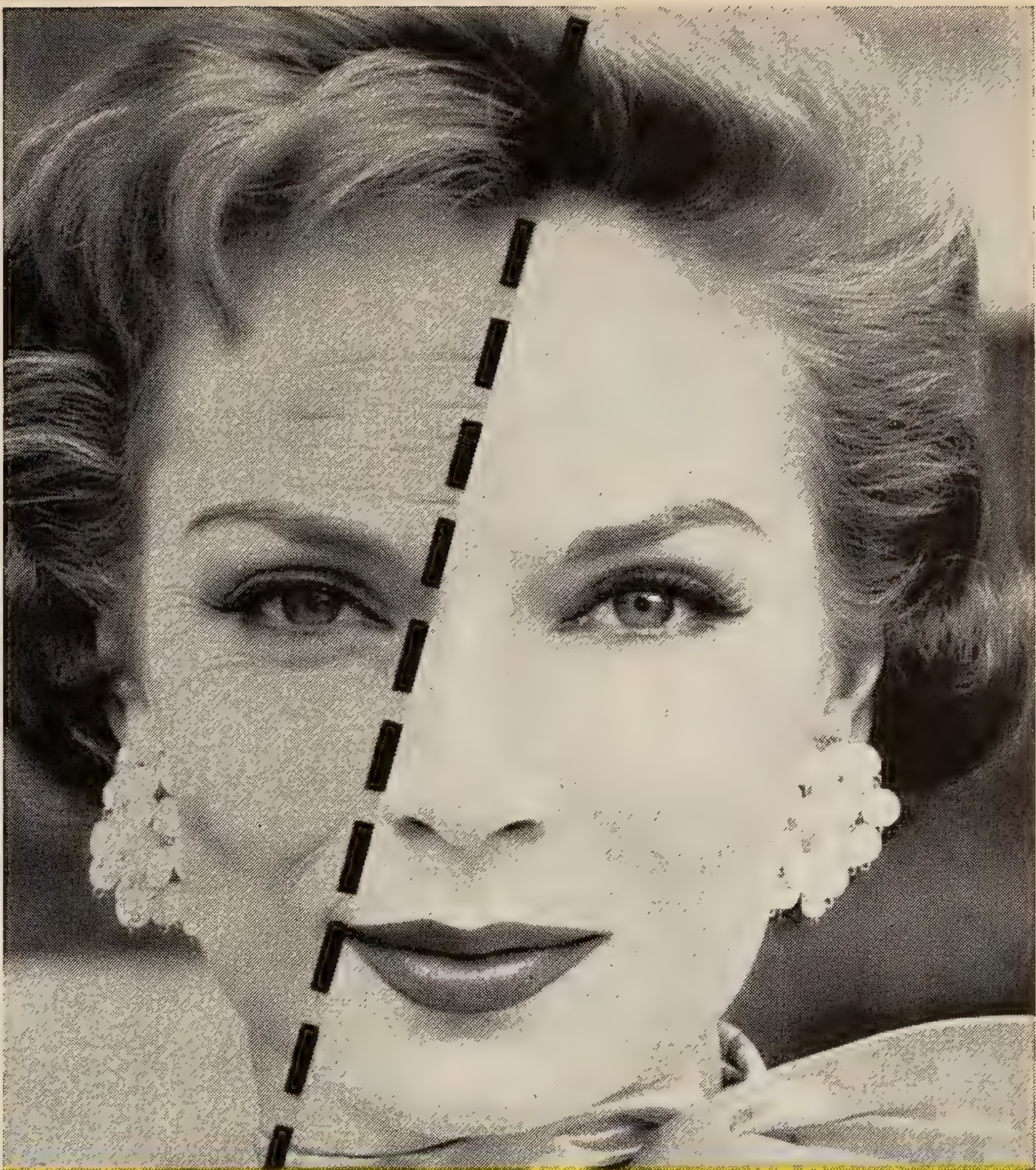
For answer Sissy only glowered at us from sleepy eyes.

Jane looked up at her eyebrows in disgust. "She's three," she said. "A very trying age. That's all I have to say—she's three."

When I knew Janie

When Pete and I left, I thought how much happier Janie was. The sense of humor was back, and the same level-headedness she'd shown even back in Portland, when we were in school together. Of course, after she got into the movies, I didn't see much of her for a while.

But in 1951 Pete and I set up house-keeping in the San Fernando Valley, which is a fairly fat drive from where Janie was living, on Medio Drive in Brentwood. (Continued on page 89)



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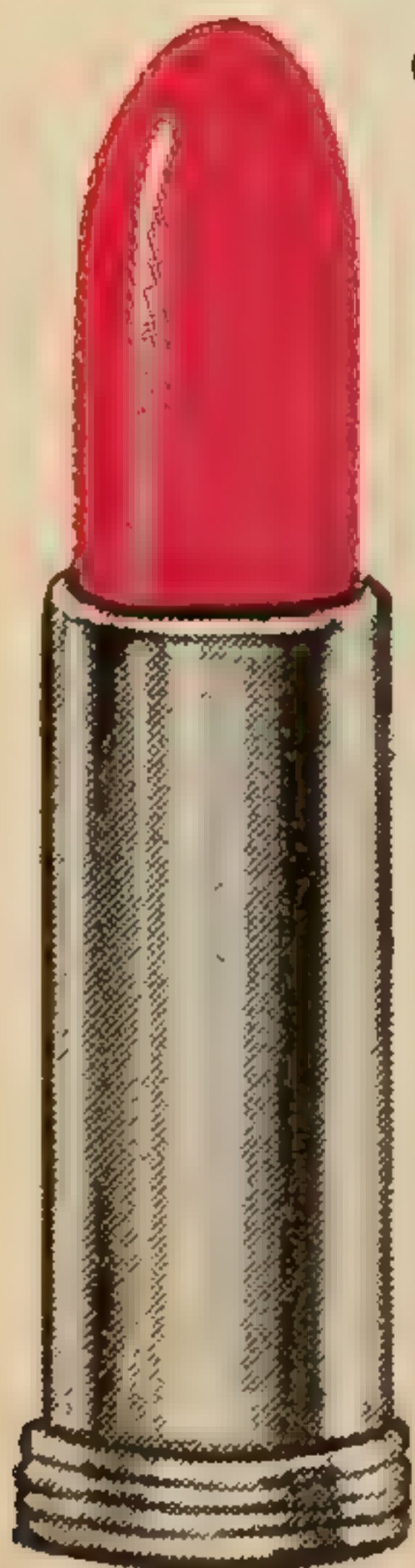


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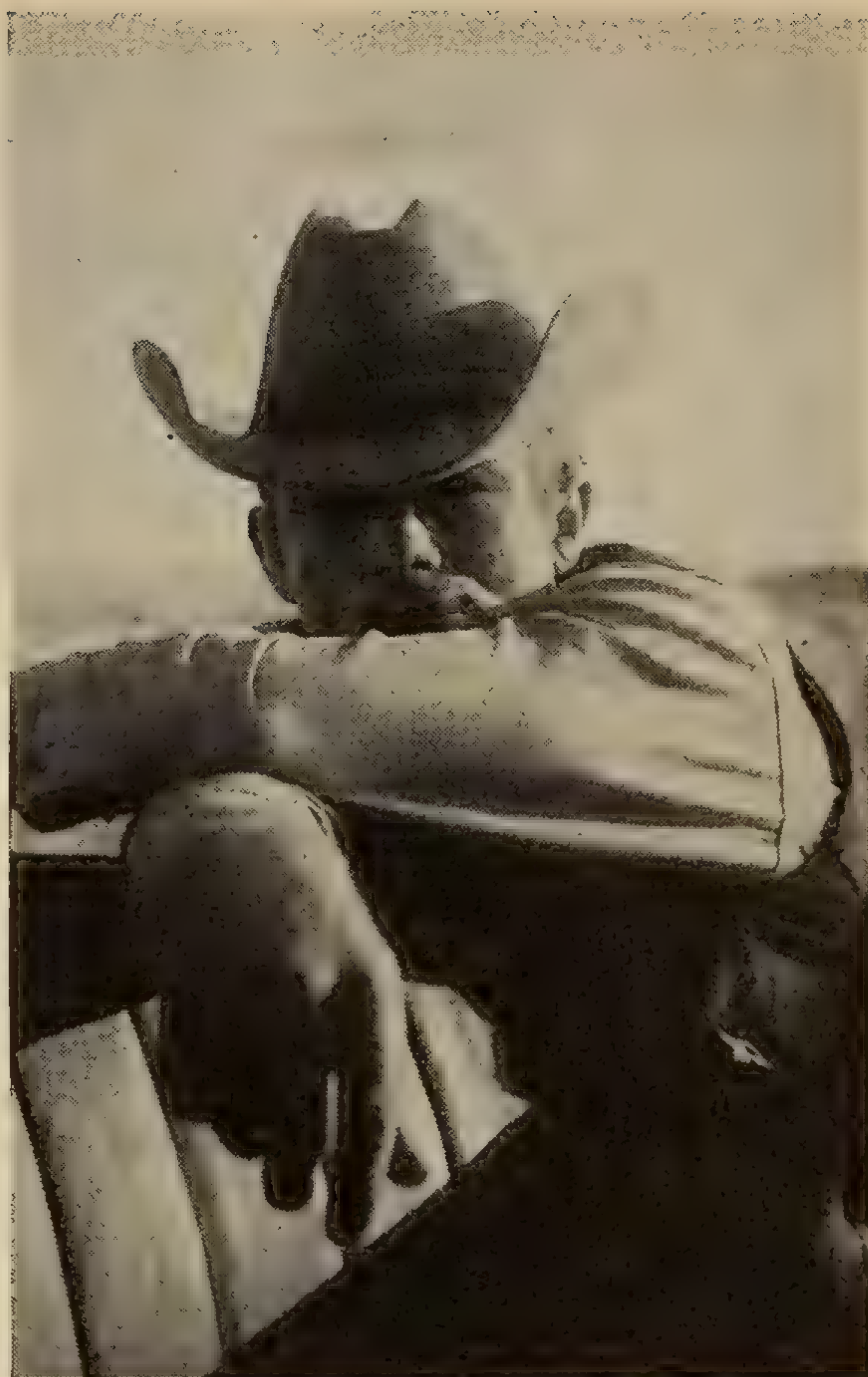
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IT HAPPENED TO ME:

A MEMENTO FROM JIMMY DEAN

■ When I met Jimmy Dean here in Texas, I didn't know who he was. The next day a friend took me to the set of *Giant* and there I saw Jimmy and recognized him—from the night before.

The night before, I was driving alone into Marifa when my car started missing as if it was about out of gas. It got so bad that I had to pull off the highway and stop. Naturally, I was frightened and I couldn't imagine what I could possibly do to find out what the trouble was. I knew I wasn't out of gas.

Dreading what was about to happen, I got out of the car. No sooner had I done this, when a white vehicle stopped behind me. The driver left his headlights on and got out of the car. He looked just like any other Texan—wearing a wide brimmed hat, jeans, and a dangling white shirt. He spoke so friendly and pleasant like, that I became grateful rather than scared.

He asked for a flashlight and I found one in my glove compartment. He raised the hood and after a quick examination, he laughed and pointed out the trouble to me. It was just a loose cable running from the battery. He fixed it for me.

"The motor is steaming," he said. "I bet you haven't checked the water lately."

"Nope," I answered. "I just go."

"Well, if you want the car to go when you say go, you had better have it checked at the next station." He laughed again and slammed the hood down.

"You drive fast, huh?" he asked.

I must have looked puzzled because he went on to explain that he had noticed me at a roadside restaurant only a few minutes before.

He then went around to my car window. Taking a card out of his pocket, he flipped it on the front seat.

"A little Texas memento. Read it! It could save the blond head! You go first," he continued, "and I'll follow you into the metropolis." We both laughed.

On Main Street in Marifa, I waved goodbye to Jimmy Dean. It was the first and last goodbye I would say to him.

The card that he gave me is a joke postcard. I shall keep it always, although I now find it very sad to read. And to remember. It goes like this:

*At sixty miles an hour sing
This world is not my home anymore
At seventy miles an hour sing
Nearer to my Lord am I
At eighty miles an hour sing
Lord, I'm Comin' Home.*

● Name Withheld

SOPHIA LOREN'S TRANSFORMATION



You may not recognize the Italian Monroe — she'll be wearing a wig in *The Pride And The Passion*, her first U. S. film.

(Continued from page 87) She was married to Geary Steffen at the time, and expecting her first baby. I called her up as soon as we were settled and she asked us to come over on Sunday for a swim in their pool. It was a pretty house, not anything pretentious, but the sensible kind of house I figured Janie would choose. Geary turned out to be an affable young man who was forever making notes in a small notebook and rushing into the house to make business calls. He seemed very boyish in comparison to Janie, who had matured into the glamorous creature she had never hoped to be. I remarked about it to her.

"I'm glad somebody thinks I'm grown up. As far as the studio is concerned, I'm still their baby, and they still put me in teen-age roles."

We swam for a while—Janie told me everybody was shocked that she'd swim so much while pregnant, but the doctor had told her it was good for her—and that afternoon Janie must have eaten a dozen tangerines. I was mildly surprised because she always hated them, but in this case it was orders from the little man who wasn't yet there. Marshall Thompson and his wife Barbara came over later, and we ended up painting the picket gate that led into the driveway.

I had a job for a while at the MGM studio, and in the summer of 1952 rumors went around the studio grapevine that all was not well in the Steffen house. Janie never said beans to me, and of course I didn't bring up the subject, but she and Geary were away from each other a lot in those days. Then we had a baby of our own, and I didn't see Janie again until she was expecting her second. As a matter of fact, we were with the Stefens the night Janie was rushed to the hospital. She and Geary had dinner at Chasen's with some friends, and inasmuch as such expensive shenanigans don't fit into our budget, we met them afterward, to go to the Wilshire Ebell Theatre to see José Greco's troupe. I thought Janie looked a little pale around the gills, but attributed it to the fact that she had probably eaten not only her own dinner, but also a portion of everyone else's at the table. At the theatre I noticed she closed her eyes every once in a while, and during the second act she asked Geary to take her out for a glass of water. Being a mother myself, I figured she was ready for her own production, but I didn't say anything and just sat there admiring the girl's spunk. Geary asked if she didn't want to go home but she said no, she'd like to stay until the end of the show. After the curtain came down and she stood up, I knew she was feeling dizzy.

"You ought to face it," I said, breaking my silence for the first time. "You're ready for Freddie."

Pete ran to phone the doctor and I stayed with Janie until Geary drove the car to the front of the theatre. Two hours later Sissy was born, and Janie was well on her way to having the six children she always wanted.

Jane and trouble

I'm no doctor, but I think she went back to work too soon. Sissy was born on November 21, and on January 15 Janie reported at Warner Bros. to make *Three Sailors And A Girl*. Janie's chief fault, which harms only herself, is that she simply won't give up. She can be ready to drop from weariness but won't admit it, even to herself. She always sets her schedules too tight for comfort. The schedule of that film was too tight, too. Warners had decided to shut down for a few months and wanted to get the picture out of the way, with the result that shooting time was narrowed considerably.



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This was when all the furor broke about Gene Nelson and Janie. As Janie's friend, I can only sum up what happened. They fell wildly but briefly in love, and each sued their mate for divorce, with full intentions of getting married to each other. The whole thing was unfortunate but unavoidable. The publicity let Janie in for a great deal of criticism, but I think the important thing was that her marriage to Geary was already a dead thing. It is not my place to dwell on the reasons thereof; perhaps I can state it best by saying that to me, as an old friend who knew Janie rather well, she and Geary never seemed to be well matched. Whatever the reasons, the fact is that Janie had long been considering divorce, and her meeting Gene only spurred it on. That she and Gene did not marry is perhaps a good thing. I should have hated to see her miss out on the happiness she has had with Pat Nerney. At any rate, having sued for six-week divorces, both Janie and Gene were instead given interlocutory decrees, and the imposed waiting cooled them off.

Jane and Pat

Janie's divorce decree began August 6 of 1953, and by November she was a lonely girl. Free, sure, but disillusioned and unhappy and without a foreseeable future. On November 8 I telephoned her. I remember the date because it turned out to be full of meaning.

"I think I've done something awful," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, Pat Nerney just called me for a dinner date tonight, and I said yes."

"What's so awful about that?" I wanted to know.

"But I don't know him. He says I met him at some dinner party, but I hardly remember him. Maybe I ought to call and break the date."

"Oh, go out with him!" I said. "It'll do you good."

And it did. Pat is a fun-loving guy who gets a boot out of life and people, and he was exactly the medicine Janie needed. The following January she bought the house they live in now. Pat was with her when she looked at it—it was the first house she looked at, too—and to this day Janie denies that at the time she had any thoughts of marrying him. At any rate, Pat liked it, and we did, too, when we saw it. It was in a new development built on land that used to be a polo field and it had, besides a good floor plan and fine construction, features that Janie liked. Pavements for the kids to skate on, and nearby neighbors whose children Jay and Sissy could play with, and a school not two blocks away. So she bought it on the spot and even now, with three children and frequent visits by Monie, Janie insists the house is plenty big enough. "Of course, when we have a few more children I suppose we'll burst the seams and have to have a bigger house, but I want to stay here as long as we can. I love this house."

Anyway, a year after their first date, Janie and Pat were married. He tried to rush her but Janie would have none of it. She had married the first time because she was lonely, and now she was lonely again, and she wanted to make sure that it was Pat himself she wanted, not mere companionship. Also, before she fully made up her mind, she thought she'd ask Geary, Jr. how he would like Pat's coming to live with them. Geary, Jr., a very good friend of Pat's, said, "Okay, he can have my bed." With that in mind plus Geary's insistence that Pat try out his bed for size, Jane decided the marriage would be fine with him. The wedding was in Ojai,

and then they took off for a European honeymoon. It was Janie's first trip and when they returned, to be home for Christmas with the children, she was all agog over Venice and Rome and Paris. "That Venice," she sighed a half dozen times. "What a romantic city!"

Roses

Since then everything has been roses, with perhaps only one small dark cloud. Janie finished *Hit The Deck* at MGM just before she was married, and although still under contract to MGM they had no pictures for her. I suppose the studio, as it had for more than ten years, was still putting Janie into a mental age slot. Her biggest successes had been the teen-age type of thing, and it didn't occur to them that she might well graduate into adult roles. I never understood it, for when I worked there I knew that the majority of the males on the lot considered Janie quite a dish. At any rate, she began to fret in a situation where she was not working, yet still under the restrictions of her contract. She couldn't do tv or accept offers from other studios, and when

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she wanted to accept night-club engagements she always had to check for permission with the studio. So last year she asked to be released from her contract, and from now on things should be more to her liking. Janie has versatile talents, singing, acting and dancing, and now that she's signed with a couple of studios, she can branch out.

Janie is the kind of person who has to know where she's going. If things are confused, or at a standstill, she's unhappy. "I can't stand living in a vacuum," she says.

It would seem she's out of the vacuum now. She is free to choose her work and to plan the work to sandwich in between future babies. With God's will, she'll be having more of them. "Let's try again for a boy, Mommy," says Jay, and to Pat, "What in the world are we going to do with all these women around the house?"

She has put her past unhappiness behind her, refers to it as "the trouble," and prefers not to talk or think about it. Janie has been lonely so much. She was lonely even in Portland, living so far away from the rest of the kids and being an only child, and she was lonely when she came to Hollywood and grew homesick for Portland. It's been said often, and I tend to believe it, that she was lonely when she married Geary Steffen. I asked her not long ago if she still had such moments, and she smiled slowly. "No. I'm not lonely. Not any more." **END**

I can never marry you

(Continued from page 44) voice, she returned his smile and in the beginning she enjoyed his blarney. But as the minutes passed, Ann realized that the conversation might be long, but it would never run short of Egan talking about Egan.

Patently she listened.

"They tell me I look like Gable," Egan pointed out.

Ann looked him over carefully. From head to toe. Then, with her famous, sugary-sweet smile, she said, "Why not try acting like him?"

"Oh, I will, I will," said Egan confidently. He gazed into Ann's eyes happily. And then he saw the sarcasm she had intended.

His mouth opened. Nothing came out. Ann looked back at him with her straight, steady gaze. "I'm afraid, Mr. Egan," she said, "that your ego is showing."

Egan was shocked. Stunned, in fact. No one had said anything like that to him, ever. Was she joking? No, not looking at him like that, she wasn't. Could it be true? He had only to look at Ann again, still staring him down, to realize that she had no interest in being malicious—she hadn't even any interest in this staring contest going on between them. She was just being honest. And she probably knew what she was talking about.

Ann dropped her eyes. All of a sudden she was looking at a battered sense of security. There was such a thing, she reminded herself, as being over frank. Cruel, even. Well, she'd deflated the boy—now it was up to her to build him up again. And he looked as if he could take a little advice. She turned on her heel, walked to an empty corner of the room and sat down. Like a puppy on a leash, Richard Egan followed her meekly.

Carried away by it all

They talked. They talked until Ann, with a startled glance at her watch, realized that she had intended to leave long ago. But she'd gotten so carried away—and not just with her own advice. She'd been enjoying herself. He listened very well, that Dick Egan. He spoke very well. He—Ann got her coat and hurried out. She wasn't interested in men.

And Dick Egan went back to flunking tests. At MGM, Paramount, Universal. The independent producers wouldn't even see him, much less test him. In a few weeks he was beat. He decided to go back home and become a lawyer.

Only first, there was something he had to do. He had to apologize to one Ann Sothorn for his bad manners. And he had to tell her she was right. He phoned and asked for a dinner date. Ann accepted it.

Why she said yes, she didn't really know. She was only recently divorced from Bob Sterling and she was getting along very nicely without a man around the house. She liked it that way. Her daughter Tish was away in school and she missed her—but the house wasn't too lonely. And if by any chance she did feel lonely, the answer wouldn't be a man ten years younger than herself. What a thought! No, the only reason she said yes was because he had sounded so discouraged, had said something about giving up and going home. And maybe she was responsible. But it was a funny thing—she hummed all the while she was getting dressed.

And all through dinner, they talked. Partly about Dick, but more about Ann. That is, Egan talked about her; Ann didn't want to. However content her life was at the moment, it was not crammed full of dinner-table amusement. She didn't feel well lately—some sort of virus attacks kept



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Also in this issue—"The Swan" starring Grace Kelly and Alec Guinness

putting her to bed. The doctors were beginning to call it chronic. Not the sort of thing you discuss on a date with a rather strikingly handsome guy—who looked like Clark Gable. Whenever she could, Ann turned the conversation back to Dick.

She dragged out of him the fact that he didn't really want to be a lawyer anymore—that was a boyhood dream he had resurrected in desperation. She saw the tremendous sense of failure he would take with him if he left Hollywood now—it was written all over his face, it quivered in his voice. She made him admit that it wasn't financial difficulties that necessitated his leaving—his parents weren't wealthy but they could see him through a while more. And they wanted to. He was leaving only because he was discouraged.

"Listen," Ann said, "the stories I could tell you—" and she told him about her own first days in movies. Or rather, out of them. Her heartbreaks. Her I'm-going-home periods. And how she had pulled through. How he could do the same.

When they parted that night, Dick Egan knew he wasn't going to leave Hollywood. His arrogance had been destroyed, sure. But in its place he had something better. He had someone *with* him, on his side, telling him he could do it. Not offering him tricks and secrets and the uses of pull—but the honest sympathy of a friend who'd been through it all and come out on top. Something to build on.

Love comes

As often as she would let him, he saw Ann. Away from her, he worked, studied, made the rounds, auditioned, got rejected—but he lived through it. He got a couple of walk-ons. His successes, compared to what he wanted, were toothpicks next to redwoods. But they were bread-and-butter.

When something good happened, he phoned Ann. "Have dinner with me. Celebrate." "Come for a drive—I got a part!" "Come on—we're going visiting."

And when he got a few lines, it was to her he turned to share his joy. "It all belongs to you. You did it."

"I didn't do anything," she said.

"You did everything."

And out of friendship, love grew. First for Dick.

It was a mature kind of love. There was little moonshine about Dick, none of the puppy-love, out-of-this-world air. He didn't look like a man in love. He said he was—he didn't mind admitting it—but his friends didn't quite get it.

"You seem so matter-of-fact, Dick."

"I guess I am. I'm not a kid."

"Well, what's she like?"

"Oh, she's beautiful . . . she's so intelligent . . . she's—"

"Dick? Hello—Dick?"

But Egan was done talking. It happened every time. A misty look came into the eyes, the mouth shut tight—and so did the ears, it seemed. He heard no more. He was thinking about Ann. If you didn't know better, you might have said it looked like puppy love.

His pals were stunned. What a switch. Egan in love with a girl who wasn't in love with him? Now, there was a "first" for you—he'd never in his life tumbled for a girl before she went mad for him, mainly because so many girls flipped so fast. His friends had what they termed "a funny feeling" about the romance—but Dick was so happy (in a matter-of-fact way, of course) that they shrugged off their doubts. They were happy for him.

And Ann?

All of a sudden she was unavailable. Her phone rang, and she didn't answer. When Rich, dialing frantically, finally got an answer, she was "busy." No, she couldn't go to dinner. Nor to the movies. Nor

for a drive. No, he couldn't come over—she was going to sleep.

"Is she sick?" Dick asked her friends. "Is she keeping something from me?"

And they told him, "She doesn't want to fall in love with you, Rich. She doesn't mind liking you—but that's all. She just had a difficult marriage, she's depressed about the studio letting her go, she's not very well. Her life's complicated enough as is. It's just not a good time in her life for love."

But love is not a respecter of complicated lives, and Ann, for all her wisdom and worldliness, couldn't be busy forever. The first time she saw Dick again, it was all settled. She loved him—and that was that.

Like all people in love, they were happy. Unlike other people's, their happiness did not last.

"Who are you?"

Rich arrived at Ann's home one day to find that she wasn't there. She was in the hospital, having been rushed there, very ill. So ill he couldn't believe it. Her recurrent virus had finally been diagnosed—hepatitis.

For days Dick tried to comprehend. He couldn't see Ann, couldn't write to her nor talk to her. He called the hospital every day, but cautious doctors and nurses would give him little information. Who was he, after all? A relative? No. A husband? No.

He went to Ann's relatives for information. And they told him that she was close to death. They were kind, but after all—who was he to Ann?

He had never felt so alone in his life. In his moment of utter helplessness, he followed the teaching of his parents. He prayed.

Days later he learned that Ann too had passed her crisis. She had survived a major operation—she would live. Whether she would fully recover was another matter. With care and rest, she probably would. But she would be a convalescent for more than a year. She would have to take it easy—very easy—for longer than that. In two, maybe three years, she might be well again.

From the moment she was allowed to have visitors, Richard was there. He read her his favorite books, his favorite plays. They talked for hours. He spent every minute of his non-working time with her. He thought about her constantly. One thing he knew—the next time she was in trouble, he was going to be there. Not on the outside, not kept away from her by a barrage of relatives and strangers. He told Ann that as soon as she was better there were plans to be made.

Ann smiled. She took his hand. "It might be a long wait for you," she said. "I don't mind."

And for a while it looked as though the happy ending was there, waiting to come true.

"I can never marry you"

But when, under the care of a nurse, Ann left the hospital for the Ocean House Hotel in Santa Monica, she had time to think. Recovery was slow. Dick was there most of the time, but when he was not Ann lay in her bed, staring at the ocean and thinking. Thinking till her head ached and her heart broke.

She was able, eventually, to leave her bed for short periods. Months later, she was back on her feet, though weak and not really well.

Then Dick asked her to marry him. He had wanted that since the moment he knew he loved her, he said. He had only waited for the right time to ask.

The right time to ask, Ann thought. She sat there, her hands in her lap and tried to hide her tears. Stop them, she couldn't.

She told Richard that she could not marry him. She was older than he.

That was nonsense, he said. They both knew that. If she wanted statistics, the happiest marriages were those where the woman was older.

She was sick, she said, practically an invalid...

Nonsense again. She was on her feet already. She'd be well in time. Till then, he'd take care of her. He was a good nurse, wasn't he? They'd be married at once and—

"Richard," she said. And she told him the truth, the real reason. Maybe he'd forgotten it. But she hadn't. Richard was a Catholic.

Ann was not a Catholic. Even more serious, she was a divorcee. He couldn't marry her—not with the approval of the church. And could he marry without it?

They sat there, anguished. Richard Egan was brought up in a devoutly religious family. His older brother was a Jesuit priest. His religion had never been a casual affair to him; he lived with it and by it. He turned to it in time of trouble. It increased his joy in times of happiness. It had molded his character. It was and is a great part of him.

To marry her would be to make a spirit-

Among Bob Hope's fans is his good friend, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre.

"He's always had a kind and helpful word for me," says Bob. "In fact, after every one of my pictures he says 'Bob—keep praying.'"

*E. E. Kenyon in
The American Weekly*

ual sacrifice so great that it would cost him pain for the rest of his life, she knew. What would it do to them, to their marriage?

Yes, she loved him. She hadn't wanted to, but she did. And she loved him too much to let him choose between her and his religion. She had made the decision. "I can never marry you," she said.

She dried her eyes. She smiled at him. The steady gaze he knew so well.

But Rich could not smile back. There would be a way out. There had to be. They would find a compromise somewhere. They would—

No, she said. No compromise, which would end by destroying them both. He would not be able to live with himself and a compromise. And she could not live with him and see his faith hurt. It was over. No more. Goodbye. Say goodbye.

When his last plea was made, Richard Egan went home to San Francisco. He couldn't go back to Hollywood. His career as an actor was no longer important. Nothing was. And Ann gazed at the ocean and cried.

What she suffered in those months of idleness and loneliness, she will not say. But time is a healer. When Richard had gone, Ann concentrated on her recovery. Finally well again, she immersed herself in her work. Television was coming into its own, and if movies had little for her, TV had a lot. The beloved "Maisie" was turned into *Private Secretary*. She became more popular than ever.

In 1952 Richard Egan returned to Hollywood. He was a different man, mature. He was no longer the youngster who thought that because he "looked like Gable" stardom was at his feet.

He made twenty-one movies before he became a star. But he stuck to it. He didn't believe it was his looks or his charm that finally made it for him. He believed it was his faith.

And the faith of the woman he once loved.

He has his memories to prove it. **END**

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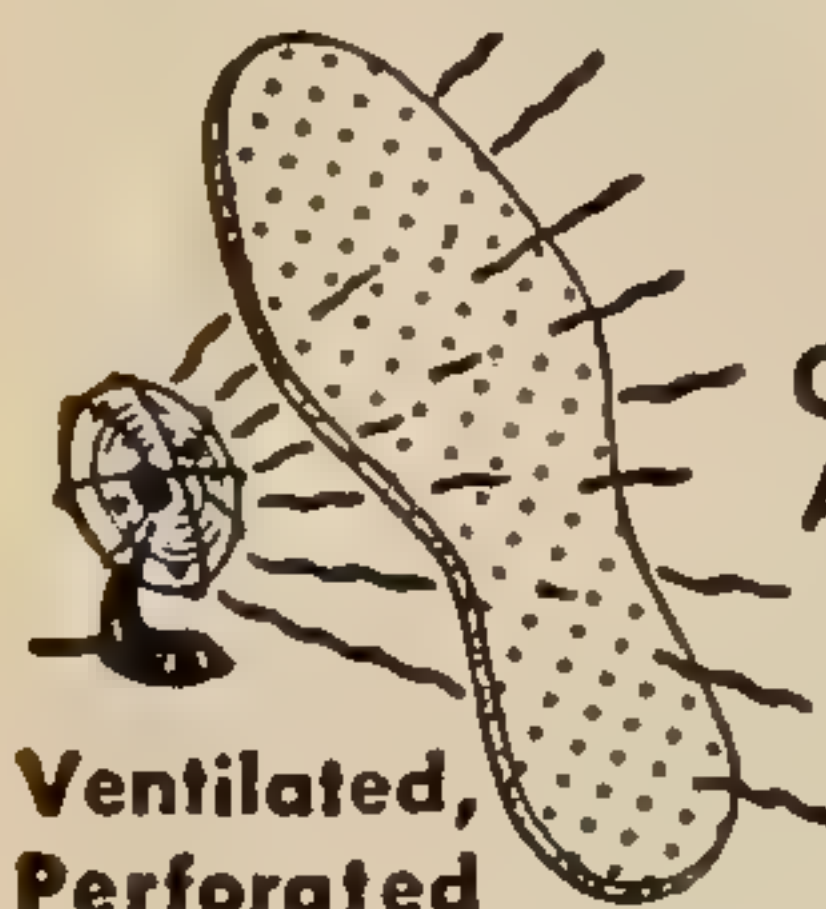
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the big DECISION

Why the ex-Mrs.

Stewart Granger sent

her sons to live with

their father and Jean

■ Elspeth March, first wife of actor Stewart Granger sat alone in her small London flat the other day and wondered over and over if she had made the right decision. It concerned her two sons, the two boys she had had by Stewart Granger, Lindsay, ten, and Jamie, twelve.

When she and Granger had divorced and he had married Jean Simmons, the two boys became her companions and comfort in life. They had a wonderful time doing things together and theirs was a close mother-son relationship.

Last summer Jamie and Lindsay went to Hollywood to visit their dad. There they fell in love with the home, the Pacific Ocean, the sun, the beach and the sports cars. They told him they wanted to stay—permanently.

Granger said their mother would have to decide. And now, the decision was in her lap.

Many factors had to enter her decision. Work for an actress was scarce in London. In four years, she had worked only two weeks in the theatre. And next to her boys, the stage meant most to her. Her parents were dead. Her brother was away in the army. If she gave up the boys, what would be left? Sure, she had dozens of friends. Sure, she was studying beauty culture in the hope of a new career. But would these keep her from missing the boys she had raised?

Elspeth March thought and brooded. Last month, she came to her decision.

"I've got no right to stand in the way of my boys. They will have so many advantages with Jean and Jimmy." (Stewart Granger's real name is Jimmy Stewart.)

"In America," said Elspeth, "they will have sunshine, wonderful climate, and most important of all, the companionship of their father. When boys get to a certain age, they need their father very badly."

"Please don't make this sound melodramatic. I'm not surrendering my sons, anything like that. I just want the boys to be happiest. Jean is a sweet girl, a wonderful girl. I know she'll look after them. I don't think she could ever possibly replace me as a mother. She wouldn't want to. Her own baby will probably be born in August. And I most probably will come over to America and visit."

In the Grangers' new home in Bel Air, California, a home large enough to house Jamie and Lindsay and the expected new arrival, Jean Simmons kindly corroborated everything Elspeth March had to say.

"Of course, she's going to visit the boys. We wouldn't want it any other way, and neither would the children. They just happen to love it here. I used to play tennis almost every day with Jamie, and Lindsay has made so many new friends in school."

"It's worked out perfectly. No feeling of strangeness or anything. As for Jimmy and me, we're absolutely thrilled by my condition. I don't care whether I have a boy or girl, just so long as it's a baby. Having Jimmy's two sons with us and a baby on the way—well, I've never been happier."

In London, Elspeth March says that she, too, is happy. "Happy for my boys. But," she admits, "I miss them dreadfully. Perhaps the solution is to come to America and work. Jimmy tells me there are many companies of touring actors in the States. Then I'd be close to my sons."



music from hollywood

(Continued from page 6) Carol says: "The accepted, the demure, the feminine way has for years been for girls to close their eyes when warming up to an embrace. I've done my share of kissing on the stage, in television and in private in earnest; and I like my kisses with my eyes open. I like to see the man I'm kissing for one thing, and I like to look to the future. You can't do that with your eyes closed. The closed-eyes routine for kissing went out with Priscilla Alden. It was all part of the supposition that girls are the frail clinging-vine type. It was more or less expected of them; the fluttering eye-lids, the sigh, the air of resignation, the dependent bit. Girls today don't go along with this phony philosophy. They're much more realistic. They have a far clearer, healthier and natural approach to love-making. Mainly I like to see where I'm going as well as where I've been when I'm kissing a man. So I keep my eyes open. I also keep my ears open. You hear the funniest things that way." . . . Elaine Stritch took six weeks leave of absence from *Bus Stop* on Broadway to appear in *The Scarlet Hour*. She is best known for her show-stopping rendition of "Civilization" from the Broadway musical *Angels In The Wings*. Elaine will accompany herself on the piano in an ad-lib rendition of "When I Take My Sugar To Tea" during one of the scenes shot for the film. . . . Nat "King" Cole, who will play himself in the movie, has recorded the picture's theme song, "Never Let Me Go," which is being released by Capitol records.

Vocal star Johnny Johnston will star in Columbia's musical *Rock Around The Clock* along with Bill Haley, Alix Talton, Lisa Gaye and disc jockey Alan Freed. Johnny Johnston, who has appeared in many top movie musicals singing lead roles, will leave singing alone here and play the band manager of Bill Haley and His Comets. Haley is a modern-day musical phenomena. This boy from Booth's Corner, Pa., has captured the teen-age market to the tune of over six million copies of his recordings. Bill has popularized such tunes as "Rock Around The Clock," "Shake, Rattle And Roll," "Dim The Lights" and "Rock The Joint." Wherever the Comets play, the kids line up for hours in advance to dance to this loud, fast rhythm. Fascinated by this music, the youngsters fling themselves about like whirling dervishes. Proof of this can be furnished by Ben Kline, who for the first time in his life ordered a special rubber padding inserted under the camera to offset the vibrations caused by 400 teen-age rock-and-roll dance extras during the filming of the picture.

Janet Leigh, on location making *Safari*, starring Victor Mature and herself, is living proof of the Cinderella legend. During her college days Janet majored in music and planned to become a music therapist. Her ambition was stimulated by her psychology courses and also by her work singing with choral groups. Janet joined a group called "The Troubadors" and sang for benefits, clubs and institutions. One Christmas she felt the power behind music at a benefit for the state mental hospital (San Joaquin). The quieting effect the music had on the patients decided her on musical therapy. However, she met and mar-

ried a fellow-student Stanley Reames, who had an orchestra. Janet put aside her ambitions and traveled with the orchestra as its business manager. Unable to get bookings, the couple managed to exist only because a member of the band knew a photographer who used Janet as a fashion model. Janet and husband even moved to an apartment in back of a garage to hold down expenses. Janet's discovery is credited to Norma Shearer, who saw Janet's photograph on the receptionist's desk while vacationing at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge, Soda Springs, California. Deciding at once the delicate beauty of this girl belonged on the screen, Miss Shearer borrowed the photograph and showed it to her agent, who showed it to MGM, who promptly signed her to a long-term contract, although she had never had dramatic training. When the contract came through, Janet was down to her last dime. The last money she had received was \$12.00 for a modeling assignment and this was all gone. Today she's a star and happily married to Tony Curtis. She laughingly insists she was "a mediocre soprano" in college days, but her voice studies with coach Harriet Lee have lowered her to mezzo soprano, with a good contralto range as well. Most of all, she admits, her singing studies lowered her speaking voice, and showed her how to sell a song.

Bette Davis, on location making *Storm Center* for Columbia, said, "Librarians almost always have been pictured as dowdy. Movies, novels, and short stories haven't done right by librarians, and it's time somebody did something about it." The star wasn't just making idle conversation. She had just finished a three-month scrutiny of every librarian she has been able to find. "Fact of the matter is, they're definitely smart, and I can't understand how the 'dowdy librarian' cliché ever originated," said Miss Davis, whose interest and research stems from the fact that she is playing one who is not only smart, but whose stiff backbone throws a town on its ear when she refuses to allow self-appointed censors to screen her library. "Need I say the librarian I play is smart?" continued the star. "She is going to be the antidote for every old and gaunt and drab librarian you have ever seen." One librarian who came under Miss Davis' searching gaze before she went into the role was Miss Ruth Hall of Santa Rosa in northern California. "Miss Hall influenced my idea of how I would look very much," said the actress. "My hair is going to look like her hair, and for those who want details, there will be no long hair tied in a bun behind. It is going to be short, like that of every other librarian I saw."

One of the rarest privileges a person can have is to be on hand to watch and hear Bob Hope during the filming of a picture. Bob is the nearest thing to perpetual motion and a tremendous off-the-cuff comedian. On the set during the filming of *That Certain Feeling*, Paramount's film remake of Broadway's hit *King Of Hearts*, co-starring George Sanders and Eva Marie Saint, Bob, as usual, livened up things to the point of distraction. For a key scene in the Norman Panama-Melvin Frank comedy, Hope has to walk into a living room carrying a green rowboat above his head. Please don't ask us to explain, it's much too complicated. As he enters the room, Bob sees his ex-wife, Eva (Please turn page)

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music from hollywood

(Continued from page 95) Marie Saint, kissing
his cartoonist employer George Sanders. In a
rage Hope slams the boat to the floor, just
missing his feet. From a physical standpoint,
this is Hope's most difficult scene in the pic-
ture. And director Norman Panama didn't
make it any easier by insisting on several re-
hearsals. Spying his agent on the set, Hope
calls out: "Will you have a chat with this di-
rector? He thinks he's working with Tony
Curtis." As an after-thought Hope demands:
"Who wrote this scene anyway? One of
Crosby's writers?" Hope took his position
again and hoisted the boat into the air. "All
ready, Bob?" Panama asked. "Well, I don't
usually stand around holding a rowboat over
my head," Bob snapped. At that moment Mel-
vin Frank, Panama's partner, got an idea to
improve the scene and called the director
aside. They huddled for several minutes while
Hope stood there, the boat balanced precari-
ously above his head. "Remember me, fellows,
the boy with the boat?" puffed Hope. "What's
the problem, Bob?" laughed Panama. "Jeff
Chandler lifts boats all the time." "Yes," ex-
ploded Bob, "but Jeff Chandler is part Indian!"
Finally, Panama called for action. Hope stag-
gered into the room, looked at Sanders and
Eva, hurled the green skiff to the floor. "Cut!"
Panama cried. "That was perfect, Bob." Ex-
hausted, Hope sank into a chair. "The things
I'll do to make a lousy million," he muttered.

Kelly Hope, Bob's nine-year-old son, makes
his acting debut in this production. After he
finished his first scene, Kelly told his father
he thought he deserved more money. "More
money?" Hope screamed. "Who told you to
say that?" Hope still doesn't know if his son
was pulling his leg or not when he replied,
"Bing Crosby!"

Incidentally, Bob plays a cartoonist with
complexes, and he has several scenes in which
he is psychoanalyzed. When he heard the plot
of the picture, Bing Crosby sent Hope the fol-
lowing wire: "This confirms what I've always
suspected."

Pearl Bailey has the best role of her career
in this production. She plays Gussie, a house-
keeper, and is the film's narrator. Long one of
the nation's most popular singing stars, Pearl
will sing the title tune "That Certain Feeling,"
"Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart," and
"Hit The Road To Dreamland."

MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD Month's Best Movie Albums

"Eddie Fisher Academy Award Win- ning Songs"

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Arts and Sciences to RCA Victor to use in
connection with the music of this album.

"The Fabulous Eddy Duchin and His Orchestra"

Vik Records Album #LX-1043. This album
features the voices of Buddy Clark, Harold
Arlen (the well-known composer), Lew Sher-
wood, Jerry Cooper and the DeMarco Sis-
ters. With the Columbia Motion Picture release
of *The Eddy Duchin Story* starring Tyrone
Power and Kim Novak, you'll find quite a few
record albums coming out tying in with the
picture's promotion.

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Joseph J. Lilley has been musical director at
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twenties. That was fifteen years ago, and he
arranged and composed the scores for such
pictures as *White Christmas*, *Seven Little Foys*,
Anything Goes, etc. Joe Lilley also composed
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six Martin and Lewis pictures. This album is
a blend of musical instruments that will be en-
joyed by people who are in love.

"The Man With The Golden Arm"

Decca Records #DL-8257. A complete sound
track of the music by Elmer Bernstein, noted
composer, from the Otto Preminger film star-
ring Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker and Kim
Novak. These jazz sequences are arranged and
played by Shorty Rogers and jazz drummer
Shelly Manne. It was Manne who taught Sin-
atra how to play the drums for his part as
Frankie Machine in the movie.

"Richard III"

RCA Victor #LM-1940. The highlights as well
as the complete sound track are available in
two separate editions. William Shakespeare is
well represented in this presentation, since a
group of actors and actresses representing one
of the greatest arrays of stage talent have been
signed to enact roles in the motion picture.
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color and wide-screen projection, will live in
the minds of lovers of Shakespeare for years
to come. Certainly one of the most impressive
movies ever made.

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Tom Edwards— WERE—Cleveland, Ohio

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title from *The Man With
The Golden Arm* movie.
The unusual five-note drive
at the start of Billy May's
version brings out all the
modern jazz feeling."



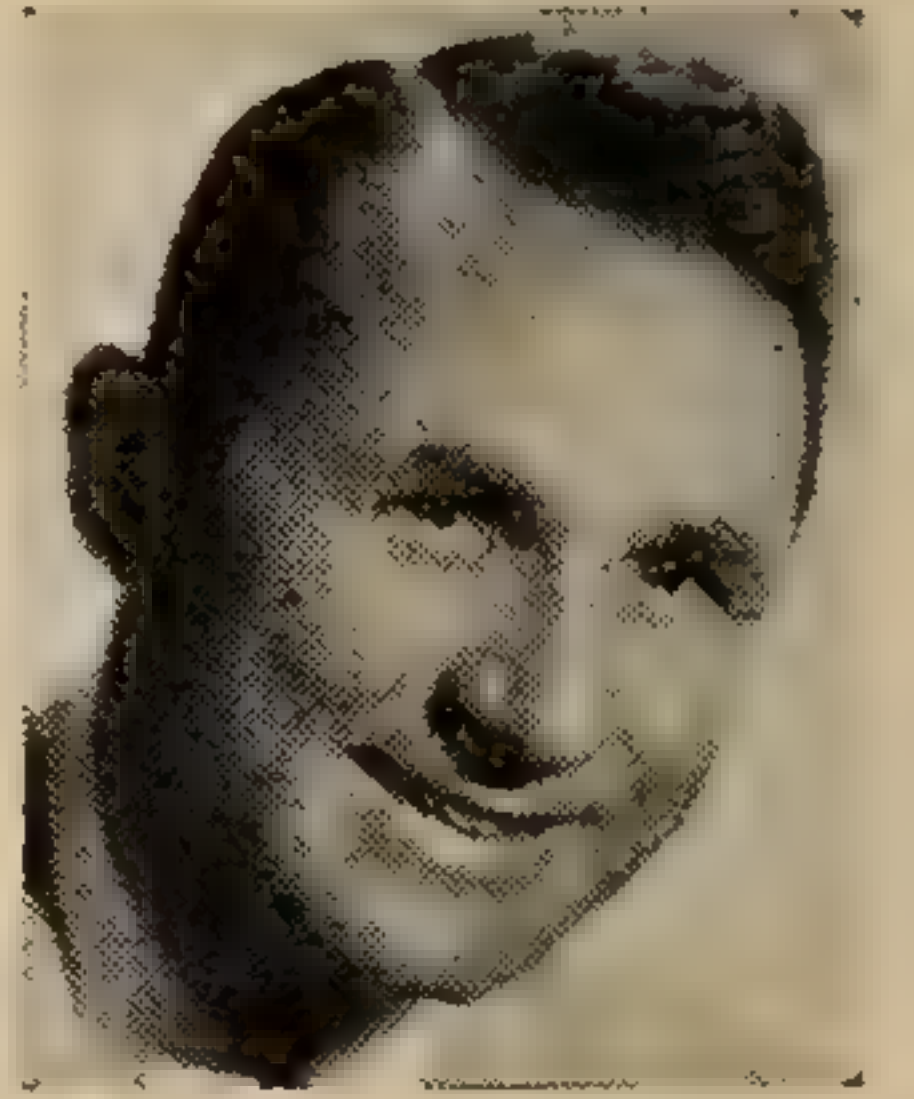
Sherm Feller— WVDA—Boston, Mass.

"My favorite is that pro-
duced by Nelson Riddle.
His music is clean and im-
aginative. Proof of this can
be heard in his rendition
of the two oldies, 'All Er
Nothin' and 'Poor Jud Is
Dead' from *Oklahoma!*"



Paul Brenner— WAAT—Newark, New Jersey

"I pick the Four Aces'
recording of 'If You Can
Dream' from *Meet Me In
Las Vegas*. Its lovely me-
lodious pattern is reminis-
cent of 'Love Is A Many-
Splendored Thing'."



Joe Mitchell— KPOJ—Portland, Oregon

"I would take the theme
from *Helen Of Troy* as
recorded by its composer
Max Steiner, because he
successfully captures the
exciting mood."



a time for remembering

(Continued from page 61) Perry didn't smile. "It's all right," he said again. He didn't seem to notice the rain. His eyes looked out into the gray streets of the city, but he didn't see them, either. His heart was two hours ahead of him in a town called Holbrook, where his parents lived. He was going home to them for the first time in three years. And he was scared.

Because all of a sudden, those three years were—a lifetime. Maybe more. Maybe a world of time and space had come between them the way they had between him and his old friends when he saw them yesterday. Yesterday . . .

Yesterday he'd gone back to the Italian neighborhood where he grew up. The studio wanted to take pictures of him in his old neighborhood, with his old buddies. He'd thought it was a good idea—he was dying to see the gang again. He'd been away so long and this was the first time he'd gotten back to New York—and what with the studio putting him up at the hotel and paying all his expenses—it was a ball.

So they went up to his old block in what was now part of Harlem. His family didn't live there any more, but the old school was still there and the kids looked about the same. More Spanish talking on the streets than he remembered, but otherwise—tough, dirty, bright-eyed kids—the kind he'd grown up with, the kind he used to be.

A famous graduate

And, man, at first it was fun. He went back to school and the principal introduced him to a staring, excited class as one of their three most famous graduates—John Garfield, Burt Lancaster and Perry Lopez.

It was an art class and the teacher, Miss Finan, remembered him. "It's so good to have you back," she kept saying, and she hugged him. Feature that—him, toughie, getting hugged by a teacher. Then he talked to the kids, in English and Spanish both, and told them how it felt to be a movie star (only he wasn't sure) and how you made a picture like *Battle Cry*. And he signed autographs for them—"Your buddy, Perry Lopez—Spanish Joe." The teacher said the kids hadn't been so impressed since Kid Gavilan visited the school.

So that was fine. But then they headed uptown still further, back to the place Perry's folks had moved to when he was fifteen or so. It was supposed to be a little better neighborhood—but boy, he remembered it as tougher, even. First day he'd ever been there he borrowed a jacket

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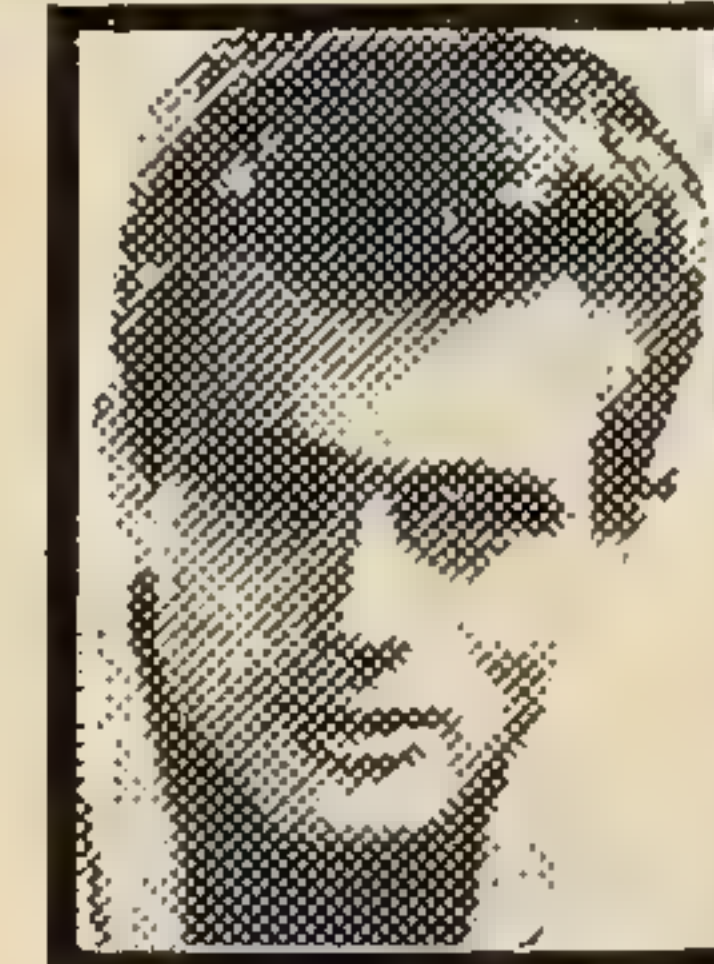
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WELCOME HOME LINDA!

■ It's been a long time, but Linda Darnell is coming home.

For two years she tried to make a marriage work, but it couldn't be done. And today she knows that the real reason she couldn't be happy doing the things expected of her, being a society hostess at fashionable soirées, was that it just wasn't her cup of tea. She's been a star since she was fifteen, and a star she'll always be.

And yet, her friends sorrow for her, knowing how hard she and Philip Liebmann tried to bring their two separate worlds together. But even Linda, used to the frantic comings and goings of Hollywood life, had never lived at such a frantic pace as her husband's world—that of a beer tycoon—demanded. "We went to Venezuela for our honeymoon," she told a friend, "and we were supposed to have six beautiful happy weeks. After six days he got a call to go to New York on business, and that was the end of the honeymoon."

Her voice was wistful. "If a girl is going to give up a busy, exciting career for love and marriage, she needs a home to manage, children to care for, and she wants to wait for her guy to come home every night." But then he'd call from New York and say, "I'm going to be in Munich Saturday night. Do you want to meet me there?"

And then when she'd get to Munich—or Paris or London—she would be surrounded by the old, rich families—beer society. "Of course they were perfectly nice to me," she said, "but in general they did rather look down their noses at a Hollywood movie star. I wasn't used to that. What kind of a life was it, anyway?"

So she decided to go home—home to the world she knew and loved. Regretfully, because love for him had not died, she asked Philip for a divorce, and he turned her down flat. When it seemed that nothing would move him, she resigned herself, went on with her duties and travels as his wife, buried herself in her devotion to her daughter Betty.

And then, suddenly, a few months ago, Philip said, "Go ahead. Get the divorce." She didn't know what had caused the sudden switch, but she wanted her freedom right away lest he change his mind. She got a Mexican divorce.

Five-days later, Philip married another girl. "I never even knew about it," Linda said, "until I read it in the papers. Then I understood why he'd changed his mind. I hope she makes him happy. I loved him very dearly."

But she was home again, and it was blessedly good. She found her old friends waiting for her, their arms outstretched—people who talked her language, who understood the work she did and admired and respected her for doing it. And in many ways, the home she is making for Betty is a better one. If they were close before, they are inseparable now. Where Linda goes, Betty goes, always.

And something else—Linda is learning. When she came back, movies and TV were not enough for her—she wanted to grow. So she opened on the stage in *Tea And Sympathy* and the critics were sympathetic—but cool. Opening night was a blow. She had come back with such joy and love—and suddenly nothing was right. But that is why Linda Darnell will *always* be a star. Because instead of sulking or giving up, she sat down and found out what was wrong. She worked until she had changed her entire acting technique to suit the stage instead of the cameras, and by the time the show closed those who had said "No good!" were singing her praises.

And what of love? Well, the press agents have done their darndest to dream something up. They've had rumors about an Italian count and an American business man, and Linda has just laughed at them. No publicity is worth lying to her heart. And maybe, if her heart yearns anywhere, it's to Philip Liebmann. That's not so strange—she was his wife for two years, and she never said she stopped loving him—quite the contrary. But she has lost a love before, and this time she knows that she did the right thing. Eventually, the heartache will disappear and she will be ready for a new love—one built to last. Till then she has her daughter and her work and her world. Welcome back, Linda.

MY ROMANTIC HONEYMOON

by Russ Tamblyn

■ We'd been on our honeymoon for practically a week, but this was the first time Venetia and I knew we could sleep late the next day, because we'd been having to do a lot of publicity stuff and tour around. It was also our first night in New York, and Saturday besides, and the studio had gotten us this gorgeous suite in the Hotel Plaza and filled it with flowers. And the hotel sent up a bottle of champagne. So we thought we'd really live it up for one evening—have everything just like it is in the movies. We ordered dinner in the



room and left a do-not-disturb notice at the switchboard. Venetia went into the bedroom to put on her best negligee and I wandered around the living room turning down the lamps and drawing the curtains and looking for candles to light. Couldn't find any—but the minute Venetia walked in the whole room glowed.

Well, the waiters came in with dinner and they set it out on a table. Everything was French, and each dish had its own little Bunsen burner—or something—underneath to keep the seconds warm.

I held Venetia's chair for her. "Dahling," I said, "shall we hahve the champagne fust?" "Dew let's," she said. "It would be chahming."

So I took out the bottle—it was wrapped in a napkin, of course—and I applied my thumbs to the cork. There's an art to opening champagne and I'd had plenty of practice during the last week, because we'd been almost drowned in it. And a good thing, too, because with the lights practically out, I sure couldn't see what I was doing. Venetia could, though. "Dahling," she said. "Uh—dahling—"

POW! goes the cork! Flew straight up in the air, smacked into the ceiling and came down like a shot—wham!—right into my bride's vichy soisse. Man, you never saw such a splash. Drenched! Us, the dinner—Venetia's negligee—and all over her head. Boy!

Well, the rest of the evening—it wasn't exactly like the movies. I sopped up the dinner and Venetia went and washed her hair. Time she got back all that dark was beginning to make me nervous, so I turned on the lights. And that is the true story of how I got to see my wife in pincurls for the first time.

from some guy and went out to look up some pals who lived around there. Walked up a long flight of stairs to a pool room and some strange guy stopped him and said, "Where'd you get that jacket?" "I just got it, that's all," Perry said. So the guy clipped him and sent him rolling down the stairs where a bunch of other guys were waiting. They beat him silly. Turned out the jacket bore the insignia of a rival gang. He got rid of it quick, and the guys who knocked him down became his buddies. Then he met Lou Gomez.

Lou got him interested in training and Al Braverman, up at the boxing club, taught him what fighting was all about. Mr. Braverman was terrific. First time Perry saw him he said, "Lemme see your mitts, kid, make a fist!" Perry did. And he said, "If you've got this—fists—you can do it!" So Perry worked hard, got in shape, and every guy who had beaten him up, he got right back at! He became a good amateur lightweight, then quit because he knew boxing wasn't what he was meant for. But Lou Gomez—now he was a truck

driver—kept telling people, "Perry coulda been good. Lots of heart, like Marciano."

But he was no cocky, chip-on-the-shoulder kid any more. He was neater than most, more home-loving than many, and a hungry reader. A lot of his books, like a set of O'Neill plays and *Dr. Faustus*, were still in the house in Holbrook. Perry was also a little shy. He won a swimming medal at the CYO and at a big athletic awards affair downtown, when master of ceremonies Milton Berle called out the name of Perry Lopez, Perry actually sent another boy up to get the medal and thank Berle. Feature that!

And he thought maybe, as they headed uptown, maybe he'd bump into Lou Gomez today. But the first guy he recognized was a fellow washing his car on the street. Perry forgot all about the studio man and the pictures and went over. Only the guy didn't want to talk to him. Hardly even said hi. "What's the matter?" Perry said, suddenly furious. "Don't you want to talk to me because I'm a movie star?" "Oh, I dunno," the guy (Continued on page 101)

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MAMA MAGNANI

To Anna, nothing
—not even her Oscar—
comes before her son.



Two weeks before *The Rose Tattoo* was scheduled to be premièred, its brilliant leading lady, Anna Magnani, received a phone call in Rome.

"Annarella," began Pilado Levi, Paramount's representative in Italy, "the studio is opening *Rose Tattoo* in New York. They want to fly you there"

"It's impossible," Anna Magnani said.

"But it's very important," Pilado Levi said. "You are the star. You must be at the première. They will pay everything."

There was a pause, and then Annarella shouted, "You must be crazy. Christmas is coming. Christmas I spend with Luca. There is nothing, nothing in the world that would take me away from my son on Christmas."

Anna Magnani has a thirteen-year-old boy named Luca, currently living with the family of Nina Gravatti in Lausanne, Switzerland. Luca is badly crippled, the result of a polio attack when he was two.

The boy cannot walk without heavy steel braces, and the doctors, for the most part, have given up hope that he ever will. But Anna Magnani fiercely insists that sometime her Luca will walk again.

Last December after she turned down the appearance at the New York première of *Tattoo*, she and a girl friend left for Switzerland.

They arrived the day before Christmas and were met at the Lausanne station by Professor Nicod and Luca. A few weeks previously, the professor had operated on the boy.

As Magnani stepped down from the train Luca held out his arms. Magnani ran to him, covered his face with kisses. Excitedly Luca told about his latest operation. His feet, formerly pointing outward, were now straight. With leg braces he would soon be able to stand for longer periods of time.

Anna suggested an immediate celebration, but Professor Nicod told her the boy was too tired. Why not postpone the party until after Christmas?

Reluctantly, Magnani agreed. But on Christmas Eve, dining with her friend in one of Lausanne's best restaurants, Anna was seized by a sudden, uncontrollable desire to see her boy, to be with him, to have Luca next to her. Jumping to her feet, she announced sharply, "It is impossible to be here without my son." And with that she bustled out of the restaurant.

Less than an hour later, Anna Magnani and her smiling Luca were sitting in the Grappe D'or. Luca ordered a chocolate sundae and downed it rapidly.

Next day at Gravattis', Luca opened the Christmas presents from his mother: books, clothes, and best of all a pellet-shooting air pistol. Watching her boy, Anna shamelessly shed tears of happiness. Bringing joy to her son meant so much more than any possible trip to New York, any joy to herself.

Christmas over, Anna Magnani returned to Rome, where much to her surprise she learned that a news magazine had awarded her "the golden violet" for being Italy's most exemplary mother.

And then when she heard she'd won the coveted Oscar, Anna in her excitement said, "Everything I have done is for my Luca." Whereupon she immediately put in a long-distance call to him, saying, "He'll be crazy about this. It will be his greatest Easter present."

(Continued from page 99) said, and turned his back on him. But then, fortunately, someone else came over and did want to talk to him, and he didn't feel anymore as if he had egg on his face. They didn't have so much to talk about really. What's become of Joe, and that kind of thing—but after that, nothing. And his old gang—one was in the postoffice and one was a detective and a couple were on the other side of the law—inside looking out. And all of a sudden he'd felt with deep gratitude, there but for the grace of God—

And then he saw Lou. Ah, that was great. Lou rushing across the street to pound him on the back and grin and talk. "Have dinner with me," Perry begged.

"I can't," Lou said, shrugging, looking embarrassed because he didn't have a jacket on! "I look like a bum!"

"You crazy?" Perry cried—and finally Lou said yes, and man, they had a good time. It was worth the whole trip to see him—to find out there was one person you cared about who really, really cared about you, too. That was having a friend, boy.

But even seeing Lou couldn't quite take the taste of—distance out of his mouth. Where had he been these three years that he and the gang couldn't talk to each other any more? Even when they wanted to? How much could a guy change—or how much could his life change? A lot, it seemed.

What had he been doing? He had sold papers in Madison Square, worked in the stockroom at the exclusive Sulka men's shop, shined actors' shoes in Shubert Alley. That might have been his closest approach to the stage, but for an accident. He was a night student at New York University then and he stopped by the theatre where Joshua Logan was rehearsing the national company of *South Pacific*. He was picking up a friend, actress Diosa Costello, for a lunch date.

The director saw him there, sized him up, asked him to read a few lines—and gave Perry one of the Seabee roles. He sang and danced his way through three years of the *South Pacific* tour, and during the long Chicago run he got to study with the Westside Theatre Group and take ballet and voice lessons. He tried to tell someone once how he felt. "I'm so grateful to Josh Logan for that break. I just wish I could do something for him—wash his car—fix his roof. Anything—anything."

He was almost killed

A railroad accident almost snuffed out his career. The company was en route from Los Angeles to Kansas City when their streamliner, the Pony Express, collided with a switch engine at Green River, Wyoming. Perry, just getting into his berth, went sprawling as the car turned over. He was caught there five hours, long after they removed everybody else. He was half out, too weak to cry for help. Finally the state police found him and got him to a hospital. For two years after that he had bad headaches—and then a doctor found he'd had a fractured skull.

In the summer of 1953, while acting in a strawhat production of *Stalag 17* at Smithtown, Long Island, Perry hurt his leg in an automobile accident. He went out to Los Angeles to stay with some family friends to recuperate. He was about ready to return East when he read that Warners was casting *Battle Cry*. Perry had read the book, had seen himself in the role of Spanish Joe, and on impulse he went over to the studio and said he'd like the part.

"Sorry," a man said. "We need somebody a lot taller—more virile." Well, Perry argued, he felt he *knew* Spanish Joe and if they didn't mind his saying so, he also *knew* it was the part for him. It seemed

only natural that they should take him to Director Raoul Walsh, that Walsh should arrange a test—and that he, Perry, should get the part.

It was less than a year later that the boy who had fought his way out of an asphalt jungle, and graduated from a blackboard jungle, won his first starring role—in the picture called *Steel Jungle*. Three wonderful years.

But when a guy went home to his mother and father after three years? What if they didn't have anything to say, either? What then? In the drizzle outside the Warwick, Perry Lopez shut his eyes against the thought, and never noticed the rain coming down.

A few minutes later the car pulled up and they got in—the studio sure took care of everything. Perry sat in the back and when someone talked to him, he answered, pleasant but quiet. It was a two hour ride to Holbrook. Two hours to go, and the three years would be up.

They stopped at a diner for coffee. Perry ordered something and a minute after he gave the order he couldn't remember what it was. When it came, he barely touched it. He got up and walked outside and started playing with a couple of dogs who roamed by. It was still raining.

Nervous and excited

An hour later they were near Holbrook, and he was excited. Nervous and excited and he couldn't stop talking about his mother. "Wait till you see her," he kept saying. "She'll come swooping out of that house just like a humming bird. I always call her that—my humming bird."

They pulled up in front of the house. "Blow the horn," he told the driver. "Now—watch the door!"

And she did come swooping out, his humming bird mother. Perry rushed from the car and met her halfway up the path and hugged her and hugged her. Then Mr. Lopez came out and the kids. Perry and Mom broke it up, and the others got their share.

The publicity man got out of the car and stood there, grinning, till Perry remembered to introduce him. Then they were in the house and for a while things were just like any homecoming. He kept looking around at the place, and grinning all over and he couldn't keep his hands off the folks, patting the kids on their behinds and his folks on their cheeks. And of course, his father had to give everyone a drink. "At this hour?" Perry teased him, "what will people think?"

"I don't care," Mr. Lopez said. "We have guests. You gotta offer a guest a drink."

Perry grinned. "My father is not a drinking man," he said, "but he sure is hospitable."

His mother disappeared into the kitchen and the kids surrounded Perry. The house was overflowing with them, just like always. Jimmy wasn't home, of course, being in the Navy in San Francisco, but his brother Joe was home, and the other kids who lived with the family ("Off and on, but mostly on,") were there, crowding around him and shouting, "Hey, Perry, one of my teachers doesn't believe you're in the movies!" "Hey, Perry, I saw you kiss the pretty girl in the picture!" "Hey, Perry, I'm gonna be an actor!" He rubbed their heads and answered their questions and then he ducked out and followed his Mom into the kitchen and they just stood there, talking about nothing, the two of them, and laughing like two happy fools.

Then the girls started coming in. Every teen-age girl in the area it looked like at first, but when the dust settled down there were only six or seven, and nice kids at that. He hardly knew them—they were just kids when he left—and they seemed

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so uncomfortable that he felt pretty easy all of a sudden. They kept saying things like, "Gee, I guess I should have worn my lounging pajamas—the silk ones—like at Hollywood parties," but that was just because they were embarrassed. He liked having them there—only he knew he was disappointing them sometimes—practically everytime they asked did he know such-and-such a movie star and he had to say no. They left around dinner time, and everyone went into the kitchen to eat. Mrs. Lopez was too excited to eat, and she just stood behind Perry, watching him eat like he hadn't tasted home cooking in years. Which he hadn't. It was good having her there—he was ready to burst with the joy of it. "Yeah, Ma," he said, "some day, some day soon, you'll be coming out to California, you and the rest of the family, and we'll have a nice house out there and we'll all be together and . . ." and then he saw that she was crying a little. He put down his fork. "Hey, Ma," he said, "what are you crying about?"

His mother shook her head. She couldn't talk, she didn't even want to try.

"Hey, Ma!"

And then he let go. Suddenly he began to sob, great rocking sobs, and his arms

went around her in an instinctive, lunging embrace. "Mama . . . Mama . . ."

His mother buried her face in his. "It's been so long since I see my boy," she wept.

"Mama," Perry said, "I don't want to leave you any more . . . No more, Mama . . ."

And everyone else got up and left the table and went into the living room and let them cry it out together.

When it was over, ten minutes later, he couldn't seem to talk naturally anymore. He didn't feel like he was home—because he knew he'd have to leave again, and he couldn't bear to. They stayed another couple of hours, and he wanted to die. He kept thinking of leaving and of coming home again and of the three years that had gone and the ones to come before they were together. It was too much. You can only take so much.

When it was time to go, his father asked him when they'd see him again.

Perry twisted his hands. "I can't see you before I go, Pop," he said.

"But there's Sunday," his father said slowly, "and there's Monday . . . and Tuesday till you get the plane—"

"Pop," Perry said, his voice breaking,

"I can't—" and the studio man stepped in and gave him the complete schedule, every blessed minute, filled with interviews and press parties and publicity stuff.

"Yes," his father said. "I see. I understand." But his voice was low, and Perry thought about his father sitting in the movies and crying every time he saw him on the screen, and his mother cutting out of the papers every mention of her son. And of the three long years.

At the door there were no more tears, because they were cried out by then. He held his mother in his arms and they whispered to each other in Spanish, promises of better days to come. And he walked through the drizzle to the car, thinking all of a sudden about the day Josh Logan had met him outside the stage door where he was waiting for a date and made him an actor. And it was all so long ago, and so much had come from that. It had taken him away from what he knew, but someday it would give him back his family, better than it had been before.

Someday they would be together and they would be happy. And in the meanwhile, in the years that would come, there would be a time for remembering. **END**

moments to remember

(Continued from page 49) comes out. Berets somehow seem cheerfuller than steel helmets. By good fortune, we've happened on a place called Nepenthe, meaning Forgetfulness. For our money, it couldn't be better named. The man who built it built it with his own hands to his own taste. Candles are stuck in driftwood, a fire burns, a small orchestra plays. We're fed, warmed and comforted. We spend the night at Nepenthe. Next day we drive to Carmel. It's our first carefree vacation. But I don't want most to remember Mitzi at play in the sunlight. I want her reading that darned road-map!

You've seen her dance, so I needn't explain why I want Mitzi dancing. I want the finished performance as it shows on the screen—with all her charm and vitality,



her impishness and grace, her blend of simplicity and sophistication. Many people can master techniques. Few can translate their own spirits into art. This picture 102 gives me not only the dancer, but the girl.



Now I'm in trouble. My final shot would be of Mitzi at home. But, which picture?

There's Mitzi the hausfrau, a little whirlwind in denims, washing rugs, scouring pots, waxing the daylights out of the kitchen linoleum. As a child, she learned to keep house and love it.

I remember the time we returned from our honeymoon. By a comedy of errors we wound up in Mitzi's old apartment. I looked around. "This is awful," I told her.

Which put a bee in her bonnet. "He doesn't like it because it's a little beat-up. I'll take care of that." For four days she scrubbed and scraped and polished. I noticed nothing, and that suited her fine. She wanted to present me with the finished job. On the evening of the fourth day it was done. I walked in. "Yeah," I said, "this place is sure a mess. I can't wait till we get out."

She broke into sobs. Against my chest, a couple of strangled phrases gave me the clue. "Honey," I begged, "why don't you show me what you did?"

She showed me. I was properly—and sincerely—penitent. We've been living there very happily now for a year.

I remember the time a friend from New

Orleans called. We asked him to dinner. "I think we'll have fish," said Mitzi, and sent me out to buy it. As I recall, it was something simple, like sole. She'd never fixed it before, but so what? According to Mitzi, all you need is instinct. You toss in a little of this, a little of that, with mushrooms, with sauterne, with a dab of imagination, and you serve it up. Our guest flipped. "Give me the recipe?"

"I can't," she said. "I made it up by ear."

Then there's Mitzi waiting for me at night. With kisses and canapés. We sit down for a quiet half hour before dinner and fill each other in on the day's events. After dinner I do the dishes—wash, dry, the whole deal. That's one chore she dislikes. Since she's the cook, I figure my being the bottle-washer makes us even-steven. We watch tv, we read, we talk. we plan. The point is we're together.

All these pictures I cherish—and more too numerous to mention. Of Mitzi at home I'd have to take a montage.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Dear Jack—we're sneaking in an extra. This is our favorite picture of you and Mitzi. Because when we told her about this moon bit she reached out to touch you, her imagination working overtime. "To the moon?" she breathed. "But he is coming back, isn't he?" **END**



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